MotoLyrics.com Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Tim Smooth "They Got Us"

Visit "They Got Us" on MotoLyrics.com

[First Verse:]

Now this is for my niggas on the corner Act bad, nigga do what'cha wanna But'cha know they got a bigger eye on ya Watchin', watchin', they watchin' They got us livin' upon dreams Comin' up on schemes Quest for long green We offin' the wrong team Members seen December's a lot longer Wind's a lot stronger, not too long, 'fore they drop on ya Then you got pneumonia, can't be cured Cuz you debt to a BITCH, which you never met Steady get along, but, check your tone nigga Better get a zone cuz bills will split your home It's on, empty pockets make an empty conscience If we honest, most of our real die over simple nonsense But Tim has promised himself, and he is better But I can't lie At times, I'm crooked as a Saint I Ain't I a hypocrite? Or, am I excused cuz rules change so much? This shit so thick! Even my lil' clique is out'chea lookin' out for partners We've been hoodwinked, bamboozled, makin' fool of นร

[Chorus:]

THEY GOT US Livin' up on dreams Quest for long green We offin' the wrong team It's sad life!

[X4]

[Second Verse:]

Nowadays, Everybody got their lil' issue with pictures of Malcolm and Martin But nobody's takin' steps finishin' what they died startin' Caught in this World of material Baby serious To save a nigga, it's gone take a major miracle THEY GOT US, clutchin' our riches when we pass niggas But, they ridin' tougher, DAMN THEM SOME SMART BITCHES Picture, runnin' off a chain Changes are different and it's strong enough to drag a truck or a train "Maintain!" is what we holler They game is what we follow Claimin' our own kind on goals just to gain a dollar Well who's the mack? And who's the jackass? Black ass just came and went, huh, that fast And that's sad, cuz he may have been a gift from God You knocked off, and that's the chance to lift us all It's so hard to say goodbye to yesterday But, tomorrow's gettin' farther away You best to pray Let's just say this on God Cuz all our attempts at takin' flight, tend to land in the morgue Lord, I lay me down to sleep Take my soul and help me teach my people how we really could run the street Cuz we beat

[Chorus]

Visit <u>Tim Smooth</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.