

E-40 F/ The Click, Mack 10

"Rap Star"

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(Tangg Da Juice)

How many days done passed us, in jail without bail
they trying to cast us
On the street corner police harass us
We got guns cause niggas' is trying to blast us
And just because me and my niggas sell cocaine
Don't mean that we dumb niggas wit no brain
It just mean that we hungry need some lomain
You ever heard the saying no pain no gain
So when the doe came
Made sure we broke bread
We all ate in the island and upstate
They all straight, must of been fate cause to date
We all great, even niggas that's in my state, they all
hate
From my high let me come down
I swear to God Ima try to keep this gun down
Use to be fun, but it ain't fun now
I gotta live for my daughter and my son now
We one now

Chorus: (Benzino)

All I ever wanted was for me to be a rap star
Blowing hash treats, pulling up in fast cars
Take my niggas out the PJ's, Doing 90 on the freeway
Polly wit the DJ's,
I can't imagine how my life would be if I wasn't born a
WG
I can't imaging how my life would be if I wasn't born a
WG

(Mann Terror)

I'm a Wise Guy gangster slash project kid
I did it all deal and banned the robbing shit
Money and murder two words to explain the life I lived
I'm into sparking, sparking the glis, sparking the glits
I role thick wit my niggas, get sick wit my niggas
You can catch me blowing blunt in the bricks wit my
niggas
My crew go all out to get that doe
And I pass on that weed if it ain't that dro

(Tangg Da Juice)

They got new laws to make my crew drop
But we trying to eat what we supposed to do, stop?
Already know that they watching from the rooftop
Might got a vest but you ain't a bullet proof cop
I wish the tables would turn for one day yeah
You in a fight where nobody wanna play fair
Might get a job but couldn't afford day-care
Welcome to the ghetto y'all can stay here

Chorus:

(Mann Terror)

If it's not about dollars than it's not for me
What you know blue rocks and shopping sprees
I been broke for too long dog I need that doe
Fuck standing on the block in the freezing cold
Mouth full of rocks keeping watch out for the ditch
On the hot block with 30 niggas pumping they shit
I'm trying to come up and live and not behind them
bars
I'm trying to cop a few cars and fuck a few stars
I been trapped in this brick life 24 years
Been shot, bust shots, even lost a few kids
Shit's deeper than you think when you dealing wit the
streets
When you gotta ride or die and niggas don't sleep
I represent ghetto niggas wit no way out
Living this crime life hoping feds don't raid they house
Can't play these corners no more we keep shit moving
Now I'm trying to freak these flows and move these
units

Chorus: (2x)

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