Enrique Iglesias F/ Whitney Houston "211"

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[Flow]

Well its a 211 in progress you saw this Everybody on the ground cause I'm gonna rob this Soul into the kingdom, you played em sayin you gonna have fun

Well run run, cause I'm gonna chase you down
Then a blam blam til I get a red rum
Then I'm have to throw away my gun
Go back to the varro and get myself another one
Cause I got nothin to prove, that I got nothin to lose
And I knocked out Satan's tooth, I'm sayin this one
sober

Cause I dont smoke and I dont drink my juice wit booze So its clear that my GOD jus kicks it and ride wit my posse

Another gangsta drops, jus another soul for me Denver But he should of had, no surrender To the evil and I why you wanna kill your people Evil to the people that you wanna kill for people Now I gotta steal another soul And smoke another bowl from the Bible

[Age]

havin fun tonight

Wakin up, its 3 in the afternoon
The ballers come bout to pick me up
To go shoot alittle bit of hoop and make some loot
So I grab my phat sack, yack yack
Walked over to my closet to grab my burgendy red
baller bini hat
I wanted to be down like that
And I thought thats where my family's at
But little did I know, I was trapped
Every where we went, I always had to be strapped
We used to look forward to cruisin Sunday night
Sunshinin, low ridin through the park, everybody's

You kick it wit the homies you grew up wit You see another click roll by, so you gotta hit em up quick

Wit your click, crazy pyscho vato locos Next thing you know, you're puttin vatos in a choke hold Man this stuff can really get old, but you still wanna roll Then the crazy gangsta from your set pulls out a nina Starts pullin the trigga got people runnin down the street a

Testimony of a G, thats was me God came into my life and changed me, saved me I want more souls then Cheech and Chong smoke bowls

[Singin]
It always wasnt like
Like it is today

[Age]

That was the past, now its the present
I used to gang bang, and slang them thangs
But now I do it all in Jesus' name
Like a g, who packs a gat thats me
In the waist of my 50-30, its called the B I B L E
When I got out of the county, me and Flow hooked up
Started pumpin out hits, we said lets do this, started
rippin it up

On the cuts, we had guts showin up wit our drum machine beat

Plenty of MCs runnin up to the stage, tryin to battle theses GSG

So I pray to GOD, to tell me what to do I dont want to take this sucka out, and make him look like a fool

But only the strong survive in the ministry
To many MCs are fallin from the roots of Christianity

[Flow]

Im takin you back in the days when I used to claim hella fame

But I would still spit game, everyday was still the same had a different name, man I'm glad them days have changed

Cause I used to pack a pistola, disrespect a baller Even though that was my bigger a brother, we claimed other clikas

And we didnt want anything to do wit each other Mi jefita y abuelita would constinantly pray for my brother and me

Mi tia even bought life insurance, incase we would DIE Me and Age didnt like each othas colors so we would fight from time to time But I wasnt realy into fightin wit my brother I jus wanted to kick out my rhymes Cause I wanted to get myself caught up in a rap group Where I'm finally here

Man its a trip how things can change in just a couple of

years

Cause it was 1992 when me and Age realized we were fools

Then we got together and found the LORD and everything was cool
We became best friends, and started new trends
And started the God Side Gangsta click
We're pumpin out hits, you know we wont quit, cause we're straight legit
Now sing it

[Singer]

Another 211 in progress cause Age and Flow Jus stole another soul from the devil Now God reigns in their lives, like I said before Everythings gonna be alright [2x]

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