

Herndon Ty

"Here I Go Again"

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[Mr. Serv-On]

Whats happenin new?

[New 9]

What's happenin Serv?

[Mr. Serv-On]

What you doin nigga?

[New 9]

Man I ain't doin nothin, just chillin.

Layin back in this bitch.

In this cold heartless ass world.

[Mr. Serv-On]

Nigga pass the weed to a nigga baby.

Chorus

This world got me heartless

That's why I hit the weed

leave my middle finger up, I give a fuck (2X)

Dear God tell me, how many times

During the course of a day for ?????

my life I gotta say a prayer for myself

Or tell me, how many nights

My mama gotta lay awake cryin

starin at my picture on the shelf

But if you ask me

Some of you niggas instead of hating

You need to be anticipating

and find the bullet that's waitin for ya

Do I feel for ya, I'm heartless

I feel for people like my girl Cheryl

who lost her brother Travis to these streets

Can you imagine, having to identify

your little brother that's laying beneath some sheets

I don't think so

Or what about this hoe

That tried to tell me about a nigga

that I came up with since diapers

Serv watch yourself he don't like ya

Or what about these niggas on my block

that know I made it out

All this dope you niggas done sold in the hood

you still ain't bought
your mama a house
But believe me niggas I love you till my dying day
But if you try to take me from my family
I'm a bang you in a fuckin heartless way

Chorus (4X)

[New 9]

I just got out last night so it's like a cycle
Even though I know shit always don't go they way you
want it to go
I proceed to be a nigga I need, it's only real
It's money making plans to demand at center field
And shit's real and right now everything is tight
I got to pack a gun but if I get caught it's my third strike
I'm strapped up, my tennis too tight, that's how I'm
living
A nigga on a mission, anything in my way, I'm killing
That's my mentality right, me and my niggas be quick
to fight
Type of niggas you don't wanna cross if you kinda
value your life
Whether wrong or right, I got a pocket full of rocks and
I'm on a block
Smokin weed with my niggas, last thing I wanna see is
a cop
On patrol, some dicksuckers roll, the heck is up
I'm heartless so I point my middle finger cause I don't
give a fuck
I'm strapped up and on parole, I gotta fight to stay out
of the penn
The same shit happened last year, here I go again

[Mr. Serv-On]

Chorus 4X

[Uzi]

Mercy mercy me, Lord forgive me for the wrong I've
done
Ghetto child with a crooked smile I had a rough one
This life full of plenty hurt, so soft and pain
Consequences of the game but I had to maintain
Step on toes, I'm ready to ride or roll over
I'm a kill for a meal, lay back and smoke some doja
But I know what go around come around good
Knock on wood and it's understood
I'm stayin young at twenty one life full of regret
Ten commandments say don't kill but I done left some
folks wet
I got the blood of a dead man on my hand

We goin clash again in soldier land
Mm hmm

[Glock]

Now am I wrong when I want to bust your motherfuckin
dome
Got that blues song stuck, scratch on you ain't coming
home
I let it ride cause I know he be fake
But fuck that he cross my family, this nigga's done took
the cake
Stop the record just start it up you can find him in the
lake
Have your people fucked up sayin I just saw him
yesterday
See that's real and I know you motherfuckers can relate
It's written down in ghetto law and taught by this ghetto
church
That's why my hollow keeps me strapped, cause it be
too late
Cause in a minute all this shit bout to be in one way

[Mo B. Dick]

Here I go again

[Mr. Serv-On]

Chorus 6X

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