

Hot Boys F/ Bullet Proof

"Grave Ain't No Place"

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A motherfucker recognize a thug mashin' hard
Straight out the plot of my cemetery yard
Buried so long, nobody gave a shit
Blood and tears, embedded in my casket
Been surrounded, old folks everywhere
Smell of dry piss covered the air
When I heard the voices say arise from the grave
I quickly dug myself out and went to find the 12-gauge
Shotgun, double barrelled sawed off pump
Safety runs thru the target if you test me
Psycho thug, mashin' outta control
Spent too many fuckin' years deep in a hole
But still I'm a killa, feindin' for the streets
Slangin' rocks on a 9 to 5 beat
All that change, now got maggots on my face
I'm back from the dead to give yo ass a taste

The grave ain't no place for a psycho thug killa!
Hustla on the street, neighborhood drug deala!
The grave ain't no place, I should be out mashin!
Never goin' back to my muthafuckin' casket!
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The grave ain't no place to be
Too much like the penitentiary
Locked away in concrete
I'm buried 6 feet
Guess so, so when you roam
You can find your way home
Cuffs tight around the wrist cause I was bustin' my
chrome
Dark visions in the smog when I walk with the dead
Bad dreams in the night keep you shakin' in bed
Is it all in your head cause you're locked in a cage?
And clear your mind and get shanked and live the
cemetery way

I'm sittin' in the cemetery

I got a plan to kill a pig so I placed a phony call about a
bitch I buried
Fuck a cell, I won't ever go back
I got you creasin' in my pocket like a folded up rap
I look in the back, a squad car pullin' up slow
I grabbed the pistol in the hand with the glove, and let
it blow
Dashin' off like a theif in the night
To me it was right
I had to end his muthafuckin' life

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They can't keep a dead body locked down
In the ground
Of the pen
Came thru the dirt, break free again
Leave my home of the grave, shared with the roaches
Back on the street, keep an eye on the vultures
Flip, my escape out the front gates
When the pigs check yo' friends, ain't no trace
Of a gangsta, I'm already out robbin' suckers
Pistol whippin' bitches, puttin' holes in motherfuckers
Act like you know, Psychopathic on the glock
And I gives no fuck when I'm mashin' up ya block
Empty out the chamber, so long to your family
Everybody history
Nothing left but memories
Friends start to cry and you're one with the earth
Ain't nobody cry for me, not even the church
My rebirth was greeted my a police chase
But I'm a thug motherfucker, I ain't catchin' a case

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