

JT The Bigga Figga

"Foul From the Start"

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Chorus:

This is goin' out to the youngstas

The nappy headed gappy little rumblas

The ones robbin' stores and them banks and shit

Wit the tec 9 gats and them xtra clips

The ones wit the glocks the ones wit the 45's

Runnin' 'round the streets doin' homicide

So peep game from ya boy Bigga Figga

And let me tell ya how the shit go

1978

A young nigga born growin' up around the way

Born without a daddy shot in the proces

Vietnam war, cause he didn't wear a vest

Moms was broke, no money in the bank

Cause when they was young they used to smoke a lotta dank

Been graduated to the dope and the booze

Couldn't afford milk, couldn't afford shoes

Livin' in the projects not tryin' to get out

Wellfare is poppin' and she's tryin' to find a spout

Son coming up and seeing this shit

No time for school cause he gotta pull a lick
By this time he did to my click
Tomorrow is the first and they all wanna flip
Red light bandit's caught red handed
Now we in the hall when they left his butt stranded
Counselor, counselor can I use the phone?
Now he kinda scared and he wanna call home
No type of guy that's in no type of teaches
... tried to warn him but she seems she couldn't reach
her
...
Goin' to the ramp, sorta like a summer camp
In a few weeks he get a home-pass soon
When he hit the streets man you know he gonna boom
Moms can't tear him off nuttin' but a hug
But a few close homies gonna show a little love
A dub sack here and a dank sack there
Who ever said that life was fair
Now he got a warrant cause he didn't wanna go back
P.O. ain't shit and he ain't cuttin' no slack
Now he on the streets and he can't be slippin'
Cause at the hall we got a y.a. commitment
It ain't gettin' better it's only gettin' worse
I stroke a bad luck, better yet a bad curse
The system is set for us to straight failures
Ask the O.G's any black man will tell ya

On the way to comin' up, got about a G
And about 2 O's two more will make a QP
Gangstas watch ya back, homies gettin' down
One more week he be on a half a pound
That's half of a half of a cake ya know
Gettin' so large they need to call him Mr. Blow
Or better yet, call a nigga Mr. B12
Gettin' clientele for makin' the shit swell
Cause back on the street there's a drought on the shit
Got to make some money, so it's time for a lick
Watchin' out for the neighbourhood baller, a little bit taller
Then the next nigga tryin' to pull a motherfuckin' trigga
Plottin', scheming, waitin' for the beamer
To pull up so he can run up and put the gun up
To the dome, so we can get the cash flow
But little did he know that the baller was a pro
And waitin' for jackers and all type of niggas
Wit automatic trigger just waitin' to give a
Rat-tat-tat and a pop-pop at a young buck
Now he stuck and they couldn't give a motherfuck

Chorus

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