

2 Pistols "Get Away"

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Everybody i know around my way still der waiting for a miracle to pass dem by, most of dem are known drug dealers i know them well, thats the only way i know to survive, cuz its the way to get by, if i had a choice aside this life god knows ill try to get away

From the project porch with piss on it, to the drop top porsche im getting money ya of course im pissin off my old homies, shitting on my old bitch, they think i owe em something, i aint givin em nothin pay em no mind, where da fuck was you when i was locked up, nigga never mind i bounced back, quarter ounce, couple stacks where the whip at, i stood on my own two, hundrer carrat around my neck got me acting brand new, who is you, fuck you pay me, blood money union 2 pistols hate me please,

They say the top feel so much better than the bottom, to tell the truth nigga mo money mo problems like big say im quoting that, i hate to hear that nigga say i diminished rap still in the trap ringtone money went and bought a gang of crack tell them niggas that im back we about to pump from corner to corner blood money union 2 pistols the owner murk city what it is still got it for the lo even tho i got songs with my nigga Lo cheap cheap prices on the elbow 4 and a half quarter keys nigga come grab

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