

Kurupt F/ Latoya**"Tied In"**

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Money, hoes, cars, clothes...
Livin' in the Park that's the way shit goes...

Yo, this brotha was a perpetrator pitty crime-ass trick
Hangin' with the click but ridin' much dick
Quick to get kicked in the face over jack
So he left the pack to try to sell his own crack
Started in the hood, made a couple of gees
That's when the true soldiers came and put shit on
freeze
Cashed out the minute that he pedalled his last rock
Made one more simp in that spot got his ass dropped
So he thought: "No, this ain't gonna work!"
Got his nuts outta dirt, then he called his brotha Bert
Bert had the hook-up's, the bank, the guns and a clip
The hoes, the grip and fiends on his tip
In my oppination the high cap of blasing
When he walks trough the door and locks when you
closing
But that's coinciding with slangin' and ridin'
It was dope that was guide in a life he was tied in
Kick...

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Yo, my boy was king, now the game was clear
Made more money in a week than ya make in a year
Fear was no factor: ain't nobody gonna hit ya
When ya walking with thirty more mothafuckas with ya
Knocking out brothas in a club parking lot
Many freaks got slapped and many perpetrators got
shot
He had the game down packed, so cold in his mind
That Bert let him run the show time to time
And that's when the boy got lazy
Too much power got his ass go crazy
Bert went out of town just to make one drop
But hoping he meet a cop or boy set up a new shop
And that shit was wack life
Bank they made, he got paid but took his cut like a jack

knife
Two grand a day he was hiding
His life's suiciding, a life he was tied in
Kick...

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Yeah, he's making all the dough
And top of all that he was fucking Bert's main hoe
So when he came back he was pissed
And a crew wrote a new kid's name on a deathlist
His scared face provoked threat
He was the only mothafucka in a room to broke a sweat
No ass kissing, no reminizing
Just explain how the fuck seventeen grand was
missing?
Grabbed his gun and tried to pull it out
Slick ass trick he was boning that night, she took his
bullets out
Klik, klik, they shot him up, bucked him up
To make a long story short, man: they fucked him up
Strapped his ass behind a Mack truck
To make it worse, they hit reverse and go back up
Over his chest, in a blood was what he layed in
His stupid ass died in a life he was tied in
Kick...

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