

## Martin Pirkel

### "New Testament Outro"

Visit "[New Testament Outro](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Chorus - Kokane]

If you lived my life  
You would straight commit suicide  
If you look into my eyes of my life  
You would straight commit suicide

[Yukmouth]

Lord I sacrifice my life  
Just to bring my mama back to life  
Just to bring my father back to life  
Just to bring my potnas back to life  
My father hustled slangin' slabs at night  
That got my mama addicted to crack and pipe  
Raised in the motherfuckin' 6-5 Village with no gas, no  
lights  
Hungry as fuck sleepin' on the floor with an appetite  
Me and my sister awake to buckshots and flashin'  
lights  
My father been in jail half his life  
Became a black guerrilla family soulja  
taught me how to slang fast and fight  
Considered me a bastard right  
Family be the back stabbin' type  
My cousin's tried to have me blasted twice  
Y'all niggas live the average life  
Raised in the hills with a wife, then turn gangsta when  
ya grab the mic  
Nigga I only spit the facts of life  
From bein' homeless to sleepin' on them mats at nights  
To prayin' for my parents in the afterlife  
I still hear whispers, still shiver  
Still remember bein' a filthy ass Ville nigga  
Payless shoes, rocked clothes from Goodwill nigga  
Salvation Army just to eat my next meal nigga  
Where they slang to pay the bills nigga  
Y'all playin' doorbell ditch, I'm dodgin' bullets with  
them real killas  
Drug dealers with wild figgas, all the makin's of a foul  
nigga  
Lived off food stamps and medicare stickers  
The first and fifteenth was like like Thanksgivin and

Christmas

Cause that's the only time we fitted with food up in the kitchen

Little boys and girls listen

I got so many homies in this world missin' for tryna twirl chickens

Where they taught to pack berattas, stack cheddar

When the Village was termed the Felix Mitchell, D and Black era

Real goodfellas, the whole Village was down for whatever

Protected by three letters, crazy like Micheal Shellers

Fool I been round since niggas was screamin' rollers

Comin' down finham

When Felix Mitchell shut the block didown

I'm from the block were niggas get killed and shot

While the neighbors sit in the window and watch, don't call the cops

I'm from the block were the twelve year old is gotta play pops

To support my mama and sister, gotta slang rocks

Aim glocks, dodge stray shots, runnin' from cops hoppin' fences

Relentless dreams of havin' a mansion mobbin' Benzes

I used to have visions until I copped my first sentence

For a eleven, three, fifty tossed me a year I straight pimped it

An I lost several ramps, doin' time at camp

Rollin' dice for stamps, Y-A commitment if I bamp

Got out with a plan, call Garick my man

They whole time I was locked I wrote shit like Ice Cream Man

An that's a rigga I call Knumskull my nigga

Lets call the group the Lunitoonz nigga lets make this scrilla

Hooked up with Chris Hicks and Dru Down my nigga

Dropped this album I'm still slangin' pounds and zippers

Then dropped the first underground album around niggas

Like Teddy Bohana and Supa Side them down niggas

Around the same time my mama died so tragic

I'm in traffic with gats up under the mats, cracked wrapped in plastic

Triple beam, b-12, and seran wrap, money rubberband wrapped

Second album goes gold they can't stand that

In 95 the year my pops died

Start ballin' in 96 when Pac died

Bought me a Lexus, start catchin' hawkeyes

Now my family members tryna Suge Knight me

The whole Ville sheisty but now them mothafuckas  
don't like me  
When I was broke it was all good  
When I was smokin' and havin' tampers to the wood it  
was all good  
I been around the world and back fuck this small hood  
I'm tryna ball and have it all playa we all should  
I started off broke as fuck, nigga ain't no way to go but  
up  
Now I'm in a Rover truck, smokin' dro, never sobered  
up  
Drinkin' X-O until I throw it up, nobody can flow like Yuk  
Hooked up with Rap-A-Lot nigga blow shit up  
80 Thousand the first week nigga put them posters up  
Tha first nigga with platinum teeth on the west coast is  
Yuk  
Niggas probaly get smoked just for standin' close to  
Yuk  
I'm blessed with a son and daughter  
It's like the reincarnation of my mother and father  
comtinue the saga  
My wife be like a gift from heaven  
I would have been slit my wrist and jumped off a cliff  
From stressin' maldepression  
Life is like a big ass lesson we all go through  
Friends you was close to all of a sudden want to smoke  
you  
They all deceitful; I got shot up by a nigga I knew since  
pre-school  
His mama and my mama used to be cool  
We from the same street too  
That's why I don't creep through  
Niggas who rob you and try to kill you ain't yo peoples  
Niggas who beat you with desert eagles ain't yo  
peoples  
Niggas who jack you for them kilos that ain't yo peoples  
But ain't gonna be no sequel cause next time I'm gonna  
show em somethin'  
Make it out the hood, niggas act like you owe em  
somethin'  
Niggas want you to throw em somethin'  
I've been robbed, stuffed in a trunk then  
Dumped in a fuckin' alleyway head lookin' like a  
pumpkin'  
To funkin' with my own cousins  
I ask the lord why I'm the worlds most hated  
Like Pac they want a nigga assassinated  
Judges give me hundred G bonds for fake ass cases  
Bail out, can't be faded, rock platinum bracelets  
Hair braided, jewelry like Sammie Davis in Vegas  
Smellin' like acres of sticky shit rolled in vegas

Havin' paper comes with a shit load of haters  
That's why my only friend is my lord and savior  
Fuck them haters

[Chorus]

Visit [Martin Pirkel](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.