

Martindale Wink

"La Costra Nostra"

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[Yukmouth: one long verse]
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
October 18th '74, the year I was born
A young nigga ready for war
It's in my blood to get the 'fetty for sure
I was cursed since birth to get the patties slanging
faggats are raw
And I'm the advocate, crackhead, in '86 we started
having shit
Rock it and cook it to cut the baggin' is, when crack-
ages
For my cousin, making twenty off a note
But I refused to go broke; my whole family slang dope
And my big sister was a little richer cuz she always
fucked around with the big pushers
I watched niggaz break keys in sinks with jackhammers
and ginsus
Throw me money for tennis shoes
I been a dude since high school with latest clothes and
them jewels
Had me paper chasing, I didn't finish school
I bought a quarter ounce in the ooze
Got a crew, hit the block, start hustling like the real
niggaz do
I'm walking in the shoes of Phoenix Mitchell
And Little D, I'm balling niggaz from my projects I
listened to
I keep it real with my interviews
I was broke as fuck and sleeping on the floor in the
village dude
I'm just a wise G, why chronic D, smoking finer weed
Thick as quarter peak I build a dynasty?
So a pistol whip and rob niggaz
What goes around, comes around cuz I end up getting
shot nigga
But got love not, my hope don't stop, I pop bubbly
Like the whole block locked, I live lovely
And my father was a black gorilla family crack dealer
with the house on 'Icula, made scratch for realla
That's why I say it's in my blood cuz my father was a
thug

With the Columbian blood, flood the block with drugs
nigga!
We slang lots of coca with glocks up in the hosta'
La Costra Nostra nigga!

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