

## Turk

# "Letter From That World"

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Bitch niggas turnin state, you understand  
Nigga, them people 'n shit  
I woke up it's mail call and it's one of my dawgs  
Keepin me posted 'bout this one nigga who tellin it all  
Nigga done turned snitch, and he tellin it all  
Tellin them people for on every nigga that ball  
He done got Joe busted, "The Twins," and Bo  
People caught 'em down bad movin ki's of that snow  
At the warehouse, the one cross the lake  
Where the yachts at, you know, Paco's Place  
They gotta hundred bricks, ten Chinese eggs  
A halfa million dollars all wit' big heads  
All four facin time in the FEDs  
Got conspiracy charges, and drug traffickin  
Now tell me that ain't fucked up, nigga playin it raw  
Tellin everything on what he heard and what he saw  
He gotta get touched up, what chu say  
I say what chu say, I'm wit' that all the way  
I gotta letter from that world  
And it read that the game is gettin spoiled  
Niggas eatin that cheese workin wit' the F-E-Ds  
Runnin they mouth, just givin 'em leads  
I gotta letter from that world  
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Niggas eatin that cheese workin wit' the F-E-Ds  
Runnin they mouth, just givin 'em leads  
Well what do ya know, it's the second day in a row  
But this time I got another letter from my ho  
She tellin me 'bout another cat  
And I'm fucked up cause I know 'em from way back  
He took a plea to get back on the streets  
Gave up the boss man and the rest of his peeps  
Informed 'bout the murders that happened two years  
The one in the Nolia and one in the Calio  
Where nigga they score from, the day and the time  
Singin like a bird straight droppin a dime  
Nigga done skipped town, ducked off somewhere  
Cause he know a nigga know he ain't playin it fair  
Nigga talkin 'bout doin 'em somethin  
Catch his ass down bad and put two in his mellon  
Said them niggas ain't silent no more  
They 'posed to take they lick and run 'n not cry like a ho

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This my third letter, it's my dawg again  
He givin a nigga low on a nigga named, Ben  
Told me Ben was a O.G. who been in the game  
Been around for awhile, and he been had change  
But come to find out nigga workin wit' the FEDs  
And how I find out, I gotta low from Chaz  
Say that nigga there mouth straight loose like bowels  
Can't hold water on his chest, he be playin it foul  
Bitch nigga be singin like he at church or somethin  
And former number one gotta get murked, lil cuzzin  
Gotta get murked, lil cuzzin  
Let 'em swim wit' the fish, Quick murk the puppy  
Nigga ain't no dawg cause a dawg is silent  
A dawg keep it ghetto, he don't tell on nobody  
This shit fuckin my head up bad  
Nigga turnin state, straight workin wit' the FEDs  
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Niggas eatin that cheese workin wit' the F-E-Ds  
Runnin they mouth, just givin 'em leads  
Ain't this cold, these niggas ain't silent no more  
They be 'round FEDs, ya heard me  
It be ya own niggas, ya heard me  
Gotta watch these niggas, ya heard me  
Niggas'll turn state, ya heard me  
They ain't 'bout doin no time  
They shouldn't do no crime, ya heard me  
You understand, I'mma take my lick  
You understand, nigga talkin 'bout he gon' be silent

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