

Nashawn

"Generation"

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[Intro: Nashawn]

Nashawn, Money Machine
Here that phone ring?, ha-ha
Ill Will y'all

[Verse One: Nashawn]

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
Ayo that's the hood dawg
Hungry little niggaz, like that's the ghetto y'all
Slugs for Christmas, thugs cookin' up, usin' Mom's
dishes
Playin' with guns, hopin' dump-dumps
And run up on yo crib while you in it
He a little dunn-dunn, see he gon' grow up and be a
menace
Operation at 12, miss 'em long in the penit
Give 'em a gun and you finished
See he the future, I don't know when they come back
I give 'em a .9 ruger
On the block how to maneuver
And you gotta feed your dog, so they could be fat, who
could move 'em
Hurt shit, use to the limit, gotta murk shit
Show his ass how to ride in the Hurst
All my life I put work in, pumpin' the servant
Fiends this is the life of a kid in the urban
Who fiends for the Porsche's, Jeeps and Suburbans
Speedin' down the street, I ain't tryin' to see curtains

[Hook: Nashawn]

Some dude's live through it
Some dude's could die
If you alone in that coffin - goodbye
Death could make a grown motha'fuckin' man cry
Gotta see you on the other side (See you on the other
side)

Some dude's live through it
Some dude's could die
If you alone in that coffin - goodbye
Death could make a motha'fuckin' grown man cry

Gotta see you on the other side (See you on the other side)

[Verse Two: Nashawn]

Listen, death by inches, it's off the hinges
I gotta say - shit push back on benches
My .40 caliber gotta spray
Whose that now?, who got found with a round?
In his forehead, tryin' to be down?
Mess up, and there will be more dead, try me clowns
when I catch 'em, yo I'm in ATL stompin' 'em out
What I'm about, try to see the sea off to see shores
Spots from the Bronx, to B-More
Tree off, to G-Four's, or Bentley's with spinnin' doors
Defend my fans, damn I'm the fuckin' man
I held my grams and I deserved it
Held pistol in my hand and contribute to people mass
murder
I try splurge, but that ain't worth it, of workin'
But I continue to put work in

[Hook: Nashawn]

Some dude's live through it
Some dude's could die
If you alone in that coffin - goodbye

I put a gun to your eye, bullet to your head
To see if your motha'fuckin' brains could fly

[Hook: Nashawn]

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