

# Gang Related

## Logic

Yeah, livin' life like this  
Gotta paint a picture when I write like this  
Tales from my hood, not a sight like this  
Where they up to no good on a night like this  
And they murder motherfuckers just cause  
Type of shit I see and probably wonder what it was  
I was in the crib, just sitting on the rug  
Basedheads coming through looking for the plug  
Now, born and raised in my area  
Beautiful body by night, that's hysteria  
Fuck around and bury ya tonight  
Ridin' with my homies on sight  
Momma told me to come in at night  
Now I really gotta go, but they never know  
Living life to the fullest, I got to blow  
Po-po finna bust in the door, we got blow in the crib  
In the kitchen over there next to the baby with the bib  
God damn, what it feel like, middle of the night  
Waking up, scared for my life  
Never had the heat, just a knife and the gat  
Going blat like that  
Guarantee you it's a wrap, put you on your back  
Run it back like that  
Just breathe, why did mama grieve  
Bullet to the dome making her leave  
Got to leave for the premises, to murder my nemesis  
No, no, uh, uh  
Just stop, stop, stop  
'fore they even call the cops

Do it for the money and the bitches and the drugs and the props  
Tell me why another body even got to drop

Get shot off top for some shit that was gang related"Up first at five tonight, breaking news in Gaithersburg where a massive manhunt is underway after a deadly shooting. It's all unfolding in the 400 block of West Deer Park at 3: 55. Our Montgomery County reporter joins us, with the latest tonight."

Living life like this, hope little Bobby never fight like this  
Stab a motherfucker with a knife like this  
All about the money on a night like this  
Run up in the crib, put a bullet in your rib  
Got a lot to give but I never had the chance  
Never had the chance, yeah  
Stay strapped, but I hate it when I take it out

If you want it Imma lay it out  
Hope my little brother make it out  
Every night what I pray about  
What I pray about, check it uh yeah  
Got a son on the way  
But I cling to the streets even though I want to run away  
I imagine a better life  
Where I never had a debt in life  
Hit you with the- in the dead of night  
Selling crack to my own pops  
Pushing this weight on my own block  
If I sell a brick I can buy a house  
If they find a key they might lock me up  
But I take the chance cause I need that shit and don't give a fuck  
Take the chance cause I need that shit and don't give a fuck  
Get down and lay down  
Hit you with the Beretta and you better stay down  
Straight shots on the playground  
Living how I'm living with the life that I'm given  
Anybody that's riding with me, I'm riding with them  
Show me the enemy and Imma hit em  
The second I bit em I get em and hit em with the venom  
Ain't no need to pretend Imma never do it  
I knew it, all ready been through it  
I do it for the street, for the fam, for the life  
Anybody that's gang related  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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