

90059

Jay Rock

Take my mind on this road, you too  
I took my mind on this road, way through  
I take your mind on this road, you do  
I took my mind on this road, way through I don't know why niggas keep fucking with me  
These streets make it so hard to breathe  
Highs and my lows  
Look both ways, where I'm supposed to go Ah, shit, get out my pocket  
The stench from the smoker's smoke, so ferocious  
Winos in the alley, nearly slumped over  
Demons in they eyes, glassy, no Folgers  
Wake up sober, kill you for a cold one  
Snotty nosed rascals, big ratchet toters  
Give it up slowly, click, clack, it's over  
Something like Velcro, stay attached to corners  
Hood rats plotting, riding for the blue cheese  
All for the Gram, grams and a new weave  
All they got is spandex pants, and some loose knees  
Niggas taking chances, tip-toeing with two P's  
No one's exempt, weak or strong they do bleed  
Candle light vigils, closure if they do leave  
Bullets have a name defined by different calibers  
Concrete jungle, beware of different challengers Gotta have the stomach for dookie bags and  
catheters  
Play your cards right or be scratching off them calendars  
I don't know why niggas keep fucking with me  
These streets make it so hard to breathe Highs and my lows  
Look both ways, where I'm supposed to go  
Ah, shit, get out my pocket These waters are murky, crocodiles they lurking  
Murder rate merging, up and down virgins  
Guess you gotta play street versions of a surgeon  
Keep beat bursting, closing down all your curtains  
When shit don't go right, gotta question your purpose  
Denim with them serpents coming back to surface  
EBT, zero balance, worthless  
You either leave in limousines or them hearses  
Too much bad blood, another problem emerges  
You started the problem you motherfucking deserved it  
Politicking, a lot of liquor, that be the answer  
They Marlboro, trying to trick them, they be the cancer  
Gotta get that loose change, you gotta kick a nigga brain Like your name Liu Kang, that be the  
mantra  
Stop, look, listen, that's the words to live by

Know you gotta stake your claim, like a rib-eye  
90059, nigga, here's why I don't know why niggas keep fucking with me  
These streets make it so hard to breathe  
Highs and my lows Look both ways, where I'm supposed to go  
Ah, shit, get out my pocket  
Ah, shit, get out my pocket  
Ah, shit, get out my pocket  
Get out my pocket A force from the rap game my nigga, this ain't a circus  
There's no Ringling Brothers, no Barnum and Bailey  
Clowned ass niggas get marked out daily, trucked out lately  
Bitch niggas get they hat brought to them, you don't communicate  
Well hands and the gat talk to you, what's the convo?  
Don't think fast, you end up getting a combo  
Think situations is calm, then they bomb though  
Sleeping in the bando, it's either death or jail  
Something you never planned for, dreaming about Lambos  
Wake up shivering, pillow next to a lamp post Straight up out the motherfuckin' crockpot it's  
Watts  
One stop leave you with dope, socks is not boxed  
No rats, re-rock that got them all losing weight  
Got all they teeth shot but got a sweet spot  
Gotta call up Dr. Dre just for the Detox  
All of this in one zip code, keep the streets hot I don't know why niggas keep fucking with me  
These streets make it so hard to breathe  
Highs and my lows  
Look both ways, where I'm supposed to go  
Ah, shit, get out my pocket  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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