

# Apb (feat. Thi'sl)

Lecrae

Saint Louis my city dawg. West side was the block  
While you was in the crib playing with legos I was out there trying to give blocks  
Momma gone, daddy gone, it's just me and my hood, dawg  
Su-woopin', beamed up, like I'm bout to go play baseball  
Before you heard about Jeezy, boy. I was already on some Trap-or-Die  
What it's done? For all is cool. You can still see the pain in my eye  
What you know about sitting in a jail cell, felonies, murder case,  
Best friend, rolled on me, take the stand, turned state. I am a felon, I tell no lies, hand on the  
Bible, head to the sky  
I want to live, I ain't wanna die when they roll upon me and let them bullets fly  
They could have been the end, dawg  
One way, hell's gate but the Lord stepped in  
Chose to, show grace. Could have been layed in the box, dawg  
6 of my homeboys carry me, but I'm alive and the old me gone  
'Cause everyday, dawg I bury me. 10-4 shawty, I think we got a problem,  
That boy right there a dawg, put an APB out em,  
You seen em', he gone  
Seen em', he gone  
You seen em', he out here  
Seen em' he gone  
I can't  
Hydro-plonic lungs, Top shelf liver  
Limbo low tender, I can chop down timber  
I was no pretender certified offender, never know surrender.  
My amnesia's circumstantial, there're some things I can't remember  
Those who knew me be like "who he? ", they're trippin off the new me  
They like man where the old 'Crae. You crazy, you can't fool me.  
I'm a party so hard that the law tryin' to find me  
I pray to God they ain't find me. But then I hear a {whoo-whoo}  
Lookin' in the rear view when they are right behind me  
Roll down my window, "Boy, what's your name?"  
'Cause you was doing 85 in the passing lane with no traffic, man  
Then I give them my ID, and guess what they say  
"This boy here crazy, now that's just Crae"  
And I was psycho, wild as the hun is  
I go like the Chi, doing whatever I wanted  
Until I was confronted, heard about Jesus and I changed  
They're like man what you do, somethin' bout you just ain't the same.  
I was dead. The old me was nothing but a sucker  
Sucked the life out of my mother, just to get the stuff I wanted  
Now I'm milk carton status and different, can't explain it  
Put the APB out on me, if they find me, that's amazing. 10-4 shawty, I think we got a problem,

That boy right there a dawg, put an APB out em,  
You seen em', he gone  
Seen em', he gone  
You seen em', he out here  
Seen em' he gone

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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