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 throughI 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 goAh, 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 challengersGotta 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 breatheHighs and my lows
Look both ways, where I'm supposed to go
Ah, shit, get out my pocketThese 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 brainLike 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 whyI don't know why niggas keep fucking with me
These streets make it so hard to breathe
Highs and my lowsLook both ways, where I'm supposed to go
Ah, shit, get out my pocket
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Get out my pocketA 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 lamppostStraight up out the motherfuckin' crockpot it's Watts
One stops 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 hotI 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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