

Wrote: 2008
Song: Keep Da Faith
Album: N Da Studio

V1
A lot of foolz,wish i was dead,
instead of stuk,n da kan,
keepn a promise,2 smash all bustaz,
when i break out,my pen....
Growing up,n a war zone,
witnessn blak-on- blak crime,
fleen da byrd,dat think im guilty,
when i run,stoplitez...
Hopen 2 drop,som bangn albumz,
all my hommyz,can bump,
befo we roll,like da A-Team,
wit arsenalz,n our trunx....
Driven all,of my people krazy,
n attendance,at showz,
sneekn n som,sold out concerts,
jus 2 hear,a gee flow,...
Up n kourt,all da gosh dang time,
4 everyweek,violaten,
pisnn n kupz,i know is dirty,
funkn up,on probation....
Taken out foolz,on da microphone,
befo yo body,get found,
going 2 partyz,2 get wasted,
like itz my last,day out.....
Haven 2 do,kommunity service,
4 alwayz gettn,n trouble,
dey be thinkn,im slangn dope,
bekuz u not,on my level.....
As i freestyle,on microphonez,
im everywhere,n da streetz,
Hopen 2 make,a million dollaz,
after my album,released....

V2
Hopen da pigz,dont arrest my ass,
4 alwayz packn,da gat,
or get jackd,by som gangbangaz,
lookn weird,at my lakk....
Gettn callz,from one of my peepz,
sayn da hommy,just died,
as we get loaded,like gas tanx,
befo we go,on hoo-rydez....
Keepn it funky,4 all my hommyz,
everytime,im n boothz,
battlen foolz,on street cornaz,
taken off,wit dey jewelz...
Now everybody,got cameraz out,
so dey can snitch,2 police,
like dey maken,som videoz,
2 get a gee,off da streetz...
After hearn me,bang on wax,
dey everyday,gettin quiet,
witnessn pigz,kill all my people,
befo i start,a mass riot...
On reportn,whatz going on,
kuz i stay,n trunx bumpn,
droppn albumz,dat all go classik,
like da hoopty,im flossn....
Watchn out,4 da U.S. marshalz,
comen around,2 serve warrantz,
4 not reportn,after som showz,
n me leaven,foolz buried....
Hopen befo,i leave dis earth,
i get 2 make,hella bank,
given bakk,2 my people starven,
wit no grub,on dey platez....

V3
Im gettn known,all over places,
dat i aint,neva been too,
doing showz,n som unknown spotz,
who evrynite,love dis fool....
Still on paper,4 gettn paper,
befo i roll,2 events,
gettin out mo limoz,dan da Beatlez
is when im going legit...
Every year,puttn out som trax,
i can bump,4 my city,
watchn my bak,n da set hustlen,
until u sukaz,come get me....
Not wantn me,2 make it out,
of da ghetto,im from,
n da pigz,bringn out dey snipaz,
so i cant tell foolz,west up...
Now dey see,dat i get mail,
dey evrynite,on my tip,
wantn 2 know,where my pistol at,
bekuz im flossn,a benz....
Recognized,by my gang tattooz,
telln foolz,2 beware,
know my name,like Freddy Krueger,
given sukaz,nightmares.....
Pleadn not guilty,n kourt trialz,
befo i get,out da kan,
lookn 2 krush,every rappa out,
once i drop,4 my bread....
Keepn da faith,n God above,
watchn out,4 da pigz,
dat white folx,say nathan about,
wantn 2 kill,my blak ass.....

Chorus:
If derz really,a God n heaven,
i hope he show me,som love,
going thru trialz & tribulationz,
like he dont,give a what...
Gettn tired,of hearn people,
tryna tell me,2 pray,
waitn 4eva,2 skool my people,
when im keepn da faith....

