

# King Tee, Stay Down

Yo

Sup

Dedicated to my homie Lil' Terry

Rest in peace

Front Hood Crip

That nigga DJ [Name] a/k/a Lex Diamond

151 Piru, knowmsayin?

[ VERSE 1 ]

Not long back when I had this cool friend who got paid  
And I'ma change the names to protect who's afraid  
Let's call him Butch, he was superior to crooks  
He ran the books and killed niggas for they looks  
But peep it, this nigga told me secrets bout life  
The struggles of the black and the luxuries of white  
The shit was trife, my nigga's game was ass-tight  
And eh, really the only older nigga that I liked  
I took heed while this boss player took the lead  
As he explained why niggas was addicted to greed  
He looked tipsy, mashin in his black 850  
"I hit a lick T, now all my niggas out to get me  
And this is us, you the only nigga I trust  
Cause when it's on, we the only niggas to bust"  
No diggity, I know how niggas be around town  
But when they talkin bout mashin on a homie, I gots to stay down

[ CHORUS ]

God please shine your light cause my people are sightless  
And nothing's positive when you're far from righteous  
We're born in a world of negative and greed  
And every day for somethin dumb I watch a young black bleed  
Our kids that sell drugs, was raised to be thugs  
Raised to love hate, raised to hate love  
And in the years to come I hope my people get hip  
Stop killin off each other, let's get this grip

[ VERSE 2 ]

And everywhere we went, man, we was strapped like goodfellas  
With fresh Karl Kanis I floss Armani sweaters  
While Butch, he bragged about Colombian connections  
Fuckin with the Mexicans who dress like Texans  
A veteran, and although I seemed mesmerized  
I glanced and saw the look of fear in his eyes  
He taught me: "Sometimes you can't trust your own people  
They turn on ya, and all this shit's illegal  
I gave up dances, bullshit type romances  
Dress the fanciest, takin penitentiary chances  
Now the baby gees wanna drop me to my knees  
Damn, niggas tryina stick me for my ki's  
Well good luck cause loc, I don't give a fuck  
I put that on the set, I leave these young fools touched  
With hollow point slugs through your mug young clown  
You're speakin on dippin in my riches, you best to stay down"

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3 ]

And as years went by, my nigga kept his game in gear  
He moved to Atlanta, I pursued my career  
Sometimes I reminisce the ways we did dirt  
Cookin up chemicals, shippin out work  
He kept in touch, he said he bought a five on dubs  
"And when you get a chance nigga, come rock my club  
These hoes get tossed when I floss on my boat

Don't sweat no hotels, I bought a crib by Too \$hort  
It don't stop till the wheels break loose  
I heard they tripped out and killed my nigga Big Bruce  
It's all good, he's seein things much greater  
Them niggas involved laugh now, cry later&quot;  
I know what's happenin, my nigga always spoke wise  
Some people gotta grind, get the loot and organize  
He closed the conversation, would I always be around?  
&quot;You need somethin, hit me, God bless loc, stay down&quot;

[ CHORUS ]