

Gang Related

Logic

[Intro]

Yeah, uh, yeah

[Verse 1]

Livin' life like this

Gotta paint a picture when I write like this
Tales from my hood, not a sight like this
Where they up to no good on a night like this
And they murder motherfuckers just 'cause
Type of shit I see, you probably wonder where I was
I was in the crib, just sittin' on the rug
Basedheads comin' through lookin' for the plug
Now, born and raised in my area
Beautiful by day, by night it's hysteria
Fuck around and bury ya tonight
Ridin' with my homies on sight
Momma tell me to come in at night
Now I really gotta go, but they never know
Livin' life to the fullest, I gotta blow
Po-po finna bust in the door, we got blow in the crib
In the kitchen over there next to the baby with the bib
Goddamn, what it feel like, middle of the night
Wakin' up, scared for my life
Never had the heat, just a knife
When the gat go blat like that
Guarantee you it's a wrap
Finna put you on your back like that
Just breathe, while their mama grieve
Bullet to the dome like an Aleve
Gotta leave for the premises, to murder my nemesis
No, no, uh, uh, just stop, stop, stop
'Fore they even call the cops
Do it for the money and the bitches
And the drugs and the props
Tell me why another body even gotta drop
Get shot off top for some shit that was gang related

[Break: News Report Sample]

Up first at five tonight, breaking news in Gaithersburg, where a massive manhunt is underway after a deadly shooting. It's all unfolding in the 400 block of West Deer Park and 355. Our

Montgomery County reporter joins us, with the latest tonight

[Verse 2]

Livin' life like this
Hope little Bobby never fight like this
Stab a motherfucker with a knife like this
All about the money on a night like this
Run up in the crib, put a bullet in your rib
Got a lot to give, but I never had the chance
Never had the chance, yeah
Stay strapped, but I hate it when I take it out
If you want it I'ma lay it out
Hope my little brother make it out
Every night what I pray about what I pray about
Check it, uh yeah, got a son on the way
But I cling to the streets even though I wanna run away
I imagine a better life
Where I never had a debt in life
Hit you with the *gunshots* in the dead of night
Sellin' crack to my own pops
Pushin' this weight on my own block
If I sell a brick I can buy a house
If they find the key they might lock me up
But I take the chance 'cause I need that shit and don't give a fuck
Take the chance, 'cause I need that shit and don't give a fuck
[Pause] — Get down or lay down
Hit ya with the Beretta, you better stay down
Stray shots on the playground
Livin' how I'm livin' with the life that I'm given
Anybody that's ridin' with me, I'm ridin' with 'em
Show me the enemy, and I'ma hit 'em
The second I bit 'em, I get 'em
And hit 'em with the venom
Ain't no need to pretend I'ma never do it
I knew it, already been through it
I do it for the street, for the fam, for the life
Anybody that's gang related

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>