

I was,  
like, thinking  
like

—I didn't want it to happen to my mom.

Like,

I been with my mom for,  
like ever and,  
like,

I don't know what I would do if I didn't have my mom with me.

And,

like,

if I could prevent something from happening to my mom,  
like, I would do,  
like, anything.

He was just like,

“damn, I shouldn’t have never come back outside.

I shouldn’t have just stayed—I should have just stayed  
in the house with my girl.” And I was just like,

“damn, I should have just dropped off right here.

Took my girl (inaudible) before we came.”

And he was like,

“What I did?”

And I was like,

“I don’t know.”

I don't like your daddy, I still don't like your daddy.  
I don't give a fuck what he say, what he do;  
none of that bullshit. Your daddy is a bitch.

Huh. Before when they gave me my sentence, I seen  
this Nigga getting his shit. This Nigga  
was so hurt man...bus,  
we was on the bus and Nigga was  
so hurt, like,  
we leaving, like  
he getting' out and we leaving  
on the bus...this Nigga  
get off the bus and put his head down  
like he was hurtin.'  
Man...You good though?

I'm telling you she gonna die  
I'm telling you she gonna die  
(I'm telling you)  
in the club,  
in the club,  
she gonna die in the club,  
some other shit...(laughing)  
I tell you boy

yeah, I'm fresh on you...  
I'm on your head,  
I'm on your bumper  
...alright

