

# Boyz to Men

## Mozzy

Yeah Suckers on the 'Gram with blammy, they tell him to use it  
My brudda brudda just paroled, family reunion  
I know a hundred niggas broke that ain't sellin' the toolage  
Pink fifties lookin' crispy, the hundreds is blue in'  
My location is the ghetto, I'm comfortably boolin'  
The Crips love me on the B, niggas fuck with the movement  
Lil' Jewish prostitute, blew a bag on the jewels  
Blew a stack on Amiris, then blew a stack on the shoes  
Ayy, if they threatened you with life, would you crack on your goon?  
I tend to whisper when I feel it's a rat in the room  
How you put the homies on, but let your brothers starve?  
That nigga Bob was takin' trips inside his mother car  
It's Oak Park, 4th Ave, forever fuck a star  
Thirty P's inside a duffle, this a hundred large  
Damn, my nigga died off a couple bars  
I can't believe you think you sippin' with that cup of Par  
Them cold cuffs'll turn a boy to a man, y'all  
If he ain't takin' care his kids, don't understand dawg  
Nightmares of being captured in a standoff  
Ain't even make it to arraignment 'fore she ran off  
Them cold cuffs'll turn a boy to a man, y'all  
If he ain't takin' care his kids, don't understand dawg  
Nightmares of being captured in a standoff  
Ain't even make it to arraignment 'fore she ran off Hundred-fifty thou' in twenties just to throw  
around  
Pollute the air with Candy, girl, we just blew a pound, move around  
Ayy, ten-to-four, dice lose if they don't hit him now  
Fuck around and strip him, he ain't been around  
I miss the green and the yellow store  
You got potential, they don't tell us, though  
So we'll never know  
I miss Deezy, hard to let him go  
I love you Terrion and A, this shit forever 4, yeah  
I'm deeply rooted, nigga, set in stone  
They wanna know if I'm One Mob, run and tell 'em no  
'Cause I'm from 4th and only, 4th and 12th my second home  
Real traditional gang member, they respect it, though  
He dissin' Zo in all his songs and we gon' catch him, though  
I mention Zo in all my songs, that's inevitable, yeah  
I should've been at Deray's service, he's irreparable  
Any excuse that I could think of unacceptable with standards  
Them cold cuffs'll turn a boy to a man, y'all

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