

# Fiend, All In A Week

(talking)

What up world, this your people, the Excited Private  
Fiend, better known as Sleepy Eyed Jones  
I got a question to ask you, and understand me on this one  
If life is a blessing, and truly a gift  
Why in the hell it could end so quick  
It could happen all in a week, knowl'm saying  
Check this out

(Fiend)

Monday morning waking up before I brush my dogs  
Loading clips to the tip why, cause haters test balls  
Smoke a cess to ease it all, but I got to face pain  
Push come to shove and I will, release flames  
There's a war on these streets, it's the beginning of the week  
Came night fall, a couple of bodies had to leak  
A couple hotties had to beat them in, died a snitch  
Lied in a ditch, they tried not to cry like a bitch  
The eye witness, seen it all, but mouth stayed closed  
Stayed at home praying, as tears drop from my nose  
Suppose it was your boys, would you ride nine Tuesday  
Grabbing whatever's spent even the old school uzi  
Usually wouldn't be caught, doing these wrong deeds  
Wednesday, wanna know, they done fucked with the wrong breed  
My girl Chrissy said Fiend, why you wear a vest  
Besides the life I live girl the streets is a mess, it happened all in a week

(Chorus: O'Dell vocalizing in background)

If life is a blessing, and truly a gift  
Why in the hell it could end so quick  
If you thinking the streets is bad, is really a myth  
You'd be surprised what your ass might get

(Fiend)

Now, came Thursday, yeah my dog Rover his  
The devil called who in the fuck taking care of them four kids  
The more I did, with a firm grip, I couldn't shake the thoughts  
I tried to drink the pain away, enough liquor wasn't bought  
Saw some good news, like a quest for some gold  
My girl slept with that other day, bless her soul  
Glock I hold, got paper, wrapping niggas for nothing  
Plus I'm tripping on these hoes, and get it all done with something  
Blunting, to keep my composer, No Limit Soldier  
Trouble seems to find me, in the Navi or the Rover  
Fuck being sober, it ain't the weekend yet  
Plus some jackers tried to follow, me and Serv in the Vet

(Chorus)

(Fiend)

Probably even tripping how them boys, chase the wealth  
Followed to I 10 them boys sure killed theyself  
Hell, been not feeling a thang, behind mine  
In search of being heard they surely don't mind dying  
Picture, what happens, in time on this day  
Chronic got me wanting to sleep on the sixth day  
Mix playing the N.Y., Vix paying the N.O.  
Both, your niggas drinking, blowing some indo  
Send for, Saturday, that's when the Cali play  
Over that a-way, a man stand in the alley way  
Make it to the club, fuck, he popping lips  
Hit him, I got that torch straw anxious at my hip  
Shit got thick, and real niggas had to leave  
I went throwing heat, like I was in the major league

Shit, ready for combat including the gun play  
The priest gone be tripping come confessions on Sunday

(Chorus - 2x)

(talking)

Better yet on our world, know I'm saying  
Understand it could happen all in a week  
This for Fiend and No Limit to the world  
Understand, live your life nigga