

# Fiend, The Rock Show

Verse one:

36 ounces of thousand in grams  
I ain't never had shit, now I plot to piss or a stick  
Ain't nothing in my jeans but some lint and some dick  
Who wanna hunger young rick  
Thinking I can't get, out the situation  
I'm 'bout to make these bitches sick  
Since a little nigga, started to vision nigga  
Now when dophines' surely come, I know how much to give her  
Single bags to dimes, dimes, tens to twhomp twhomps  
Catch me in the set and I'ma have what'cha want want  
Playing it raw, I ain't out here for my health  
And tell the Temp service, ain't blood myself  
Enjoyed myself, blocks away from the melt  
And proving thy self from cream that don't melt

Chorus:

(Nigga why) Before real nigga's kiss up to the man (whomp)  
36 ounces of thousand in grams  
If it ain't legal and from Uncle Sam  
36 ounces of thousand in grams  
How I get them cars, houses, and land  
36 ounces of thousand in grams  
You ain't seeing shit till money in hand  
36 ounces of thousand in grams

Verse two:

My brother and cousin got a plan  
Look, that dope ain't got touch my hands  
But yet this bad and I'm the one with the life sands  
A ten millimeter for protection  
For any jacker or badge that run up in my section, and ah  
I cost to cigars from being broke  
And this ain't lemonheads or no bar of soap, and ah  
To old for McDonalds, that killed hope  
And all the hustla's around my way got cars with no notes, so ah  
Penetentries chance's here I come  
That nigga move to fast I'ma pop his ass one (pop)  
Drop his ass one (pop)  
Bringing home the brick  
What 'ya know when the Fiend got his own started up git

Chorus