

[9 seconds of instrumental to open]

[DJ Quik]

A soft beat got me hard as the street
Pop yo' ass in the teeth, leave your head in the seat
I moved scum with my sister 'til they snitched on me
Now we run in different directions from the C.P.V.
Money don't come back, problems stay forever
Bullets for my nephews, let 'em perish together
For them I wrote these fuckin lyrics on the back of a summons
Wishin I had a big brother like The Game got hundreds
So I'm flyin my hair out, tryin to air out
Goin callous into my shell I'm kickin my care out
Nevermind my whereabouts, it won't be where family
like to gank each other and only gangbang in the house
Just a post-traumatic sufferin Hennessy addict
Bufferin won't even help with the static in my muffin so come and cuff him
I'm slippin into the darkside under the influence of my own existance
Like Playa Hamm when he started this ride
Or Shabby and Bull Dog in the Marina
We mack-a-nina sippin colada pinas, you shoulda seen us
When Eric Wright tried to buy me out of bondage from Profile
Cause Ruthless had all the style and now
When did it change, I didn't see it runnin
The curb came, I went over tumblin
My last few records you heard me sick at the heart, gettin picked apart
by the very people makin me breathe, now I just leave

[Chorus: Tai Elton Phillips]

You wanna jet set with me, ain't nothin really here to see
We gon' be steppin off the plane, stress off your brain
See the world as clear as can be
People need class, you go back to school, I tell you what you need to do
You need to be straight relaxin, ain't no reaction
to the thangs that's botherin you - c'mon let's go

[DJ Quik]

My life in a day, I live for the moment
Bein full of focus is my only bonus
I walk around the city with a skeptical pair of pessimistic preconception
And niggaz grippin my gonads
And that's only because I know some dudes that'll sabotage your food
Cause they'd rather see you breathin than to see you leavin
Passin the buck, they know you wouldn't be mad as fuck
Better to see you fail than to be drivin the baddest truck
Hard luck bitches who live right next to the liquor sto'
The hazel-eyed beadie smokin bitch eager to lick 'em low
The yeast-infectin misdirectin lowridin lover baby mother
with a mouth like a sailor ready to blow
I work around the clock to keep avoidin the ever-present traps
Of niggaz and tramps who see me as the on ramp
Who come from mothers who had a fetish for cocaine in the 1980's
And thought she raised her crack baby to be a lady - you crazy!

[Chorus]