

[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]