

Spraycan stories is the jam's title  
Reminiscing on many a days of being a writer  
Getting chased raided but mostly getting shit painted  
A pain in society's ass 'cause they hate it  
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Reminiscing on many a days of being a writer  
Getting chased raided but mostly getting shit painted  
Ay yo graff can't be faded  
A couple of years ago me and my man  
Went out of town to rack up some cans  
'cause shit it got hot here in vsters  
It was time to dress up in our best racking clothes  
In my jacket i could take eight cans  
If shit was smooth four more in my pants  
That adds up to twelve so i guess you could tell  
We had high expertasions that shit would go well  
We went to catch the train at the train station  
We didn't pay the fare we only paid attention  
To avoid any situation of confrontation  
With the law  
And i saw nothing that arose my suspicion  
So the mission was on  
We soon reached our destination  
Didn't know what we was facin'or what was waitin'  
For us - as we entered in the gas station  
Took a look around everything seemed easy  
Matter of fact shit was so cool that we was freezin'  
We saw the cans and they had us made open  
Had no I'd an undercover was scopin  
Checking us out from behind this shelf  
As me and nob started racking up as hell  
After a while i had to get out to empty out my jacket  
So i could come back in and do some more racking  
Then i saw this man in the corner of my eye  
I started walking faster he started to jog  
So i ran frantically and threw away my burden  
He was shoutin'