

Happy to Be Here

E-40

I'm just happy to be here!

Hard times, the struggle
The ups and downs, the highs and the lows
You know just goin through it man, ghetto politics
Tryin to make a way out of no way
I was the oldest, so I had to be, the daddy of the family
Momma had to work three jobs, oooh

Feet stickin through my shoes, skid marks in my drawers
Garage sales and flea markets, we never shopped at malls
No dental plan, no medikit - we poor like rain
Colored folks think that castor oil cures everythang
Pork chops and chicken, we like our food fried
Hypertension, Prenavil pills and hydro-chlorizide
Some of my family still living, some of my family died
Health complications, natural causes and homicide
Just tryin to survive, nothin to lose but plenty to gain
Started hustlin, flea flickin and servin that candy cane
Put all my cars in my lady name, as a true hustler should
She had a 9 to 5, worked at Planned Parenthood
While I was in the hood, up to no good
with a hoodie over my head, tryin to outslick the feds
Or should I say cops, at this point in time I only had rocks
Went from a little a jelly jar up to a soup pot
The fast quarter my negro, don't want the slow nickel
I done seen yola the same color as peanut brittle
I done seen hella people relapse
I done seen my homey grandparents go back to crack
How sick is dat? Beggin my loved ones to send some pictures
Pray for me over the phone and read me some scriptures
Oooh; it's gloomy out here, dark days ahead
God got my back but the devil he want my head

I'm just happy to be here right now
Lot of my folks been locked up or laid down
See I'm sayin I ain't shed no tears, no
But I'm just happy to be here

Listen to this, oooooh
The devil-me side know that some of y'all done seen it
Somebody's momma washin her son or her daughter's bloodstain off the cement
Wrong place at the wrong time, infiltrators drop a dime
Mistaken identity, bullets start flyin
in every direction, hit a pregnant teen, she passed
But her baby live through a C-section
I know it sound foul and sound hecka rude, it ain't cool
But it go down like that sometime when you're funkin, and you're puttin down
a move
We heartless and shrewd in this day and age, it ain't the same
Our parents need to beat us with a belt, like Poody Tang
I be high like an airplane
I be smokin and perkin, takin out anger and stress on the wrong person
Re-uppin and coppin turf an' just servin the soil block
Grittin tryin to put some gifts in my kid's Christmas stock'
Oooh - pour out some liquor and shed a tear
For the homies that never made it and family that ain't here

So happy
You know I'm happy to be
Said I'm happy, so happy just to be here
To beeeeeee, to beeeeeeeeeeeee
To beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee (I'm so happy)
(Oh I'm so happy)
I'm so happy to be, to beeeeeeee-heeeeeeeeeee
To beeeeeeeee (to be here)