I am, al-ways, there You are, ne-ver, there Heh-heh S.P.I., and Kurupt I ain't mad at 'cha (I ain't mad at 'cha) You ain't mad at me (you ain't mad at me) After all this bullshit, it's nonsense, no time for that Niggaz upset me from buckin, they ride in Rolls While these bitch niggaz tucked in, hidin rolls Don't speak on it nigga, collide in blows But be careful, the fo' can hide and close In an instant, your chest can divide in holes It's cruicial, but that's how this ridin goes Ain't a nigga out here Eastsidin knows It's a no-no, must not confide in hoes I roll low-lows, love how it glide and glows Provided by the fact I supply them O's I'm the coldest in the streets, that's why they chose What MC live and dies by they flows? I grew, fought hard for the line I drew in the yard And all must regard I'm true 'Til I'm through, I push it from my point of view High off cush and the tires on the two Hood gospel, from the in hood apostle Paintin pictures, lyrical Picasso In and out of Wasco for packin a rosco Plus I'm pushin more products than CostCo Guard your grill, your jaw hard to heal And my hands will leave you scarred with skill Got my feelings pushed down too far to feel And I never spit rounds out the car to kill Talk is cheap, I'ma stalk and creep Like a hawk, leave chalk when I walk the street Talk is cheap, I'ma stalk and creep Like a hawk, leave chalk when I walk the street I ain't mad at 'cha (I ain't mad at 'cha) You ain't mad at me (you ain't mad at me) After all this bullshit, it's nonsense, no time for that I am, al-ways, there You are, ne-ver, there Baby I'm all about my scrilla and seein figures paintin the perfect picture With my mind on this crazy life, workin what I was given Two sisters, three brothers, no father loved my mother Cause my daddy wasn't there for the times that I struggled Yeah I lost my G-moms and it hurt so bad But rest in peace and let your soul fly free I ain't sad I got this thug shit runnin through my veins, Lord watch me So many they try to copy a natural kamikaze You can never walk the shoes of 'Wood, I'm a natural born leader And plus I been discovered by Suge So please believe it homey, I ain't gon' change for shit It's Death Row, the millennium clique, self-made nigga I ain't mad at 'cha (I ain't mad at 'cha) You ain't mad at me (you ain't mad at me) After all this bullshit, it's nonsense, no time for that I am, al-ways, there Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - šetříme na pojištění! You are, he ver, there