

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'