

NC To CA

The Evidence

Four kings..
Big SLAP music (yeah, let it slap)
From LA to NC, around the globe
The Weatherman predict it, shhhh
Uh, rain!

You can act like the best, but you nowhere near it
You can talk a lotta shit, but we ain't tryin to hear it, NO!

Ya boy Joe back on it, I'm back at it
The same shit that scared you, I laughed at it (eh heh eh)
And I'on't need a gun to take a shot (blaow!)
You woulda thought I had a shank the way I go and take a stab at it
And I'on't let a door open wit'out walkin thru it
So if it close on me, it's while I'm walkin to it
So when I get there I'mma kick it off the hinge
Make myself at home, invite all my friends
Open up a brew or two, smoke some Cali green
On my Carolina shit, Ev' do his Cali thang (it's poppin)
I show him how we lean, he'll tell me how they roll
We made our own path homie, you stuck on the road
Wit nowhere to go, and no way to move
And when they talk about the best, no way it's you
It might be Rapper Pooh, or my man Herut
Ev' or Scudda, but ain't you muh'fucker!

It's just a metaphor, your favorite rapper
Is a housecat, not a predator
I develop your appreciation for
"How did you deserve?" Pure to the core
From the sun to the seafloor, overseas back to B-More
Big D spit C-4; might catch me wit a bitch name Janet
On the other side of the planet, cause that's how I planned it
Outstanding, this LA bandit
Right-handed, and canned it, real dudes I stand with (sho')
Pour out a lil' OD, R.I.P
For you I smoke tree, the kind that's green (yeah)
For you I tell the little ones about your dreams
For me the God architects for the seeds

You can act like the best, but you nowhere near it
You can talk a lotta shit, but we ain't tryin to hear it, NO!

Listen, uh, pencil me in as The Great Fat Hope
You heard right, my nigga I'm pure coke (uh)
I've been a fiend for this rap thing since Ra was no joke
On point like I shot it wit a scope (psssh!)
I got it and it's dope, I gotta take this game by the throat
H-O-J rollin wit Ev' man, take a toke (*inhales*)
Chea, I'm that raw, no soap
Stay checkin niggas, no coat
Rapper gotta grind like he broke
Put me in the game coach, and I swear I won't choke
A big game hunter, mag hemi ridin shotgun
Gettin blown in this California summer
Poobie know stunna (stunna), move like a boss
Whip it hard like +Ross+, throw it out to +The Runners+, I serve fam

Top dog from the LA fog
To this NC hog, everybody want a piece y'all

You can act like the best, but you nowhere near it
You can talk a lotta shit, but we ain't tryin to hear it, NO!

Uh, yeah, and I'm, on my hustle and flow
Golden child, every beat touched turns to soul
Every week, make a new one just to watch it go
Understandable smooth shit, I cop that dro (*inhales*)
I got that clockwork - oh!
(Oh) Chea! Ev's reinvented
No, Ev's said some shit, Ev never heard it befo' (uh)
I'm not cut from a different cloth among cut (yeah)
Like wit Joe, Pooh, and Big Dho (what?)
It's the real truth, don't make it strong it might kill you
Don't waste thinkin what a cat will do - or won't
This shit'll take its toll
That's why I fuck with key players not actors playin roles (that's real)
I guess that's how the game go (yeah)
Oh no, still grindin it's been seven days, same clothes (hehe!)
Been cookin up til it's done and ain't stoppin
Don't get it twisted once we droppin - get it poppin!

You can act like the best, but you nowhere near it
You can talk a lotta shit, but we ain't tryin to hear it, NO!

That's why it's "The Weatherman"
Highly addictive, live in ya area
Still remain the clearest on your stereo..
It's Evidence, love it or leave it
Joe Scudda (yeah), Rapper Pooh (yeah)
Defari, (yeah)
Ladies and gentlemen..
We got yours truly on the beat...
It's been rainin all week..It's crazy..
No sign of lettin up...
I'm sorry if you're in from out of town or vacation, heh!
ABB...