

E-40 f/ D.D. Artis

"Happy to be Here"

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[female singer - repeat in background]

I'm just happy to be here!

[E-40 over singer]

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

[Chorus: D.D. Artis]

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

[E-40]

Listen to this, ooooooh
The devil-me side know that some of y'all done seen it
Somebody's mamma 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 hecca rude, it ain't cool
But it go down like that sometime when you're funkkin,
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'
Ooooh - pour out some liquor and shed a tear
For the homies that never made it and family that ain't
here

[Chorus]

[D.D. Artis]

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

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