

E-40

"Seasoned"

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Tragedy

Mm hmm mm hmm

Misery and triumph

Piss poor, you know?

Catastrophic moments

They wanna know why I'm so seasoned, y'know

Welfare recipient

There's a reason why I'm seasoned

My folks out there in the ghetto

The slums, the projects and the beat down

Renovated apartment complexes

Smell me

Uh, you in a new school whip

Custom painted candy apricot butter

I'm in an antique old school four do'

Muffler draggin' beat up duster

With scrapes and scratches, nicks and scars

Y'all get to drink out of wine glasses

We gotta drink out of jelly jars

Down and out like four flat tires

No washing machine nor dryer

Just a pillowcase sack and a bunch of clothes

Wrapped in a sheet on our way to the laundrymat

Will I ever get paid, can I make a dollar out of fifteen cents?

Y'all's got it made, we broke and starvin' barely payin' the rent

Sleepless nights, alligator t-uh-tears

Mommy arguin' wit' my daddy, daddy drunk too many beers

911 Mr. Po-Po, dey ain't happy wit' day marriage

Pops tryna beat her down and make her have a miscarriage

My cousin shoots the needle, she be gone for days

She on that da-ah-diesel, she gone end up wit' AIDS

I told her, I love her, I swear I just told her
But you know what she said to me?
Everybody got a gay or at least one dopefiend in they
family
You ain't the only one wit' a reject in yo' family
That's real

The reasoned, the reasoned that we're seasoned
Seasoned and we feel our paper won't disappear
Ohh, hey it's been a long time in the bay
With God on our side we have somethin' to say
And through the hard times we survive the game
Survive the game

If y'all smell onions that's my arms potent
The reason I'm musty is 'cause we ain't got no mo'
deodorant
The laughin' stock patna, we ain't got no cash
Feet stinkin' through my shoes in P.E. class
I'm thriznew with biznein briznoke, I'm about to hiznit
the griznind

And if I get popped it ain't half no more it's 80 percent
of my time
But that's ah chance, that I'ma have to ah take
Today my son birthday and I can't even buy a cake
I'm so damn through-a-through, I had a J.O.B.
You want me to cut my perm, oh y'all gone ave to fire
me

My fellow just got out da joint, thought he might be
okay
But my fellow got out and got stapled 26 times the
same damn day
Who wanna get dunked on?
In the the flatlands it ain't never too late
Patna all we need is a piece of plywood and a milk
carton crate

What about dat shopping basket, you know I'm smart
We can gone take the wheels off that and make a go
cart
Yo peoples blessed you, I started from a quarter ounce
You came in the dope game wit' a silver spoon up in yo'
mouth
Why we gotta gamble maine we hurtin', you got all the
bucks
In the ghetto we play dominoes for push ups

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You dig? You know
My people just tryin' to make a way out of nowhere, you
dig?
You know, the trials and tribulations, you dig?
It's hard times out here y'know
Y'know we just tryin' to do our thing

I remember when I was just a young boy
Growin' up things was real hard for me
No food on the table, no clothes on my back
Lord have mercy
But my mother told me to stay strong

Hey, it's been a long time in the Bay
With God on our side we have somethin' to say
And through the hard times we survive the game
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