

Evol

"Opening Doors"

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What's goin' on man
Yeah, motherfuckers wanna ask me how I got started
Well it's a long ass story, you know
Hella dates, times, hella names
Just a youngsta in tha game
Let me ask you a question though, potna

Tell me nigga have you ever watched your family
starving
I been there at 6 in the morning when rollers barge in
I had to generations of your family hooked on ...
All this drama and still my cuddies keep fallin'
3 summers ago my older cousin' tried ballin'
And when tha judge got him a crooked jury he started
falling
Slow down youngsta that's what my mother keep callin'
3 steps ahead of death I been that way since I was
crawling
Late 89 Freaky D. fronted me a whole one
Only 13 cooked it up and then I sold some
Fetti came fast cause the story street was poppin'
Pushin' in Nikes and now I hit tha block knockin'
Crestside playa bending a corner in them Chevs
And let me get funky we rip the city in to shreds
Some say they livin' close to the edge, well I was raised
there
Got my shit together, hit tha track and got paid there
And never did I stress of the jail termes
Some say it's filthy money but it's well earned
So why some tell you 'Just say no'
I'm gettin' vicious about my hustle steady opening
doors

Chorus:

(Cold 187um & Kokane)

You got to go out there, and handle your business
Open them doors, handle yours, alright
Said it's alright, leanin' to the side
Pimpsters and gangsta lean
Baddest playa on the scene

3 years later still young in tha streets
Started writing playa raps still slangin' tha D
I came wit Crack The 40 and Pay This Pimp
First time I touched a microphone I knew I had this gift
to uuuh
Make a million, stop coke dealing
So I got wit Mac Dre, we got paper to make
I did a 7 song EP
But it didn't get released
Cause my cuddie was to hard for the fuckin' police
On the real it was a straight conspiracy
Feds set my potna up don't want the town hearing me
They got my folks in the system, thought I was washed
No record, no money, no hoes on the jock
And I was just so close
Got me thinkin' what the devil wanna do me for
So now I'm back to the track where I came from
Same soldier, same streets, up in tha same crumbs
Them wanna see a playa straight starving and broke
Instead of pimpin' and livin' and steady opening doors

Chorus

A year later it got a little greater
Me and Khayree now we're gettin' young playas
together
Dropped Illegal Business had the V-Town sewed
We sold 200.000 + independent, hoe
Down with YBB but I had to do my own shit
Get full control or you be broke as fuckin' gone quik
But I knew it all started from Strictly
No matter what tha suckas do the game is still in me
Packed up my mackin' and my Crestside slang
Took some ...now it's tha youngsta running his thangs
And now a nigga got action went straight platinum
So when you buy this tape I'm the one that's doin'
stackin'
Pulled them licks and had to slang lleyo
Now I'm in tha industry straight opening doors

Chorus

Yeah, yeah so I guess it all worked out you know what
I'm saying
It all started from a dream from my nigga young
Michael Robinson
Better know as The Mac
Shit went all through Mac Dre, Young Coolio you know
what I'm saying
Indeed this shit is livin' through me
Young Mac ass Mall 1995 pimp or die

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