

Butch Walker

"Circumstances"

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[E-40]

Uhh, dry as the fuck, and I'm (?) one left with yo-yo
Seven houses down, black street, dark (?) folk don't
matter tho'

I don't know who to trust, what to look fo'

How many niggaz wanna kill me?

I'm havin a, hard time tryin to determine

if that's the homey, or the enemy

Ol' shady-ass, no build for that

Just lookin like he plottin on somethin-ass nigga

But I wanted to mack like he fin' to do somethin

and I'll get to be dumpin on yo' ass nigga

One of the main rules, of the game, without a doubt

Nigga don't you ever pull a gun and don't use it

Nigga that's a good way to get your brains blow out

Motherfucker like me get to flashin then I lose it

Leave that ol' shit up to me and watch me prove it

Nigga, you betta be real about this shit

If you in it you in it don't be no punk

Nigga this ain't no baseball game, niggaz don't

FORFEIT NO DAMN FUNK

[T-Pup]

Two brothers goin sack for sack

in the back of the 'llac, takin a whiffle

Strippin the fuck up out of some willow

Poppin ecstasy like Skittles

It'll get you in the long run, sniffin them long ones

Way girl burst ya dick and now it got ya on one

Came up shorted, circumstances nigga quote it

What goes around comes around tryin to steal this (?)

Brady hostess

Keep your focus, and never the love of the hocus pocus

Set up hoes lovin to get jackers to come and smoke us

Die-hard soldier, T-Pup-alicious, cops get vicious

No mercy on haters or no bitches

Got in my clitches waitin for a nigga to take some

chances

so we can deal with these hardco' Sic-Wid-It-ass

circumstances

Chorus: various singers together

Takin all these CHANCES
You might never ever ever get them CIRCUMSTANCES
Penitentiary CHANCES
You might never ever ever get them CIRCUMSTANCES

Chorus Two: Cold 187um, Kokane + more (repeat 2X)

I said the world is full of crack babies
I remember when the world went crazy
Til I copped a sack, and put it down like that
and rolled out like it didn't even fade me

[Yukmouth]

Nigga - slang suga delight enough to get my hustle
right
It's double like, a flip new Benzo with the bubble lights
Scuffle fights with rats and roaches, I was the brokest
motherfucker, now I'm the closest nigga to ballin
ferocious
motherfucker, dust a nigga off like wax off, cracks off
a hard
(Fo' sheezy) Pimpin ain't easy and motherfucker only if
you breezy
Easy does it, I does it do it off the fluid
Come with the newest shit I come through with
Bitch don't you hear the music?
(Don't you hear the music? Too sexy for my shirt)
Too sexy for my shirt so bad hurt
niggaz on the turf wanna put my ass up in the dirt,
cause I skirt
a Lex-o and slurp a genie bottle full of X-O
or maybe cause I'm with 40-Water and a jug of ethel
You can't love it, don't leave the ghetto
Me and I'm heated like two jugs of methyl

[Numskull]

Damn, (??)cydal shit when vital shit starts to happen
Eager to be the nigga just for cappin
Strappin up ain't no thang, it's survival
It's makin sure you all good when it comes to enemies
and rivals
It's +Higher Learning+, but it's +True Lies+
when it comes to the +Superfly+
Speedy Gonzalez destroyes from the Eastside
Is it ridicule or stardom? Did we hurt yo' feelings,
pardon
I'm makin niggaz fall like cops on +Rage in Harlem+
(Beotch!) I'm on some moonshine shit
Bit the cork off the Cristal

I'm drunk so let me chill for a while

Chorus

Chorus Two

[Celly Cel]

Aww yeah yeah now niggaz know

Well ain't no sense in me fuckin around

My stompin ground be the H-I-double-L-S-I-D-E bound
to touch you with them tecs and make them marks,
bounce like checks

Slide a faulty bitch up under these niggaz
and killin 'em off with sex

Ain't no tellin what angle I'm comin with these
circumstances

Penitentiary chances, nina ruff fluffin tap dancers
on your hood for breedin snitch bitch-made niggaz
Don't fade triggers so they quick get sprayed niggaz
I fuck with wig-splitters, Colombian neck-tie throat
slitters

(??) take a long time business to get paid
to get rid of you cheater

Chatter police-ass niggaz takin chances (takin
chances)

Man you can't fuck with these circumstances

[E-40]

And all you O.G. motherfuckers better stop tryin to
mark them yungsta

cause sooner or later, they gon' dump, like some
garbage dusters

Tryin to throw yo' weight around,
like you gon', uhh, take over a spot

Nigga don't you know these youngsters nowadays
be off that water and hot?

Chorus

Chorus Two

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