

Jaya

"Cultifornia"

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Woke up this morning don't remember much
Just blank memory hope I didn't fuck up too much
My shirts ripped and my glasses are bent
Started out with a fifty now I only got 50 cents left
My minds in a state of distress
Sometimes the bottle gets in the way of progress
Blind eye to the nights proceedings
Phone written on my hand someone I don't remember
meeting
Pounding in my head, empty feeling
Take a hit from the spliff before I even start to dealing
But I'm still standing, after all 10 rounds
It was me or the bottle, someone had to get knocked
out

I hung around until I got hungover
Then I crashed out in cultifornia
I'm slowing down so the bottle can catch up
I may be lazy but I know what's up

It's just clothes and bottles on the floor
Keys hanging from the lock in the open front door
Day is dawning but the suns too bright for me
Hazy memory of some fuck trying to fight me
Or was that me trying fight him?
It don't matter that shit's last nights problem
Girlfriend still passed out on the bed
Stars in my eyes pounding in my head I hit the streets
Looking for salvation, instead I just get an exchange of
misinformation
Don't expect a thing to get handed to me
But sometimes you gotta shut your brain down to keep
your sanity

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