

## Josie & The Pussycats

### "25 Ta Life"

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Peace

Here to explain to you 25 to life

It's not no criminal shit

But then again it is

It's some lyrical shit

From the abyss

[ VERSE 1: Saafir ]

What else am I to do, I'm not seein no more

Revenue, I try to detach myself from life

So catastrophies never grace my path

I couldn't never play (what?) the part, so I started

With heartmarkers never mark me

I never crossed the Parker's Brothers path

The absent minded applicant denied

See, these rhymes are designed to stretch the skin

Anticipation of the Junction

Jerkin your ass into a ??? worker answer to fly by night

Vision emulates precision

A trait for greatness related to liquidation of the  
character

When animation consumes your whole conversation  
like vapor

I'ma mangle that ass like a acre, I'm a get-paider

You're on my land, my ancestor's mindstate

Make platinum in the ears of a large resident

I be in charge of the canibal's canabis

Where hot shit, ain't no fannin this, when I write it's 25  
to life

(For every rhyme I write it's 25 to life) --> Havoc

[ Saafir ]

25 to life

It's a mindstate, straight up and down

Stay hard

In your foundation keep mobbin

Youknowmsayin?

Don't slip like these gased at paid niggas

[ VERSE 2: Mahasin ]

I get a strike every time I touch the mic  
Marks got a bounty on my head from scripts read  
Mahasin lyric assassin leave yo ass for dead  
You have no stamina, amateur  
And don't know my caliber  
I make the party say ho at the show  
From the verbal calico with nuff ammo  
Quick to clown these tricks and these broads  
Cause they rhymes ain't hard  
Wack MC walk away scarred  
Cause they didn't know what they was in fo'  
Didn't have the proper info  
I'm an underground soldier savage on the rhyme  
And I'm goin for mine, can't knock it  
Dare not try to stop it  
Can't get with the sick shit that I spit  
I ain't yo punk bitch  
You have no stash, so how can you profit?  
Rob you of your props, run, get the cops  
But I'll disappear into thin air  
Make your life a misdemeanor  
Know what I mean, huh?  
Crime scene clean smooth getaway

[ Saafir ]  
Youknowmsayin?  
Non-detectable  
Can't be seen  
But we the usual suspectuals  
Yaknawmsayin?  
You can find us  
All you gotta do is look baby  
Peep

[ VERSE 3: Saafir ]  
Mentally I'm here, Saafir is focused like Minolta  
Yoko Ono couldn't sow no linen like this  
I'm on the john shittin these writtens  
Lickin my fingers like a banker  
Swingin it like a shanker  
Paint a picture like a Van Gogh  
Flow faster than a locomotive  
I bounced a hoe as sho' as holdin my balls like  
boulders  
Bustin shots through the holster  
A quarter century  
To life means describin the lyrical pimp in me (bitch)  
When I write for the likes of criminals at night  
Striking through the night for life

Junction riders

Puttin it down  
H.J.'s  
Deflectin these hate rays  
Knowmsayin?  
From '98 to whatever  
That's how it goes down  
West Oakland solider  
Biatch

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