

Lownoise Charly

"Sorry I Kept You"

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Whats happenin, shit I know somethin happenin
cuz everything's moving

I know you're ready, so let the Twinz into your mind
(peekaboo)
I caught you sleepin on the weather we be creepin
through the backstreet droppin off sack of this G shit
(hold onto your horses cuz you get the same that she
gets)
nothing but a little, too much it'd be a simp
livin next to PCH had my way like a pimp (say hoe)
so I trips with the skirts at night thankin god
for another day smokin on that weed to pass the time
away
nuthin to do but get high, make a hit
urban life got me wantin to do some criminal shit
no job, so I'm loungin with my doggs and loccs
playin space domino a dirty rick rack jokes
a familiar routine, no call so I'm stuck
inside the P-A lookin bored as fuck
tryin to get this rap shit flowin to a T with Warren G
forever love for my homeys who looked after me
while I was down cuz hard times had a choke hold
mashed like potatoes 24 but I stay strong

(Chorus) x2

Ain't nuthin wrong with gettin your hustle on all night
long
Cuz you gotta survive to stay alive and uhh
(Times up, sorry I kept you)
This is what the loccs who sit back and rap to

Born and raised on the street California
but now its MLK and you know I'm strictly on a
crazy ass mission dippin low as I stack
and doin what I need to be doin to keep my pockets fat
hittin corners in the gray Seville
kinda deep wit my niggaz when its time to chill
7:30 we in motion bouncin up the block
and you know it don't stop, won't stop, can't stop (can't
stop)

a long way from servin Greyhound
but now its on to the fullest with my niggaz and the
pound
cuz this is G-Funk, we funk with that passion
that LBC style watch the homey start mashin
and pressin up, the time is up so you know
that the Twinz are puttin it down on the real (really doe)

(Chorus) x2

Ain't nuthin wrong with gettin your hustle on all night
long
Cuz you gotta survive to stay alive and uhh
(Times up, sorry I kept you)
This is what the loccs who sit back and rap to

The first day of the month I'm cashin in like Monopoly
(ain't no stoppin me), the click steady droppin
them cuts that make you jump out yo seat
wave your hands in the air and scream out Long Beach
(Long Beach)
The G side we slide with the dope shit
(go get another hit), its poppin like coochie shit
(its just a thang we do, cuz we got the flow
and if you didn't know now you niggaz know that umm)

(Chorus) x4

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