

Luba

"Journey Wit Me"

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Verse One:

[Tripp Loc]

I'm ridin high wit Warren G, Wayniac sendin back G
funk like we should be (So
what's up then?). Fresh back from the other side of the
country gon for two
weeks
but then it seems like eternity. I must admitt
Amsterdam is the shit got the
bomb
at the coffee shop, keep us niggas lit. Came to speak
kick my shit get the
dividends, ball at the Pound Arena on the weekends.
And think about the
things
people do, stay true and watch out for the devil tryin to
get you. It's the
Tripp ya
gotta feel my combo, need on the records yo I'm like
pronto. I let it flow
like a pro,
prepare for the worst, I got you hooked on only one
verse. So when it drop
and
doin it'll groove ya, Twinz in da house and ya know
we're gon move ya.

Chorus:

Just lay on back,
Fire up a sack,
And keep my conversation.
(Staying real is the key for me you see, yeah)
Won't steal ya on,
'Long as you stay strong,
And keep my conversation.
(So take a journey wit me
so you can see what I see)

Verse Two:

[Wayniac]

I kinda know what you mean and it's a trip how we went

all over the world I'm
seeing things I never saw. And only better to
understand, that life ain't
easy for the
woman or the man. So I continue on the journey for life,
holdin on stay
strong for
the next breed of mine to fight. It's only right I do what I
can do than hand
you the
blueprints the evidence to better get. What you need is
some sense of
direction
without this stress, we know the world is a mess. So as I
ride I'm layin back
flippin
day by day runnin play by play for a brighter day. But it
seems I can't let
go of my
ways 'cuz others stay jealous about my pay, but
anyway. Stay smart and never
fall up in that trap, if you want it go and get it like Tripp
and the
Wayniac.

-Chorus-

Verse Three:

[Tripp Loc]

You see it's all in a day's work, and some's there to get
em gon to get it,
can you
dig it. I gotta have it touched down and go for to lovin
every minute that
I'm chillin
wit my crew (lounge), we do what we gotta do and it's a
shame with the game
put
a young black nigga through. So take it from the Loc,
everybody wanna get
paid
nobody wanna be broke, I hope. I rest my case, I'm off
to the paper chase, no
time to waste, I need it so they stay. A nigga's in the
driver's seat, must
be the
beat to make my freak complete, when I speak nuttin
but dopey. Come on and
creep and get a piece of my potion full of motion, got
ya floatin. It's like
smoke

and hella get whatchu need and the Twinz set ya mind
at ease.

-Chorus-(x2)

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