

Marijonas Mikutavicius

"We Starvin'"

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[E-40]

Krayzie Bone, E Feezie Fonzareezie
And Gangsta Boo, what

[Krayzie Bone & Gangsta Boo]

It's the endin' of the world
And still niggas ain't got no satisfaction
(We can't get no)
It's the endin' of the world
And still niggas ain't got no satisfaction
(Satisfaction)
It's the endin' of the world
And still niggas ain't got no satisfaction
(We can't get no)
It's the endin' of the world
Motherfuckers ain't got no satisfaction

(Chorus: Krayzie Bone & Gangsta Boo)

We starvin' as we chase the paper
Ain't just a man, nigga, man, niggas hate 'cha
Fuck 'em, get 'cha guns, get 'cha cheese
We got, just a little time left (little time left)
If I'm not mistaken the year is '99
But we don't really know when we 'gone die
But shit, most niggas don't know how they still alive
On this, unmerciful wicked planet
If you can't pay for ya life, ya gonna vanish (vanish)

[E-40]

You're lookin' at livin' proof
Renovated, condemned, duplex, pots and pans, leaks
in the roof
Dirty dishes, no dishwashing soap, no medical
coverage
Bad case of strep throat
Mama's think she got arthritis
My neighbor caught hepatitis from a simple yawn
They say it's airborne
We ain't got no street lights they all broken
Just take a trip through Vallejo, Richmond, and Oakland
Everyday it's a funeral

He was my numeral uno, but I can't bring him back
All I know is he was stressin', takin' anti-depressants
They found him dead in the trunk of his Cadillac
And I'm so thralled all I can think about is revenge
Always check up, always pullin' licks, doin' dirty works
for dividends
He took the bullet for me
I'm the one that really robbed the place
Though I've been tryna to paper chase

Chorus

[Gansgta Boo]

I done grew up in the game baby
Ain't nothin' changed, little money, little fame baby
I'm still the same baby
Lady gotta make it, I can't be takin' no losses
I'm the bomb at the party
Always askin' "Where are the dollars?"
Now I know you hate me
Cause I hooked up with Krayzie, baby
I'm with whatever they pay me
Gangsta Boo be with it, be winnin', so what the fuck
I'll see you at the end of the year, so good luck

Chorus

[Krayzie Bone]

I made it, and I know it's almost over
Call in the soldiers
Gonna be ready to bomb back on 'em, know ya
Enemies position at all times
Where they at, and how much power they hold
And how many soldiers they got down to roll
But in the meantime,
You make your money, even if you strike it rich
You better hustle like you hungry for ya paper, paper,
paper
These days only ways that pays can save you
Livin' your life is like a task if you ain't got the cash
Nigga mad at the world, as I put my mask over my face
And grabbed the magnum pistol, with the stash in the
bag
I'm doin' a pop pop, so drop and take it as a loss, and
chalk it
Now you can take your life and keep on walkin' (just
keep on walkin)
Or be killed for tryna deny me a meal
I do what I gotta do, let's keep it real
For niggas in the hood up on the the block
Let 'em know they understood

Buckin' shots, nigga we livin' raw mentality war
So paranoia got me sleepin' on the floor, watchin' the
door
This no win situation of tryin' to stay alive until we die
And anyway you go we won't make it
No way, to shake, fake it
Better take advantage of ya life while you can
Get rich, kick back, relax, spend ya money
I'm all about paper, sorry no party tonight
The year is 1999 last year to get your money, right

Chorus

[E-40]
That's real
Ya undersmell me
Suckers do what they can
Players do what they want, dig it?
Charlie Hustle everytime up in your talk
Yeah face it
Krayzie Bone, Gangsta Boo
Fuckin' they nose like this
That's how we fuckin' they nose up
Dig it nigga?
Yeah, paper chase nigga, paper route (paper route)
You undersmell me? We starvin'
You undersmell me nigga?
Don't let the mobbers control you
Chest high-up in the mobbers, nigga

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