

Murs & 9th Wonder "Live From Roscoe's"

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[Intro: Kurupt talking]

Yeah, we just ridin' out. Sun shinin', ya dig? Los

Angeles, ya dig?

We just keepin' it real fly. Welcome to the house mane.

Aye what's up? Look.

[Verse 1: Kurupt]

It's just another sunny day

I'm just pokin' in the sunny shade

Walked in the homie's house got blazed

How does it feel to really have it made?

When it's winter time it's still summertime

Let me rewind and take it back to '89

Eminem is up in Englewood

When a nigga barely left the hood

We didn't two step, we just walk

We just posted in the park after dark

It's just me and the fellas

Just got off the freeway passin' Cinsinella

Now

Let's go to '95

I was glidin' from the ground to the sky

You could only be there and see if through my eyes

We was crispy

And might knock niggas the fuck out like Jack Dempsey

When we tipsy

Now on to 2009

Revised, reprise, reinvented

Octopus squeeze the nine cause I got's to get all mine

I got a fortress of a Porsche

Two feet from my driveway and my porch

Can you imagine this ballin', shot callin', all in

Wakin' up to a mountain in the back

About 55 stacks

Hidden underneath my mat-

-tress

And I can tell you cause, if you come on my premises

I'm gonna show you how I flambe all my lyricists

Fricassee fry cook, charcoal and crisp

Provide everyone that intervene and miss

The warning sign is on the front of my fence

"Beware Of Dog" and I ain't talkin' about a pit

I'm talkin' about that cold contra chrome stack hog
I spit toxic effective like ninjutsu and kick boxin'
Fuck talkin'
I'm sparkin', I'm heartless,
Unless
You one of my folks or else get toast
I turn it easy on you niggas, somebody smoked
Don't fuck around with a real nigga loc

[Chorus: Kurupt]

"Cause I've got"

Chrome nines

"Cause I've got"

Real shine

"Cause I've got"

Fly cars

"Cause I've got"

Hood star

[Verse 2: MURS]

I ride by the Pico, Roscoe, street full of potholes
Bout to get something to eat, if they not closed
Sellin' incense and bootlegs out front
Old pimp nigga with the toupee is on one
He goin' off about a bitch that he lost
Charge it to the game, it's a shame what it cost
I walk in and they already know me
Dude at the counter from the hood, he the homie
Keep a menu, I won't even front
Just show me to my seat cause I know what I want
I started off with Alicia's Delight
Hard as grease from the feast I just might need a
Sprite
All eyes on me and they starin' at my hair
Is that dude from MTV over there?
Yeah, but I grew up on this side
So you need to quit starin' bitch this ain't a side show
And if she don't quit talkin' shit
Hold up, here my waitress, so I'll order up some...
Grits
Which is my favorite dish
With some red beans and rice cause I'm hungry as shit
A couple waffles, some other potatoes
Finally off tour, it feels great to be home
Picked up my phone cause this chick just texted me
Ain't five minutes and the food's all ready
I feel like I ain't eat in weeks
Attack the food like the plate got beef
But no meat cause I'm still on my veggie shit
Finished all my food so I'm ready to dip
I stroll out into the California moonlight

I can see the stars in L.A. that's a cool night
I hear shots in the distance
The little homies trippin', that's that Mid-City livin'
They got that heavy artillery
But on the real, all this gang shit is killin' me
Chaos, calamity, scream insanity
Communities collapse, destruction of family
I'm from a whole 'nother planet see
I guess it's why these rap niggas ain't understandin'
me
I'm from the hood with a couple dead homies
You trippin' off this rap shit, you really don't know me

[Chorus: MURS]
"Cause I've got"
True friends
"Cause I've got"
A few ends
"Cause I've got"

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