

Crass

"C U When U Get Out"

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[PRODEJE]

Everytime I'm in the hood, I be reminiscin'
Thinkin' about my Locs outta dead or in prison
How we used to chop it up, how we used to kick it
It was kinda wicked through the streets, we was
addicted
Get the pen and paper, start to write a letter
Dear O.G. hope you feelin' a little better
I'm holdin' down the 4 and on the out so I'm chillin'
How's goin' down all them suckas still peelin'
I hear the hard stories I know it's gettin' hectic
I felt the County Blues and I put it on the record
Never saw the Pen G, never wanna see G
All my brothers locked down doin' it hard times see
Do you remember how we use to kick it homie?
Now you locked up and I'm feelin' kinda lonely

[L.V.]

Now my homie is gone and I'm feelin' kinda lonely,
damn I miss my homie
(See you when you get out, Loc)
Now my homie is gone and I'm feelin' kinda lonely,
damn I really miss my homie
Now my homie is gone and I'm feelin' kinda lonely
(I'ma see you when I get out loc)
Now my homie is gone

[PRODEJE]

Hangin' at the park shootin' craps all day
Freestylin' at the jam on the saturday
Walkin' through the Swap Meet chuckin' the ??
Tryin' to run games like the ?? of eyes
And I remember every single conflict
We used to scrap when it wouldn't even worth it (that's
right)
Runnin' out the stores with 4-O's
Gettin' G'd everyday like the criminals
Hitted the first joint, smoked the first cig'
Took the first squig that it made us feel big
Though it ??? it wasn't nuthin' but the past time
Never can find so we only walked the thin line

Sometimes I wonder: why you and not me?
You didn't see a word like a true homie
Now I'm on the block and now you wanna cluck
Can't even a shit without the coppers on your jock
I'm feelin' kinda bad, sittin' in my pad
Known what I did and it driven me mad
I wanna turn myself in but you always tell me not to
So I'ma chill O.G. and I'ma stay true
And when you hit the streets I'ma have your back fame
I'm gettin' paid and I'm makin' sure you self-made
You didn't have to do the time for me homeboy
But that's a true friend till the end homeboy
I gots much love for my hood
And my homie see you when you get out, Loc

[L.V.]

Now my homie's gone and I'm feelin' kinda lonely,
damn I miss my homie
(See you when you get out, Loc)
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