

## Cruachan

### "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' hecict  
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)  
Now my homie's gone and I'm feelin' kinda lonely  
Damn I really miss my homie  
Now my homie's gone and I'm feelin' kinda lonely

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