

## Evidence

### "The Liner Notes"

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One-liner flow, see it in my liner notes  
The kind of ideas make it seem like the thoughts took  
Three hundred and sixty-five nights, I picture the high  
life  
Pool side, made my own terms from lonely nights  
(See 'em with all my dogs out here right now)

Born our own flow, they say old soul with kid's energy  
Still draw from my torso for enemies by any means  
I seen what it's worth, a curse, snakes and centipedes  
Venomous, seems the only safe place is Venice Beach  
(Back home, right here)

I try to wrong my rights, I try to right my wrongs  
I try to write my songs, shine lights but the night is  
gone  
Daybreak becomes the encore  
Can't tell the date or state because I'm on tour

A young kid pumping De La Soul, I spit live, you could  
say, no go  
Sixteen, not a day, no flow, I grew up a nervous skater

Some headed for greatness, others serve as waiters

Some nameless, others was stars  
And straps ain't famous, steel that ain't stainless  
High haters, peace signs, see you later  
Lying for no reason, quit trying, it's breezy

Easy target, walked up in Florida Gators (Step, step)  
Origin Lost Angels, support Lakers  
Four-finger discounts, this an ounce my fortress  
Portraits of my get-down, live from Belgium stages

L.A. made 'em, L.A. grazed 'em, and L.A. saved 'em  
It's back to the Beach, bitch, where Miss Taylor raised  
'em  
My mama opposite of Sarah Palin, with no gat from  
Russia  
Looking back like "Quit playing," Ev' is here staying

I won't change nothing  
Lord forgive me for all of my sins  
But I won't change nothing

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