

Kourambethes Baby "Who's Over There"

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[SPM]

Yeah, I just wanna say that I love all you haters,
It's not your fault, you was raised to like the smell of
shit
Us playas would like to smell the roses.

Chorus [Marilyn Rylander]:

Who's over there?
No one said that life was fair
You haters come from everywhere
Y'all haters just because you're scared

First Verse [SPM]:

Broken dreams, to be the coke King,
Everyone is sleep except me and the dopefiends
Five A.M. sittin' on the corner,
The day's gettin' warmer but my heart is gettin' colder
Sold my last boulder let the storm pass over,
Never touch my dope, I'm only the cash holder
Soldier, I sleep with one eye open,
In the land where you see men die smokin'
Let the fry soak in, water, water,
Hillwood cowboy, fuckin' down the farmer's daughter
Street saga, corner store robber,
Like Pasell I take your gal a la cama,
Baller, my block hotter than lava,
The wetback, in love with my mujada,
Papa, shit talker, they drop-uh
SPM, the rap Skyywalker

Chorus

Second Verse [Low-G]

Which road will I travel?
White sand or hard gravel?
Fuck a friend, I don't even trust my own shadow,
I'm in a battle with the dirtiest of enemies,

Cuz I'm chippin' dope, all across the seven seas,
Low-G and the wheeze of the Vo-C,
At the ranch where my weed plants grow free
December 9, a child was born with no heart,
Since a kid, they said I wouldn't go far
Ghetto scars tryin' to keep away from Merro bars
The rudest hours, FUCK Escobar,
Entity of drodas, I roll with top soldiers
If they approach us, I bury those cockroaches

Chorus

Third Verse [SPM]:

I ain't start from the bottom, I dug myself out a hole
Grabbed a pen, and taught myself how to flow
Now my snow crystal, my shit primo,
Toe taggin' haters with a tiny torpedo
Desillo, me and my nuts make a good trio,
I'm the nigga pissin' in my cup for my P.O.
Life hit me like a double shot of whiskey,
In every song I give a piece of my history
This be reality, they wanna battle me,
But that'll be the day, gather up my family
Packin' heat, pick 'em up like a sack of meat
Most my niggas dead, or walkin' round with shackled
feet
We had to eat, you can ask these cops,
I bought my first hooptie with fifteen rocks
They smoked non-stop, I watched as the crack melted,
I comes real cuz I really can't help it

Chorus

[SPM]

Yeah this one goes out to all my players
Don't let them haters get you down man
Besides, anybody who lets a hater get em down,
ten times out of ten is a hater, I ain't trippin'
We comin' down baby 2000. It's like that baby

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