

## Dickinson Bruce

### "Down Fa Mine"

Visit "[Down Fa Mine](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[ VERSE 1: KAM ]

Well, it's the 1 to the 9 with the 9 to the 4  
And I thought you knew the drill but you still don't hear  
me doe  
KAM and Watts Up from the grassroots  
No Daisy Dukes shit, knockin crazy-ass boots  
Nigga please, we kick it like gees  
Puttin down work when I lurk, don't even sneeze (up the  
gold D's)  
That's just the Eastside way of gettin chips  
When you're raised up dealin with the Dogs and the  
Ribs  
New cars get tagged, riders get wrecked  
Niggas' caps get peeled back and chins get checked  
Don't expect no love or no apology  
The kids ain't fallin for your child psychology  
In nine and fo mindin yo business was the best bet  
Screamin 'Watts Riot', we ain't even made a mesh yet  
You shouldn't speak with a weak heart  
You gots to finish everything you start  
That's why I'm down for mine

[ CHORUS ]

(Get down for yours  
I'm down for mine)

"?????"

"To get away from the A.K. spray in the broad day"  
"South Central the, ill mental"  
"Just kept steppin, hit em up and said right"

[ VERSE 2: MC Ren ]

Well, it's the Mad Scientist with my nigga KAM  
Niggas be knowin the way I be doin it, fuckin up the jam  
The size ten steel toe steppin, nigga, keep my shit  
simple  
Hangin with my niggas on Caldwell and Temple  
Niggas out fakin like they got skills  
Rollin 'round with they rats in they floss mobiles  
With their caviar dreams and champagne wishes  
Niggas run they mouth like some muthafuckin bitches

Niggas be plottin like the government  
But I'm low key like a Mason, so they still chasin  
The nigga that they thought was the Villain, that's  
wrong  
Different individual and different fuckin song  
I carry a big stick, burnin is the heater  
Niggas ???? with the German millimeter  
So I fuck it up when I bust my rhyme  
Cause Ren down for mine, a nigga down for mine

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3: KAM ]

Well, I once had this homeboy who loved to jack  
We used to serve herb for a doub a sack  
In fact back in the day when you could sling lley  
Couldn't nobody tell me that crime didn't pay  
It was on and poppin with the Bloods and Crips  
Every neighborhood tryin to regulate they chips  
Niggas goin out of town with the greasy chickens  
And if you wasn't down, you was easy pickins  
You had to claim a set to get supported then  
So every day new niggas got courted in  
For some gangbangin was a full time job  
Cookin up dope like corn on a cob  
Had to mob deep when you bailed into a party  
Daytons on the MC with the wooden ?????  
Flag in your backpocket, deuce five in the front  
Rollin bats with the zig-zags 'fore we knew about the  
blunts  
But no matter who jocks us  
I got my sag on till you saw the tag on my boxers  
Cause the I-don't-give-a-fuck mentality'll raise niggas  
off yo line  
So I'm down for mine

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 4: Dresta ]

Let me take a second to do some mic-checkin  
Bet I got a head flexin in every section  
Everybody know me, D-r-e the O.G.  
Compton City Gee on TV with Eazy  
But now I'm all on my own and got it locked shot  
Give them props up to my nigga KAM (Watts Up)  
It ain't no shame in the game that I got  
The only places I love a lot is Compton and Watts  
And nigga, I don't give a fuck about what clique you in  
Cause I'm from the Nutty but got buddies in the  
Nickerson  
P.J., Main Street, Grape Street, front streets and back

streets  
But we all from the same black streets  
So niggas best to recognize the Dresta  
Tired of bein broke so all I think about is paper  
And it don't stop to the tic-toc  
(Compton and Long Beach together) [edited] Compton  
and Watts  
Fool, and I'm down for mine

(Get down for yours  
I'm down for mine)

Visit [Dickinson Bruce](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.