

## **Evidence f/ Defari, Joe Scudda, Rapper Big Pooh**

### **"NC to CA"**

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Four kings..  
Big SLAP music (yeah, let it slap)  
From LA to NC, around the globe  
The Weatherman predict it, shhhh  
Uh, rain!

[Chorus]  
You can act like the best, but you nowhere near it  
You can talk a lotta shit, but we ain't tryin to hear it, NO!

[Joe Scudda]  
Ya boy Joe back on it, I'm back at it  
The same shit that scared you, I laughed at it (eh heh  
eh)  
And I'on't need a gun to take a shot (blaow!)  
You woulda thought I had a shank the way I go and take  
a stab at it  
And I'on't let a door open wit'out walkin thru it  
So if it close on me, it's while I'm walkin to it  
So when I get there I'ma kick it off the hinge  
Make myself at home, invite all my friends  
Open up a brew or two, smoke some Cali green  
on my Carolina shit, Ev' do his Cali thang (it's poppin)  
I show him how we lean, he'll tell me how they roll  
We made our own path homie, you stuck on the road  
wit nowhere to go, and no way to move  
And when they talk about the best, no way it's you  
It might be Rapper Pooh, or my man {?}   
Ev' or Scudda, but ain't you muh'fucker!

[Defari]  
It's just a metaphor, your favorite rapper  
is a housecat, not a predator  
I develop your appreciation for,  
"How did you deserve?" Pure to the core  
From the sun to the seafloor, overseas back to B-More  
Big D spit C-4; might catch me wit a bitch name Janet  
on the other side of the planet, cause that's how I  
planned it  
Outstanding, this LA bandit  
Right-handed, and canned it, real dudes I stand with

(sho')

Pour out a lil' OD, R.I.P.

For you I smoke tree, the kind that's green (yeah)

For you I tell the little ones about your dreams

For me the God architects for the seeds

[Chorus]

[Rapper Big Pooh]

Listen, uh, pencil me in as The Great Fat Hope

You heard right, my nigga I'm pure coke (uh)

I've been a +Fiend+ for this rap thing since Ra' was

+No Joke+

On point like I shot it wit a scope (psssh!)

I got it and it's dope, I gotta take this game by the throat

H-O-J rollin wit Ev' man, take a toke (\*inhales\*)

Chea, I'm that raw, no soap

Stay checkin niggaz, no cope

Rapper gotta grind like he broke

Put me in the game coach, and I swear I won't choke

A big game hunter, mad hear me ridin shotgun

Gettin blown in this California summer

Poobie know stunna (stunna), move like a boss

Whip it hard like +Ross+, throw it out to +The

Runners+, I serve fam

Top dog from the LA fog

to this NC hog, everybody want a piece y'all

[Chorus]

[Evidence]

Uh, yeah, and I'm, on my hustle and flow

Golden child, every beat touched turns to soul

Every week, make a new one just to watch it go

Understandable smooth shit, I cop that dro (\*inhales\*)

I got that clockwork - oh!

(Oh) Chea! Ev's reinvented

No, Ev's said some shit, Ev never heard it befo' (uh)

I'm not cut from a different cloth among cut (yeah)

Like wit Joe, Pooh, and Big Dho (what?)

It's the real truth, don't make it strong it might kill you

Don't waste thinkin what a cat will do - or won't

This shit'll take its toll

That's why I fuck with key players not actors playin roles (that's real)

I guess that's how the game go (yeah)

Oh no, still grindin it's been seven days, same clothes (hehe!)

Been cookin up til it's done and ain't stoppin

Don't get it twisted once we droppin - get it poppin!

[Chorus]

[Evidence - Outro]

That's why it's "The Weatherman"

Highly addictive, live in ya area

Still remain the clearest on your stereo..

It's Evidence, love it or leave it

Joe Scudda (yeah), Rapper Pooh (yeah)

Defari, (yeah)

Ladies and gentlemen..

We got yours truly on the beatâ€¦

It's been rainin all week..It's crazy..

No sign of lettin upâ€¦

I'm sorry if you're in from out of town or vacation, heh!

ABB...

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