

Tonya Mitchell

"Coke Dealers"

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[VERSE 1]

Now.. I come from the Oakland town
Task force roll and rock, cold cracked down
Young brothers my age making dollars so long
Drive a brand new Benz with a cellular phone
See him draped in gold, we call him Big Bank Bob
Got a ring for each finger and he can't get a job
Call him trash, he supplies for the dopefiend's tweak
But what you make in a year he might make in a week
Cold cash money is the answer to life
Feedin fat hovers to a dopefiend's pipe
Gotta keep rollin, just can't stop
Only two worries are a thief or the cops
People keep sayin: it's all so wrong
But the rocks roll strong all night long
Another Park Street life, the age old story
And now the coke dealers take all the glory
They're the ones you meet big time on the street
I say the coke dealers are now the elite
See, the average dopehouse will take your soul
Trade it for a rock and do the same with your gold
But if you think about it really it all sounds silly
Smoked out Willie in his washed off Philly
Open up shop down the block
And everybody's tryin to get a piece of that rock

Coke dealers
Big time, baby
Smokin
Coke

[VERSE 2]

Cocaine the demon, it knows you well
Sellin you a trip to a place called hell
You never even thought you'd get hooked
Starin in the mirror, scared to look
You think about life and think it's cold
Like drivin with a ???? down a rocky road
Now the rock man is your best friend
The only one you talk to time and again
You even tried dealin, but that's no fun

Before you made a sale it was in your lungs
So the coke dealer now lives on your life
Like a four year marriage you're the man's wife
You can hate it with a passion, but you won't fuss
He's the driver of a Caddy and you're ridin the bus
You think it's not fair, I tell you it is
Cause he bought yours and you bought his
Bought his cars, his clothes, and he bought the coke
Now he looks good and you look smoked
It doesn't take much to realize
All you gotta do is just open your eyes
You're cold bein pimped by a rock in some glass
What's it gonna take before you fall on your ass?
Bankrupt, smoked out, just simply through
Cold street walkin with a hole in your shoe

Coke dealers
Big time, baby
Smokin
Cokeland

[VERSE 3]

I once had a homeboy rollin strong
Sold coke all day and all night long
He made a lotta money and bought a lotta stuff
But soon he went broke and it didn't take much
First he started smokin, and all that he figured
Was the more he sold dope, you see his bank got
bigger
But my homie thought wrong cause he could be
stopped
The vice squad rolled and the boy got popped
He was out on bail before he made it to jail
Wasn't about to do time when he's doin so well
Say he had a lotta money and some real good friends
But he was almost broke when he flipped again
So he got on his grind, he wasn't wastin a day
Opened up shop and started pumpin the weight
He thought about the boys that he could not pay
So he hustled by himself thinkin that's okay
But one night he was chillin with a freak named Carol
His door was kicked in and he was starin at a barrel
The brother with the gun saw him tweak on the base
Walked right up and put the Uzi in his face
He said, "Give up the dope if you still wanna breathe
I tell you one time, you better listen to me"
As my homie got robbed he lost the fight
And now he's just a smoker probably totin tonight

Coke dealers
Yeah, I'm big time, baby

Smokin
COKE!

Coke dealers
Big time, baby

Coke dealers
Big time, baby
Smokin
The City of Dope
Cokeland
Smokin
It don't stop

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