

MURS & 9th Wonder f/ Kurupt

"Live From Roscoe's"

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[Intro] [Kurupt talking] Yeah, we just ridin' out. Sun shinin', ya dig? Los Angeles, ya dig? We just keepin' it real fly. Welcome to the house mane. Aye what's up? Look. [Verse One] [Kurupt] It's just another sunny day I'm just pokin' in the sunny shade Walked in the homie's house got blazed How does it feel to really have it made? When it's winter time it's still summertime Let me rewind and take it back to '89 Eminem is up in Englewood When a nigga barely left the hood We didn't two step, we just walk We just posted in the park after dark It's just me and the fellas Just got off the freeway passin' Cinsinella Now Let's go to '95 I was glidin' from the ground to the sky You could only be there and see if through my eyes We was crispy And might knock niggas the fuck out like Jack Dempsey When we tipsy Now on to 2009 Revised, reprise, reinvented Octopus squeeze the nine cause I got's to get all mine I got a fortress of a Porsche Two feet from my driveway and my porch Can you imagine this ballin', shot callin', all in Wakin' up to a mountain in the back About 55 stacks Hidden underneath my mat-tress And I can tell you cuz, if you come on my premises I'm gonna show you how I flambe all my lyricists Fricassee fry cook, charcoal and crisp Provide everyone that intervene and miss The warning sign is on the front of my fence "Beware Of Dog" and I ain't talkin' about a pit I'm talkin' about that cold contra chrome stack hog I spit toxic effective like ninjutsu and kick boxin' Fuck talkin' I'm sparkin', I'm heartless, Unless You one of my folks or else get toast I turn it easy on you niggas, somebody smoked Don't fuck around with a real nigga loc [Chorus] [Kurupt] "Cause I've got" Chrome nines "Cause I've got" Real shine "Cause I've got" Fly cars "Cause I've got" Hood star [Verse Two] [MURS] I ride by the Pico, Roscoe, street full of potholes Bout to get something to eat, if they not closed Sellin' incense and bootlegs out front Old pimp nigga with the toupee is on one He goin' off about a bitch that he lost Charge it to the game, it's a shame what it cost I walk in and they already know me Dude at the counter from the hood, he the homie Keep a menu,

I won't even front Just show me to my seat cause I know
what I want I started off with Alicia's Delight Hard as
grease from the feast I just might need a Sprite All
eyes on me and they starin' at my hair Is that dude
from MTV over there? Yeah, but I grew up on this side
So you need to quit starin' bitch this ain't a side show
And if she don't quit talkin' shit Hold up, here my
waitress, so I'll order up some.... Grits Which is my
favorite dish With some red beans and rice cause I'm
hungry as shit A couple waffles, some other potatoes
Finally off tour, it feels great to be home Picked up my
phone cause this chick just texted me Ain't five minutes
and the food's all ready I feel like I ain't eat in weeks
Attack the food like the plate got beef But no meat
cause I'm still on my veggie shit Finished all my food
so I'm ready to dip I stroll out into the California
moonlight I can see the stars in L.A. that's a cool night I
hear shots in the distance The little homies trippin',
that's that Mid-City livin' They got that heavy artillery
But on the real, all this gang shit is killin' me Chaos,
calamity, scream insanity Communities collapse,
destruction of family I'm from a whole 'nother planet
see I guess it's why these rap niggas ain't
understandin' me I'm from the hood with a couple
dead homies You trippin' off this rap shit, you really
don't know me [Chorus] [MURS] "Cause I've got" True
friends "Cause I've got" A few ends "Cause I've got"

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