

Just Chill (featuring Beanie Sigel, Bun B & Kobe)

Travis Barker

I'm a just chill, lay low and stay breezy
I hear these streets is so
That's why I get high, I'm in the cool, finger in the sky
Doing about a hundred in the fast lane windows wide open
Doing about a hundred in the fast lane windows wide open
Screaming I'll fuck the world My baby mama tripping, my son need Pampers
I'm... for a cigarette, my lungs need the cancer
My liver's asking where the liquor's at
And more money more problems is the anthem
Sing along if you know this song
A ex con turned good forced to turn back hood
Turn loose to a world no good, every application rejected cause his record
A lot has seen this movie to the credits
Living in this ghetto with no question
High blood pressure, high gas prices searching for a high
Some people turn to the church and search all hope
Looking for that ribbon in the sky
But there's a chair and a rope for most who can't hope
And I know when their last tear cry, goodbye I'm a just chill, lay low and stay breezy
I hear these streets is so
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Doing about a hundred in the fast lane windows wide open
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Screaming I'll fuck the world
They, sick of lies they keep telling me
The bullshit propaganda that they're selling me
I just caught another felony and mama saying this time is all on me
She ain't bailing me out, no money for a lawyer so I'm stuck with a pin
on the side with a cd, I keep asking him how does my case look
All he do is twit and update his Facebook
I had a fight last night on a, gave me six more months, I'm looking at a year
Say he won't, I'm a show no fear, don't make me have to earn another tattoo tear
Dear God, I wonder can you save me, because these four walls got me going crazy
My Shawty, get my baby, so me I gotta get it no if there's a maybe so fuck the world I'm a just chill, lay low and
stay breezy
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Screaming I'll fuck the world
It came different, these young bucks got it twisted
All this snitching I came here with it
I just seen, who hug they kids and kiss their wife on a visit
These young chickens are, kittens, and skinny jeans they're out here switching
Mike, listen, the glove listen, the moon walk
The earth shifting, the earth speaking, earthquakes in China tsunami in
I'm trying to circle the, but try and kiss it
If you believe all you can be then why enlist in?
All you, without permission, open your eyes and ears, people listen
The last days is here dawg, the time is ticking
Until judgment day clear, I'm a just I'm a just chill, lay low and stay breezy
I hear these streets is so
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Doing about a hundred in the fast lane windows wide open
Doing about a hundred in the fast lane windows wide open
Screaming I'll fuck the world

Songwriters

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