Situation

Hodges, James & Smith

(lynch):
The only one who ever saw my face, I must erase, had to get filthy dirty
Left him in his driveway soaking wet, hope nobody heard me
I'm out that muthafucka with about 4 pounds of that shamrock
Zip lock, body bag, toe tag, wet t-shirt, black mask
In and out fast, murderous, vast vigorous
Stroke that nigga like a zig zag rolled cigarette,
And I do it to get my dick wet
Brain grain rotten, I was a 12 year old gettin' raped by my momma's partner
So I've been in pussy since I could start nuttin'
I'm off that cloraseptic and that robatussin
Had a appetite for the wrong nigga, said he was real meat but I knew he wasn't
Had me dumpin' out the back of cadillac's on walter
Got a stinky smell to him, can't even hug my momma
I'm so sick I can't sleep at night, might swallow my tongue
Get all the gas deposits out the closet, let the water run
Get the flame thrower, lighter fluid, paper plates, 'cause we barbacuin'
In a funky situation that's how we do it
Chorus:
Situation, baby it seems I'm in a situation again
I fuckin' realize it's a situation of sin
Sometimes I just wanna stop tryin'
Why must this shit always involve dying?
(e-40):
Runnin' shit like sosza, big bank hank
Smebbin' in a high performance zooped up nova, pushin' crank
Callin' shots on my gossipper, faulty chip
1-800 locker number, on the left side of my hip
Neighborhood watch better watch that ass
I'm a paperboy and I collects that cash
One more muthafuckin' complaint and your ass ain't gon' last
On a block where I clock cash so fast
This is a stick up, nigga, don't even try it
If you go as far as to blink an eye, muthafucka you gon' die
Pressure I apply, no lie, I got just finished doin' 10
For what? for killin' my best friend
And I'll murder again if I'm forced, then I must
After the first time the second time was a rush
What about the third time? the third time felt like sex

What kind of guns did you use? choppers, uzis, teks
Whatever one works best
I'll make a mess upon shooting flesh, 'bout 15 holes in his chest
Vandalism, taggin' all muthafuckas names on the wall
Scandalism, dyin' over all kinds of senseless shit that's small
Auto theft, stealin' cars for fun
Snatchin' purses 'cause I'm young and dumb
If you a tourist check yo' map, don't make the wrong turn
Might end up in the hood where you gon' be learnin'
Chorus

(first degree):
Rock it, don't stop it, rock it, don't stop
I got this dirty yemp distributin' my womp
But if it was up to her, fool we'd be fuckin' like beavers
But I'm an over achiever around these heaters
I don't need a bitch, society done fucked up and cheated that bitch
Now she lookin' for a nigga like me to feed her and shit
Dumb bitch better quit, that muthafucka first degree keep a leash on his dick
Take notes, sit by the poor folks, I tell you 'bout my strokes
But I done been gave that up, ain't healthy no more
'cause a this yappin' and feelin', she strapped with the homies
And her weak mind got all of sacramento in a bind
Lizzy ann must die, the situation just ain't right
'cause she got to bumpin' her gums like her momma, so I called her
I said I got mines, get off your ass and raise your daughter
(twamp dog):
Peniles at my door, three in the front, nigga, four through the back
Talkin' bout takin' me down to the sac town county jail,
Strapped up 'cause I did a jack
Armed and dangerous, waited 6 months to come and get me
Knowin' I'm into straps, 'cause every time I get caught one was sittin' with me
2 time before this, now add one more to the program quick
Shackled down, now I'm on a mission to a one man cell with the quickness
Think about the work that I did that night and what went wrong,
To get a rider caught
30g bail cost to get me off, fightin' on the street, fuckin' watched
Every 2 weeks another court date, thinkin' I can win, that's no lie
Kept on goin' on for some months, lookin' the judge right in the eyes
Feelin' his anger,
Watched fools before me do petty crimes and he's givin' 'em time
Bein' a bitch about muggin' on me, nigga talkin' shit to me, heated like
Pointing guns at individuals, huh, I despise muthafuckas like you
So it ain't no love for me judgin' you, watcha gon' do?
Take it to another court room?

And that's the first step for me, my lawyer knew the d.a.
You know, so he tried to hook a brother up, you see
If I did take a deal, it's only one year guaranteed
But I'm bout to give work for dough in a couple more weeks
Tryin' to give 10 years, if I go to trial and lose the muthafucka
Then I messed around and had to go back to the first judge,
Sayin' don't work for ya
I wasn't gettin' off that easy, my case had a little substance
And the odds are stacked against me, no frontin'
Choices need to be made on the 7th
A catch 22 in my midst, 'cause either way I'm fucked
Go to trial where I'll probably lose, or take my ass on the run
Or take a deal to a lesser charge, either one I'm gettin' struck
'cause doin' time is a mando thang and that got a muthafucka stuck
Chorus

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