# Seasoned

## E-40

Tragedy
Mm hmm mm hmm
Misery and triumph
Piss poor, you know?
Catastrophic moments
They wanna know why I'm so seasoned, y'know
Welfare recipient
There's a reason why I'm seasoned
My folks out there in the ghetto
The slums, the projects and the beat down
Renovated apartment complexes
Smell me
Uh, you in a new school whip
Custom painted candy apricot butter
I'm in an antique old school four do'
Muffler draggin' beat up duster
With scrapes and scratches, nicks and scars
Y'all get to drink out of wine glasses
We gotta drink out of jelly jars
Down and out like four flat tires
No washing machine nor dryer
Just a pillowcase sack and a bunch of clothes
Wrapped in a sheet on our way to the laundrymat
Will I ever get paid, can I make a dollar out of fifteen cents?
Y'alls got it made, we broke and starvin' barely payin' the rent
Sleepless nights, alligator t-uh-tears
Mommy arguin' wit' my daddy, daddy drunk too many beers
911 Mr. Po-Po, dey ain't happy wit' day marriage
Pops tryna beat her down and make her have a miscarriage
My cousin shoots the needle, she be gone for days
She on that da-ah-diesel, she gone end up wit' AIDS
I told her, I love her, I swear I just told her
But you know what she said to me?
Everybody got a gay or at least one dopefiend in they family
You ain't the only one wit' a reject in yo' family
That's real
The reasoned, the reasoned that we're seasoned
Seasoned and we feel our paper won't disappear
Ohh, hey it's been a long time in the bay

With God on our side we have somethin' to say
And through the hard times we survive the game
Survive the game
If y'all smell onions that's my arms potent
The reason I'm musty is 'cause we ain't got no mo' deordorant
The laughin' stock patna, we ain't got no cash
Feet stinkin' through my shoes in P.E. class
I'm thriznew with biznein briznoke, I'm about to hiznit the griznind
And if I get popped it ain't half no more it's 80 percent of my time
But that's ah chance, that I'ma have to ah take
Today my son birthday and I can't even buy a cake
I'm so damn through-a-through, I had a J.O.B.
You want me to cut my perm, oh y'all gone ave to fire me
My fellow just got out da joint, thought he might be okay
But my fellow got out and got stapled 26 times the same damn day
Who wanna get dunked on?
In the the flatlands it ain't never too late
Patna all we need is a piece of plywood and a milk carton crate
What about dat shopping basket, you know I'm smart
We can gone take the wheels off that and make a go cart
Yo peoples blessed you, I started from a quarter ounce
You came in the dope game wit' a silver spoon up in yo' mouth
Why we gotta gamble maine we hurtin', you got all the bucks
In the ghetto we play dominoes for push ups
The reasoned the reasoned that we are seasoned
Seasoned and we, feel our paper won't disappear
Ohh, it's been a long time in the bay
With God on our side we have somethin to say
And through the hard times we survive the game
Survive the game
You dig? You know
My people just tryin' to make a way out of nowhere, you dig?
You know, the trials and tribulations, you dig?
It's hard times out here y'know
Y'know we just tryin' to do our thing
I remember when I was just a young boy
Growin' up things was real hard for me
No food on the table, no clothes on my back
Lord have mercy
But my mother told me to stay strong
Hey, it's been a long time in the Bay
With God on our side we have somethin' to say
And through the hard times we survive the game
Survive the game

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