

Skatin Through the City

Murs

Way before Lupe, before OF
I've been tryna ollie off the front porch steps
Crept through Lynwood, my city was not calm
Headed to South Gate, tryna see Mark Gonzalez
I'm a novice tryna ollie the curb
If you're looking for some rocks then you can probably get served
Not by me, the homies up at the park
I thought I was Eazy-E, I swore I was Tony Hawk
Mark's getting jumped over colors, some real shit
Anyone fuck with us, we fuck him up real quick
Move to Covina in the SGV
That's where I'm at, my homie [?] and my man Jeff D
Me, my little brother in rhyme, we used to steal shit
Claiming E-dub, so far from the realness
Back in Midtown I'm surrounded by real Crips
All I wanna do is smoke and skate on some chill shit
So much to deal with, riding that blue bus
I stay doing my thang, not giving two fucks
Had a couple tussles, got respect from my peers
Now they all leave me alone saying "Cause's just weird"
Skatin' through the city like I own this bitch
In and out of traffic like I won't get hit
Stay the fuck out my lane when I'm on that shit
Skatin' through the city like I own this bitch
Still pushin' mine go nigga, I don't give a fuck
Me and the homies in the back of a pick-up truck
We skate pitches on fake bitches
Hoping that one day we blow up and make riches
Been in corners on my independence
Longboard or penny board, I have no business
I ain't trickin', I ain't tryna go pro
Really it's the quickst way to get to the store, oh
You hear Wrek in the background
It ain't weird to ride a skateboard if you black now
Cubans in Miami and Chicanos in Watts
Meet up at the McDonalds then head out to the spot
Hella skateparks, no more runnin' from cops
You don't stop 'cause you're old, you get old 'cause you stop
Rest in peace Jay Adams and shout-out the homie block

Used to never go to Venice 'cause I thought I'd get shot
Y'all know what it is
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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