

Ain't Hard 2 Find

2Pac, B-Legit, C-Bo & E-40

They say, influenced by crime, addicted to grindin'
Where I can pile up my chips and niggaz call me a timer
I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin'
Man, you motherfuckers don't know nuttin' about no timin'
I heard a rumor I died, murdered in cold blood dramatized
Pictures of me in my final stage you know Mama cried
But that was fiction, some coward got the story twisted
Like I no longer existed, mysteriously missin'
Although I'm worldwide, baby, I ain't hard 2 find
Why I spend most of my time on California crime
Watching for thievin' I'm cautious it's like I'm barely breathin'
Puttin' a bullet in motherfuckers give me a reason
See me and hope I'm intoxicated or slightly faded
You tried to play me now homicide is my only payment
I'm addicted to currency in this life I lead
Why the fuck you cowards be runnin'? Too scared to fight a G
For the life of me, I cannot see, how motherfuckers picture
Livin' life after a night of fuckin; around with me
And if you don't like this rhyme, then bring your big bad ass
To California 'cause we ain't hard to find
Influenced by crime, addicted to grindin'
Where I can pile up my chips and niggaz call me a timer
I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin'
Man, you motherfuckers don't know nuttin' about no timin'
I got my locs on hard hat goin' to war
Breakin' them off on sight, stoppin' lives like red lights
Watch 'em pause as I pull my strap, out my drawers
And get to dumpin' on they ass, like the last outlaws
Rich, Tupac and the Click, smokin' blunts, loadin' clips
With enough shit to raise your block in one dip
We bring on horror like Tales From the Crypt
And we ain't hard to find is the tales that we kick
I'm fully automatic full of static and shit
Movin' Dodge van fifty rounds in the clip
I'm ridin' shot gun with the tint in the back
I'm plan to have a motherfuckerin' mint in this rap
I'm from the V A L L E J O
Where sellin' narcotics is all I know
I got blow, speed, bleed, whatever yo' kind

And if you need a motherfucker I ain't hard to find
Some may call me Bootsy but I call it timin'
That's while I keeps on grindin'
To the point where a nigga can't stop
Too much feelin' this shit, that's why I'm quick to peel a bitch
Whether it's a nigga or a hoe, a hoe
Get in my way then that ass gots to go
'Cause a nigga steady plottin'
I serves hit for hit, and motherfuckers keep droppin'
Influenced by crime, addicted to grindin'
Where I can pile up my chips and niggaz call me a timer
I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin'
Man, you motherfuckers don't know nuttin' about no timin'
Down the steps, abandoned broken down apartment complex
Heavy metal lipstick hairy can't be scary
Playboy, what the fuck is the proof without the drama play?
Nigga, what the fuck you got a gun for, if ya gonna hesitate?
Best shake and bake although mine was first to ask niggaz
motherfuckers didn't think I wasn't going do somethin', ask niggaz
Threaten your life, ain't like you love him
Bury your thoughts, take his head fuck him have at him
Check this out, I grew up with that nigga, threw up with that nigga
I hear he tryin' to ride, double edgin' for the other side
But now, my glock be so judgmental
Back seat of a rental keep my name out your dental
Nigga, if your gum bleedin' and you needin'
Mo' than twenty stitches, you behaved like dem bitches
Sideways to the race, heavy in the game
Check the resident it's all the same

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