

The Mission

Warm Brew

[Verse 1: Ray Wright]

Never been the nigga to front cause boy, I used to get fronted
OG at 23 a P, he shippin' Q's for 12 hundred
That was a different day, cuffed it from Jackie, he knew I'd pay
Had me a couple hoes, just needed a Lac or a Chevrolet
Rebuilt a 7-9, full amount 'til this day I ain't paid
I'll get 'em back one day, they was rippin' off niggas anyway
It ain't no thang though
The world keep spinnin' I kept grindin'
Getcho change yo
The kid kept spittin', he keep climbin'
It's a hard enough job tryin' to stay on top
Just a dope young hood star got bustas sayin' I'ma flop tryin'
To help the homies out cause I got niggas gettin' shot done felt
My fair share of droughts now I'm takin' these niggas spots
I moved from section to section
Fucked up and learned a few lessons
Served some payback with no blessings
I be so deep in my sessions
It can't be no more digressions
I ask these niggas a question
They response sound like they guessin'
I pay it forward and press 'em
Cause this is California
Westside Los Angeles, ya dig
I bend me a corner, blow marijuana do it big
Ain't self made or selfish, I'll split the profit with my click
Linguini with shell fish, then blow some ones and hit the strip
I'm thrustin' my pelvis, until she feel it in her tits
So transcontinental, we sippin' liquor at the Ritz
Somewhere in south London, mayn catch me stuntin' with Jay Prince
Get bread in abundance, break off my kin and never switch, Mundo[Hook: Ray Wright]
I love my city, yeah I love my dawgs
Ya told me don't trip, nigga, I'ma pay it forward
Cause me and you go back before
I had no dough for shoes, nowhere to go
But mayn I love this city, I don't love these hoes
On a mission for the scritch and nigga everybody know
Yeah, it's the 1 the 2 the 3 the 4

Westside Dub B, O-P-M at yo door[Verse 2: SERK]
Yo keeping a shell around my mind, a mental terrapin
Tearing out my break line can't slow down, so close I can taste this shit
Standin' up on a precipice of pullin' up a generation
But I can't forget the many lessons that it took to raise a nigga
Land of the villain vacay
Scam everyday for the payday
Fam when I'm callin' mayday
Come on nigga you know
That I'm really puttin' work in
On my back got a Kerchek
Gotta rap with a purpose
On the path for the curses
Blessings and questions this shit is a quest
For the best days
Call me a rookie, seen veteran thangs
Call me a bookie, I bet I'ma win
Gotta keep pushin' for the folks that held me down for ages
Before a nigga ever had a dream of puttin' the pen to pages
Nigga had a team always leaned, settin' some expectations
To my niggas a million thanks
For the support and patience
Went from the poor to the paid
Weather the storm n remained
Our rapport never break
Nigga there's more to claim
Lets pour the pain
N sip it we the champs
Ain't nothing more to say
I say I say I say I say[Hook: Ray Wright]
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Westside Dub B, O-P-M at yo door[Verse 3: Manu Li]
Me and you was jackin' brews, that was before the pub deal
Me and you would kick it all the time with nothin' not nihil
So much time to kill, simple days were plain, Lays chips
On the days I'm most passed these are the most missed
But we Johnny, we good, we cash, we Carson
If I sing these blues in folsom 'til my grave and coffin
If you got stabbed like Haley Joel Osmond I'll head to Slauson

I'm making a tee for you, I'll know what to sing I'll know how to grief
You remember playing Madden 'til yo auntie told us turn that shit off
We only got older it's crazy how we fell this far off
We went from talking everyday to just not talking at all
I guess that's just how we grew up, I know it's nobody's fault
And it's not like me talking behind your back or bash you
But I just gotta ask you, if you got a new number you never reply
Yeah I just gotta ask you, yah I thought that I saw you you never said hi
Or was it goodbye? I hope you know, I know I know I know I know[Hook: Ray Wright]
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