

# We in the Bay

## Konu

We in the bay, that's where I reside  
My coconut shack, in the back of the burg up in the coco  
Gone off whatever I got I'm comfy in my spot  
Drinking and smoking and writing rhymes

See I'm from California, out in the east bay  
Where we grow potey ropey, over where we stay  
Call it killah cali, potency shrubbery  
There's no release of morsels, kick me some dubery  
My white T smelling like black and mild smoke  
Cigarettes and bomb there and much hope  
But see I need my vices to cope niggero  
Block living in the town so critical  
It's so hot with no sun what the hell  
What's going on, explanation you can tell

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This atmospheric pressure, is pushing on my dome  
Cause everywhere turn go chickadies in need of bone  
Well why not give it to 'em, cause some don't qualify  
But the one's that do get bamboo and a lovely ride  
Like a 9.5, booty nui susu perking, body banging lips juicy like they're used to working  
Any kind pinay to white or black or island passion, latina Indian to asian over here we smashing  
We speak that freaky tales like short in the day, and illustrate 'em in our rhymes so you can picture the  
Way. We get's down over hear from CoCo to Sko Vellejo so San Jo Nickel dime you know

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See I got back from the islands in that state of mind  
Got caught slipping on the soil with no heat of mine  
But felt a 9 to my dome fool what you got  
Iâ€™m back in Cali now, damn I forgot  
That itâ€™s Fist fights and turf war, hoe slaps and much more  
44s and 45s busting through your front door  
Bacon invasions if you pushing that weight  
Somewhere along the line you made a mistake  
But thatâ€™s damn near everywhere you go  
Iâ€™m just telling you my story so you know

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Lyrics submitted by Co Shack.

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