

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 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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