My Summer Vacation

Daz Dillinger

{This is the final boarding call for flight twelve fifty-nine
Departing from Los Angeles, destination to St. Louis
Thank you}
Damn G, the spot's gettin' hot
So how the fuck am I supposed to make a knot?
Police looking at niggaz through a microscope
In L.A. everybody and they Momma sell dope
They trying to stop it
So what the fuck can I do to make a profit?
Catch a flight to St. Louis
That's cool 'cause nobody knew us
We stepped off the plane
Four gang bangers, professional crack slangers
Rented a car at wholesale
Drove to the ghetto and checked in a motel
Unpacked and I grab the three-eighty
'Cause where we stayin' niggaz look shady
But they can't fade South Central
'Cause bustin' a cap is fundamental
Checkin' out every block close
Seein' which one will clock the most
Yeah this is the one no doubt
Bust a U Bone and let's clear these niggaz out
Ay ay man, whassup nigga?
Yo, well this Lench Mob nigga!
Now clearin' 'em out meant casualties
Still had the L.A. mentality
Bust a cap and out of there in a hurry
Wouldn't you know a driveby in Missouri?
Them fools got popped
Took their corner next day, set up shop
And it's better than slangin' in the Valley
Triple the profit makin' more than I did in Cali
Breakin' off rocks like Barney Rubble
'Cause them mark ass niggaz don't want trouble
And we ain't on edge when we do work
Police don't recognize the khakis and the sweatshirts
Getting bitches and they can't stand a
Nineteen-ninety-one Tony Montana

Now the shit's like a war
Of gang violence where it was never seen before
Punks whirl when the gat bust
Four Jheri curl niggaz kickin' up dust
And some of them are even lookin' up to us
Wearing our colors and talkin' that gang fuss
Giving up much love
Dyin' for a street that they ain't never heard of
But other motherfuckers want to stand strong
So you know the phrase, once again it's on
{Top of the news tonight, gangs from South Central
Los Angeles which are known for their driveby shootings
Have migrated into East St. Louis
Leaving three dead and two others injured
No arrests have been made
Police say this is a nationwide trend
With similar incidents occurring in Texas, Michigan and Oklahoma}
Boom! my homie got shot he's a goner black
St. Louis niggaz want they corner back
Shooting in snowy weather
It's illegal business, niggaz still can't stick together
Fuckin' police got the four-one-one that L.A. ain't all, surf and sun
But we ain't thinkin' 'bout the boys
Feudin' like the Hayfield's and McCoys
Now the shit's gettin' tricky
'Cause now they lookin' for the colors and the khakis
Damn, the spot's gettin hot from the battle
About to pack up and start slangin' in Seattle
But the NARC's raid about six in the morning
Try to catch a nigga while he's yawnin'
Put his glock to my chest as I paused
Went to jail in my motherfuckin' drawers
Tryin' to give me fifty-seven years
Face'll be full of those tattooed tears
It's the same old story and the same old nigga stuck
And the public defender ain't givin' a fuck
The fool must be sparkin'
Talkin 'about a double life plea bargain
You got to deal with the Crips and Bloods by hand G
Plus the Black Guerrilla family
And the white pride don't like Northside
And it's a riot if any more niggaz die
No parole or probation
Now this is a young man's summer vacation
No chance for rehabilitation

'Cause look at the motherfuckin' years that I'm facin'
I'm a end it like this 'cause you know what's up
My life is fucked

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