On the Road Again

StÃ©phane Pompougnac

Let me try this machine one more time, man
Put one more coin in this shit right here, lemme see, let's go
Yo, I hit? We rich my niggaz, we rich
Koch, whattup? No more lookin' back now nigga
It is what it is bitch, I'm ready
For the road again
I got my money, my passport
My gun is loaded, nigga, I'm ready
For the road again
I got my weed, a couple niggaz
Some liquor, the new Madden, I'm ready
For the road again
I'm in your town puttin' it down
Bankheadin' and all that, I'm ready
For the road again
I'm goin' back out my niggaz
All aboard bitches
Hey yo, my momma struggled for me, poppa juggled for me
My niggaz huddled for me, they said you gotta let 'em off
Let him do his thing
Y'all ain't tryin' to work with him, let him spread his wings
Let him go out in the world, see a couple of things
See what's workin' for him, see who chirpin' for him
For what shows and what label is lurkin' for him
I got it bitin' ma, I've been writin' ma
I've cut down on drinkin' but I've been lightened ma
You've gotta see my stage show, I'm excitin' ma
Your boy nice dropped my album, did around 400
I expected double, I guess they didn't want it
Niggaz stayin' blunted, walk with me zit
We can pop it in and you ain't gotta touch shit
Anyway back to the drawin' board
I'm independent now, whoever with me all aboard
Hold on son, hey yo foolz, rewind that back my nigga
I think I forgot, I gotta tell 'em a lil' more shit
That happened between me and shit
Aight that's far enough, let's go
Hey yo, anyway, Kadar about to leave

P comin' home, Ruff Ryders lil' seed

Kiss asked, "Why," how kids gotta die?
To Mr. George Bush and his sales hit the sky
Ja reached out with this "New York" idea
Kiss from the hood so he was like hell, yeah
50 gettin' mad, came out with "Piggy bank"
That was probably the best song he had
We had to shit on him, game quit on him
Now we got it locked like we sicked the pit on him
We're takin' meetings, but we don't wanna go major
'Cuz we know how these artists takin' beatings
Plus I seen how these down South niggaz do it
Eight dollars? Shit, I could get used to it
Look at Lil' Jon, nigga, got his own fluid
Ying Yang and them, they can show you how to do it
Now I'm gettin' crunk with Koch and them
All these new niggaz spittin'? I'm watchin' them
I got a thousand songs like 'Pac and them
And niggaz prayin' for me like Ak and them
My son is born, I'm back alive
I caught a D W I tryin' to drink and drive
I'm huggin' the bottle, I'm hittin' the throttle
Got a beat tape playin' tryin' to think some bars
Like weed I just put 'em in my mental jars
'Til I get up in the booth and space out like Mars
I'm ready for it, I already saw it
A lot of shit about to change, niggaz can't ignore it
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