

The Liner Notes

Evidence

One-liner flow, see it in my liner notes
The kind of ideas make it seem like the thoughts took
Three hundred and sixty-five nights, I picture the high life
Pool side, made my own terms from lonely nights
(See 'em with all my dogs out here right now)
Born our own flow, they say old soul with kid's energy
Still draw from my torso for enemies by any means
I seen what it's worth, a curse, snakes and centipedes
Venomous, seems the only safe place is Venice Beach
(Back home, right here)
I try to wrong my rights, I try to right my wrongs
I try to write my songs, shine lights but the night is gone
Daybreak becomes the encore
Can't tell the date or state because I'm on tour
A young kid pumping De La Soul, I spit live, you could say, no go
Sixteen, not a day, no flow, I grew up a nervous skater

Some headed for greatness, others serve as waiters
Some nameless, others was stars
And straps ain't famous, steel that ain't stainless
High haters, peace signs, see you later
Lying for no reason, quit trying, it's breezy
Easy target, walked up in Florida Gators (Step, step)
Origin Lost Angels, support Lakers
Four-finger discounts, this an ounce my fortress
Portraits of my get-down, live from Belgium stages
L.A. made 'em, L.A. grazed 'em, and L.A. saved 'em
It's back to the Beach, bitch, where Miss Taylor raised 'em
My mama opposite of Sarah Palin, with no gat from Russia
Looking back like "Quit playing," Ev' is here staying
I won't change nothing
Lord forgive me for all of my sins
But I won't change nothing

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