

Life Ain't Never What It Seems To Be

Bad Azz

California's just a dope spot
Home where people sleepin' with they dope locked
Crack spot, jackpot, rob you with a black glock
Cash in my stash, bought my last on a 'Llac drop
It's that, somethin' old school with a ragtop
We tall cans, and tattoos
You smoke weed, we match you
With tank tops, Levi's, and house shoes
We in the alley or the front on the curb
We in the city with the cavi or the valley with the herb
We just the home of gang bangin', keepin' one off in the chamber
County time, and everyday it's on the grind
We got the ghetto bird, sheriff's, and the sea shores
The earthquakes, but that ain't what you packin' heat for
That's for the rowdy 2000 cowboys
Like down South they 'bout it, the heat make a loud noise
The swap meet's and hoodrats, they reside here
The good - and even young die here

Life ain't never what it really seems to be
All I wanna do is just fulfill my destiny
(Sometimes it might get rough, but sometimes it ain't never enough
it all depends on how you hustle)
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Man, the Beach is still a motherfucker
Man, the game ain't changed a bit
It's still - rock for rock, it's still pounds to flip
It's still - low lifes with the hammer cocked
And you chill, before you find your life half a block
from the spot that I pulled this and shot at that bullshit
You talkin', I'll pull quick and turn the light out in your house
It's on, cause if it ain't, it's grown
Might have to bank that Brougham that's on them Dayton's, that's to make a g
etaway
We known to start a riot, we ain't home if it's quiet
We wired, we never sleep, and we rarely get tired
We on fire, I wil' out and clap that ass up
You heard of Juvenile bitch, "Back That Azz Up"
C'mon!, get with it, jump on it and hit a corner with me
I'm on one 'til God come and get me - feel me?
Cause ain't too many niggaz thuggin' like this though
You buggin' like you ate a couple slugs from my pistol

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Everythang ain't made for everybody

I feel it ain't me if it ain't real
It ain't bangin' like this - I ain't finna write shit
It ain't the Low Life Gang, I don't too much hang
I'm 'bout my money and my cash flow
Saggin' my Dickies, rockin' my afro
Four or five gats in the 'Llac, follow the Astro
I'm thug luv, every night is a club
And L.A.'s a playground when you fuckin' with us
(Check it out) My homie asked me could I get him some head
I hooked him up with a bad bitch he slept in the bed with
And that's just a small thang to a giant
You'll be amazed what your brain could do, if you just try it
If you don't want it, don't buy it
If you gon' suck it, don't bite it
And if you got the feelin', don't fight it
Too many choices make a nigga confused
So find somethin' to do before your life is through

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