

# 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 getaway  
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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