First Evergreen

Boogie

Life, damn, picture this shit, my mom in the middle of shit (Oooooh)
And she sick of this shit, her son on some ignorant shit (Oooooh)
What you think she gon' do? She gon' send him to church
(She gon' send him to church)
In the city of Compton, that shit ain't gonna help in the midst of a turf, u
h damn
And now I'm in the choir and I'm hallelujahin' (hallelujahin')
Then I go outside and hear niggas piruin' (niggas piruin')
That my cousin Cam, yeah, that nigga a kid too
He get dissed, I get dissed too
I might as well bang that shit too
Stuck in a circle, well at least I'm no square though
Thought that shit was for weirdos
Yes, I ain't a nigga that care though (I don't give no fucks)
How we seein' no evil but we hearin' these sirens?
How we thinkin' we grounded when all of my niggas is pilots?
(What the fuck, pilots?)
Cause this is plain ol' bullshit
The same old pastor in the same old pulpit (Lord forgive me)
Prayin' to God for all the niggas I've lost (Niggas I've lost)
From the streets that I cross, you think I'm gon' pull out a cross

When them niggas gangbangin'
I ain't in this shit but I'm still in this shit
Them niggas gangbangin'
Don't get the shit but I'm still with the shit
Everybody gangbang cause them niggas ain't changin'
Give a fuck if you ain't bangin' cause them niggas gangbangin'

What's up with the shit, I'm still on my thuggin' and shit
(Oooooh)
Like I'm stuck in this shit, I can't get enough of this shit
(Oooooh)
In the cut with the wine, back when niggas was mobbin'
Was up in the Hoovers with no Bobby Johnson
And niggas got lost in the city of Compton (Compton)
Damn, that's probably the city where niggas was found at (Niggas was found a
t)
I'm up in the beach where some niggas had drowned at
(Aye shout out to Long Beach)
You was thinkin' you real until niggas would shoot (until niggas would shoot
)
Why we thinkin' it was healthy when all of this shit was pollution?
(What the fuck is pollution?)
Damn, talkin' dirty done got niggas aired out
Thought that shit was the weird route
No, that ain't no shit that I care 'bout (I don't give no fucks)
You hear 'bout them niggas who do all that side talk (do all that side talk)
Like they out in the street till the day they get slumped on that side walk
It ain't my fault 'bout how my mind's lost
Shit, lives lost from all these lines crossed, uh
I'm prayin' to God for niggas that's feenin' the title (that's feenin' the t
itle)
From the streets that I walk, you think I'm gon' pull out a bible

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