

# San Andreas Mentality

Bugzy Malone

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You know  
Let me take them back  
Watch this

And when I look back shit's changed  
I remember sitting playing my computer games  
San Andreas had me feeling I could rob a bank  
And drag a man out of his car with my bare hands  
Marijuana had me sitting on the clouds  
So my perception was foggy  
I'm not saying I was proud  
To have a name in the bits  
Before I ever spat a bar  
I made the Ninja go sick, before I ever drove a car

Year nine, we had a nine  
It wasn't mine  
Fidz held up a shizzer and got time  
A year down the line  
I'm in a good position  
The hood knows I'm a banger so I started getting high  
And Fidz got out of jail  
I looked him in his eye  
And I could tell that wasn't my nigga, it made me wanna cry  
He made me feel little  
For him I woulda died  
But from the day he dissed me I just wasn't on his side  
So I tried to stop blazing and strengthen my mind  
I just wished that Darkee woulda stayed on my side  
Then come a stroke of luck  
I'm sitting in the dock  
My San Andreas mentality had fucked me up  
And now they're tryna lock me up  
My mummy left the courtroom crying so I'm looking at the man that brought me up  
No we're not the same colour  
I love him like a dad  
And even though I diss him he's the only thing I had  
So I just hope that he forgives me for the violence  
I was in a bad place  
Seen the devil a couple times  
Stared death in the face  
I remember sitting in that sweatbox, feeling out of place  
While everybody's shouting, I was picturing my mum's face  
Then we arrived at that jail  
The atmosphere was different  
Yeah I'd seen a police cell, but I'd never seen a prison  
I was only 16, in a terrible position  
And you wonder why, I've got a defensive mechanism  
Listen, I don't condone any of my past  
All I know is I was young and living fast  
Four months down the line, I had the wing on smash  
Cus' I put on a size, no sign of a moustache  
And then they let me out  
What a beautiful day  
Cuh my future looked bright but the sky was grey

Hah, trust my mummy to be 20 minutes late  
I've just been released, left hanging at the prison gates  
And then they pulled up  
My little sister jumped out  
Mummy got emotional  
We hugged for like five whole minutes  
On the road home, I was feeling stone cold  
Cus' I had a vendetta  
I'm talking an unfinished business  
I'm a road guy now  
Hah, I'm certified  
Done jail, represented, held down the bits  
I never sold mine out  
But I'm about to set the pace  
And you could see it in my face I was a lone guy now  
Look, I hit the road 17 with a vision  
Even though I'm still a teen I'm like a man upon a mission  
Told my marjay I'm about to use my intuition  
I told Darkee I'm about to try and make a million  
It's a new day, and jail's just a thing of the past  
Fidz was chilling with Darkee they was moving kinda fast  
Darkee had the gold chopper, Fidz had the same design  
And I was sitting in that bedroom thinking when am I getting mine  
Then me and Fidz had an altercation and I swear he could see it in my face  
I watched him run a mile, no one's taking my place  
That's a vendetta settled now I'm in a better place  
So I started hitting gym, and I was hitting those bags  
Plus I'm moving like Tyson cus' I wanted to be him  
I was bobbin' and weavin', left couple man bleeding  
But I lost determination when my coach ended up leaving  
So I'm back on the streets  
18 with ten grand cash, four grafters  
And these times I had a moustache  
And I'm big now, and in my mind I'd completed the game  
I had the car, the superbike, the bracelet and the chain  
But then I slowed down, how much money roll out  
Couple nigga's sold out, I was moving slow now  
I'm sitting in my bedroom with the curtains closed just feeling depressed  
I'd written Hip Hop Heavy Metal just to get shit off my chest

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