

# 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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