

Lost

Cali Life Style

I'm just coasting, drop the top and roll straight
S.M.V.C.C. 805, it's the gold state
Ain't no place that I'd rather be
Than the B.I.G B.A.D 1 3 C
I got love for the place they raised me
Even though times get a lil' crazy
So I gotta give love back
Either gang bang, slang, or pull a mothafuckin' jack
It's all good cause I'm driving nice cars
Pretty soon 25 to life spent behind bars
A wicked sly's life, cause I'm a son of a gun
I'm only 19, but would I live to see 21?
A loco mothafucka so you better step back
Try to pull the jack, I'll feed you bullets for a fucking snack
Pero orita cause I'm puffin from Leno
Coming from T-Dre, por vida loco Sureños

Two locs matching deep in my city
One time acting up just because I'm rolling clean in a Chevy
Dark skin Mexican, standing 5'4
Put the pedal to the floor, hear my glass backs roll
Hit the the corner with the passion on my way to the market
T-Dre, shotgun with a blunt, ready to spark it
10:30 in the morning but I don't care
Hit the switch, lock it up, chronic smoke in the air
Hard glare with my locs on, ready to make some hits
Ready to make some grip with my dope ass lyrics
Stacking up my pay fool like regular
And just then my homie Bones hits me up on my cellular
Feeling to brake up a couple blocks for my ass
So I hook it on up as I cruise down the overpass
Hit the stuff, filling on my cup to the rim
All the while feeling chill from the bud so I grin

When I get lost, feel I've been crossed
She will be my salvation
When I get lost, feel I've been crossed
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Now let me introduce the G's, the L.O.C's
Let met get my self bombed as I'm gliding through the breeze
Keep on mashing as the tracks keep dropping
Ain't no stopping when I'm up and hopping
Drop the ride to the side causing havoc with my homies, blowing indo smoke
Dipped and brued the oldies every day and my life is getting better and bett
er
Blaze n blaze it in the morning and I'm down for whatever
Deluxe pick me up about 11:32
I said I'm down to claim but what the hell we gonna do
Santa Maria S.M.V.P scooped up J-bird, Ray Ray, and the C.U.Z
I got my cousin buzzing in the back
Chronic smoke hot box full on contact
Now it's time to roll to the pot hole and spark another bowl
Let another rag time foe on the 3 times go
Now where we go from here keep on mashing through the central coast atmosphe
re
For the things that I do I know I'm gonna pay the cost

For the reason why I'm gone, for the reason why I'm lost

Living week by week, living day by day
Doing what I gotta do to get my fortune and fame
But I'm lost in the system not made for me
So I'm suppose to break rocks straight go for my G, 19
With a Mexicano laying throwing up on my colors red, white, to the green
Always looking out just in case fools jump
Time to handle shit and break em' off real quick
Take a look around you fool, then take a close look
Cause all the shit I see, I draw it down in my rhyme book
My homies dropping off like flies in ninety-five
The one's that survive, are taking steel cage bus rides
But for me I ain't sucka-free
Cause punks is trying to gang, C-L-S
We see it coming straight from the get go
We ran our own undercover gang though, fools didn't even know
That we was real to the heart see
Being true to the game that's how it is in the S.M.V
Holding on to my dreams make it to the top
But I'm stuck paying cost fucked up cus a whole lost...

Yeah, special shouts goes out to my homies that was down from the get go
Like my homie Cuz, wassup dawg
Yeah, wassup to my homie J-bird
Yeah Ray Ray kicking know what I'm saying
Yeah I gotta say wassup to my homie Bonez
Yeah sparked off straight cruising from the 1 que, que no
Yeah wassup Crazy Joseph
Yeah Cuevo keep pounding loc
Yeah wassup S.D. yeah my homie loc
Yeah D.J. Bishop, keep spinnin 'em homies straight from the S.M.V. Southern California Mexican Invasion yeah

When I get lost, when I get lost...
When I get lost, lost, lost, lost, lost