Why you keep givin me cards I can't keep? I throw these two back, you throw me two more, they're so cheap I couldn't get the winning hand that I wanted in my sleep Cause when the dream get good, I get trampled by sheep Nightmares, even when I'm walkin in day I'm havin dreams that I'm runnin but there's smoke in the way And there's this man in a suit, he take a toke and he say, "You have a promise that you made and you broke it today." Now which part of this movie here did I just miss? Did I really sell my soul to this big red bitch? I don't think what you got to offer is really enough For cars sex and houses, money and stuff I'd rather be broke and own nothin but piece of mind and a Benz, and a house, and a nine-deuce-nine on top, help me out before I sink the boat There's gotta be more than 50 ways to keep afloat Cause I feel like I'm suffocatin, I can't breathe I wanna go, but I'm too afraid to leave Take me with you Mausie, I know you're seein somethin grand as you fade away, and you gently release my hand And it shook my balance, cause you ain't no more alive You think I'd see you, if I chewed this 45? Oh I'd be the first person poppin three, droppin me to the abyss, but I miss, what's stoppin me? I got the pressures of the WORLD on my little back My nerves are turnin into jelly and I'm bout to crack You think I'm cheatin on my homies, by holdin back? No I really protect them all because the truth is wack Forever bars and forever scars Bein trapped and dyin young makes forever stars Tell me why am I so hesitant? And the way life's goin, looks like when hell comes, I'ma be a resident

La, la la-la - la, la la-la La, la la-la - la, la la-la

They tell me Quik, suck it up, I'm supposed to But me and Mausberg was closer than most knew It ain't dramatized, and it ain't a fuckin act when you're traumatized, and it ain't no turnin back When you're so connected, and it's hard to keep your focus When you're so affected, and it's hard to love again When you're so neglected - suck it up, I'm 'posed to That ain't easy for somebody you're close to, shit See your homey in a coffin is so wicked and vivid It's gon' be harder on all of us, cause we gon' relive it Over and over, drunk or sober, from October to October I steadily feel like I'm gettin knocked over And all the money in the world, don't make it better And a whole bottle of alcohol, don't make it wetter With a blur and a slur I'm still callin ya name And on top of this drama you add fame? Wild But when you start to bubble then your friends they spite you And if you go to church, then hip-hop won't like you I feel like a giant on a worldwide stage but at the same time trapped in a real tight cage With no way out, I play out, then I come back

DJ Quik

Cause there's an unwritten law that says I can't be wack So I put on my game face, go back to the same place Only to realize that y'all ain't got the same taste Even with somethin new, they look at you cold And without a hot face, consider you old And leavin me stressed and broken-hearted How could I be finished with West coast rap? I helped start it!

[Chorus]