

Bad Publicity

Evidence

You can still find Ev on the block
Somewhere between a hard place and a rock
My dresser draw gun under the socks
Nothing fun about shooting one but summer is hot
Hey young world Slick Rick is still the ruler
Go follow these dopes if you broke to the jeweller
I'm an artist getting something out of fucking [?]
Real MacGyver making something out of something useless
I don't have to prove myself to people I never met, a new rule in itself
Remind me not to forget, I'm reinvented my name
I would have did a long time ago if I wanted fame
Ain't relying on no claim to fame, just more bangers
No more strangers, only Chuck Strangers
The older I get, the less that I speak
I do my dirt, the lonely [?]

I've been living in a bubble
Don't make me bust yours
You settle for less, I settle the score
Sure as waves at the shore and two add two is four
I've been eating all my life and still hungry for more

I'm from the coast
Yeah, here's a toast
Toward a step of what I want to become
Shed so much skin the old Michael is gone
And everything I stood for is waging it's war
I miss the road when I'm at home and miss home on tour
Lying to myself to say that I ain't changed
I ain't trying to play stupid saying I ain't aged
I earned the right to be hated in the worst way
Happy belated, go shawty it's your birthday
I'm from a city called this is not your birth place
Motherfuckers just landing round in first base
I should have said it in the first place
Pack my bags I brought the worst case
Before the traffic, good city mad kid
Half like Mike plus half light from [?]

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I've got a slow flow because he is vicious
A rolling stone ain't home like Keith Richards
I'm out my lane, swerving on the shoulder
An alcoholic flow bumping 21 on [?]
I know what to write way before I say it
Sometimes it ain't so bright but I still lay it down
It gets busy known in this town and still put on for a city when nobody's around
Venice Beach til I die, tell a friend bitch
I've been sharp between the years and my friends rich
I stay connected in places, respected by faces
I make hits and steal consecutive bases

There's no such thing as bad publicity
Who's fucking with my clique, click clack in Italy
I make a beat, grab a mic and spit a [?]
Venice Beach until I split to Venice, Italy

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I've been eating all my life and still hungry for more