

Tip The Scale

Evidence

(DJ Skee)

That's right, this is The Layover mixtape
DJ Skee, Evidence, y'all muthafuckas know what it is
History in the making
I told y'all muthafuckas, I'm only dropping classics
Ev, what you got to say?

Yeah, never drawn on what I earn
No tone ain't been done that I can't learn
Patterns, eh, really ain't concerned
Feel the person who's speaking with words
Sometimes speaking in third
You mighta heard your favorite, plus to minus, maybe it's her
Maybe it's him, maybe it's them, try to never say never rappin'
Except, nah, I never let it happen
That's like Blink without Travis
Jim Jones with no ad-libs, I think I mighta had it
I might tip the scale
So jaded, not afraid to fail
No such thing as days you age well
What do you believe in: heaven or hell?
It's still dogs retrievin' the mail
A runaway train derailed

And I run L.A., you can thank me
I kept hip-hop alive, you can thank me
Back, back to L.A. and I'm the muthafuckin' king
Westside, the crack music, I trap music
Back, back to L.A., and I'm the muthafuckin' king
Back, back to L.A., now what the fuck a nigga gotta say?
I made crack, crack music, I trap music
I said it, now who gon' dead it?

My cell phone stays on roam
I mean Rome, Italy, literally, that's my home
Maybe further south, where it's word of mouth
Never heard of a drought, I smoke 'til my purchase gone
Put my Oakleys on then took 'em off
I like the world better seeing it raw
I'm on a world tour, award tour, got framed a whore for
Check the YouTube and store for it
More in store, less on deck
That's forward toward the left
I put on for my city, no voice or Beck's
No choice, postdate the check, I'll be hopin' the best
Money still comes and goes
It's funny, with it, your day's sunny, with none, one never knows
Do one, and who gonna be next?
Who win the lottery and who meet death?

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