Down Fa Mine

Kam

Well, it's the 1 to the 9 with the 9 to the 4
And I thought you knew the drill but you still don't hear me doe
KAM and Watts Up from the grassroots
No Daisy Dukes shit, knockin crazy-ass boots
Nigga please, we kick it like gees
Puttin down work when I lurk, don't even sneeze (up the gold D's)
That's just the Eastside way of gettin chips
When you're raised up dealin with the Dogs and the Ribs
New cars get tagged, riders get wrecked
Niggas' caps get peeled back and chins get checked
Don't expect no love or no apology
The kids ain't fallin for your child psychology
In nine and fo mindin yo business was the best bet
Screamin 'Watts Riot', we ain't even made a mesh yet
You shouldn't speak with a weak heart
You gots to finish everything you start
That's why I'm down for mine

(Get down for yours
I'm down for mine)

"?????"
"To get away from the A.K. spray in the broad day"
"South Central the, I'll mental"
"Just kept steppin, hit em up and said right"

Well, it's the Mad Scientist with my nigga KAM
Niggas be knowin the way I be doin it, f**kin up the jam
The size ten steel toe steppin, nigga, keep my shit simple
Hangin with my niggas on Caldwell and Temple
Niggas out fakin like they got skills
Rollin 'round with they rats in they floss mobiles
With their caviar dreams and champagne wishes
Niggas run they mouth like some muthaf**kin bitches
Niggas be plottin like the government
But I'm low key like a Mason, so they still chasin
The nigga that they thought was the Villain, that's wrong
Different individual and different f**kin song
I carry a big stick, burnin is the heater
Niggas ???? with the German millimeter
So I f**k it up when I bust my rhyme
Cause Ren down for mine, a nigga down for mine

Well, I once had this homeboy who loved to jack
We used to serve herb for a doub a sack
In fact back in the day when you could sling lley
Couldn't nobody tell me that crime didn't pay
It was on and poppin with the Bloods and Crips
Every neighborhood tryin to regulate they chips
Niggas goin out of town with the greasy chickens
And if you wasn't down, you was easy pickins
You had to claim a set to get supported then
So every day new niggas got courted in
For some gangbangin was a full time job
Cookin up dope like corn on a cob
Had to mob deep when you bailed into a party
Daytons on the MC with the wooden ?????

Flag in your backpocket, deuce five in the front
Rollin bats with the zig-zags 'fore we knew about the blunts
But no matter who jocks us
I got my sag on till you saw the tag on my boxers
Cause the I-don't-give-a-f**k mentality'll raise niggas off yo line
So I'm down for mine

Let me take a second to do some mic-checkin
Bet I got a head flexin in every section
Everybody know me, D-r-e the O.G.
Compton City Gee on TV with Eazy
But now I'm all on my own and got it locked shot
Give them props up to my nigga KAM (Watts Up)
It ain't no shame in the game that I got
The only places I love a lot is Compton and Watts
And nigga, I don't give a f**k about what clique you in
Cause I'm from the Nutty but got buddies in the Nickerson
P.J., Main Street, Grape Street, front streets and back streets
But we all from the same black streets
So niggas best to recognize the Dresta
Tired of bein broke so all I think about is paper
And it don't stop to the tic-toc
(Compton and Long Beach together) Compton and Watts
Fool, and I'm down for mine

(Get down for yours
I'm down for mine)

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