

# We Starvin'

Krayzie Bone

Krayzie Bone, E Feezie Fonzareezie  
And Gangsta Boo, what

It's the endin' of the world  
And still niggas ain't got no satisfaction  
(We can't get no)  
It's the endin' of the world  
And still niggas ain't got no satisfaction  
(Satisfaction)  
It's the endin' of the world  
And still niggas ain't got no satisfaction  
(We can't get no)  
It's the endin' of the world  
Motherfuckers ain't got no satisfaction

We starvin' as we chase the paper  
Ain't just a man, nigga, man, niggas hate 'cha  
Fuck 'em, get 'cha guns, get 'cha cheese  
We got, just a little time left (little time left)  
If I'm not mistaken the year is '99  
But we don't really know when we 'gone die  
But shit, most niggas don't know how they still alive  
On this, unmerciful wicked planet  
If you can't pay for ya life, ya gonna vanish (vanish)

You're lookin' at livin' proof  
Renovated, condemned, duplex, pots and pans, leaks in the roof  
Dirty dishes, no dishwashing soap, no medical coverage  
Bad case of strep throat  
Mama's think she got arthiritis  
My neighbor caught hepatitis from a simple yawn  
They say it's airborne  
We ain't got no street lights they all broken  
Just take a trip through Vallejo, Richmond, and Oakland  
Everyday it's a funeral  
He was my numeral uno, but I can't bring him back  
All I know is he was stressin', takin' anti-depressants  
They found him dead in the trunk of his Cadillac  
And I'm so thralled all I can think about is revenge  
Always check up, always pullin' licks, doin' dirty works for dividends  
He took the bullet for me  
I'm the one that really robbed the place  
Though I've been tryna to paper chase

I done grew up in the game baby  
Ain't nothin' changed, little money, little fame baby  
I'm still the same baby  
Lady gotta make it, I can't be takin' no losses  
I'm the bomb at the party  
Always askin' "Where are the dollars?"  
Now I know you hate me  
Cause I hooked up with Krayzie, baby  
I'm with whatever they pay me

Gangsta Boo be with it, be winnin', so what the fuck  
I'll see you at the end of the year, so good luck

I made it, and I know it's almost over  
Call in the soldiers  
Gonna be ready to bomb back on 'em, know ya  
Enemies position at all times  
Where they at, and how much power they hold  
And how many soldiers they got down to roll  
But in the meantime,  
You make your money, even if you strike it rich  
You better hustle like you hungry for ya paper, paper, paper  
These days only ways that pays can save you  
Livin' your life is like a task if you ain't got the cash  
Nigga mad at the world, as I put my mask over my face  
And grabbed the magnum pistol, with the stash in the bag  
I'm doin' a pop pop, so drop and take it as a loss, and chalk it  
Now you can take your life and keep on walkin' (just keep on walkin)  
Or be killed for tryna deny me a meal  
I do what I gotta do, let's keep it real  
For niggas in the hood up on the the block  
Let 'em know they understood  
Buckin' shots, nigga we livin' raw mentality war  
So paranoia got me sleepin' on the floor, watchin' the door  
This no win situation of tryin' to stay alive until we die  
And anyway you go we won't make it  
No way, to shake, fake it  
Better take advantage of ya life while you can  
Get rich, kick back, relax, spend ya money  
I'm all about paper, sorry no party tonight  
The year is 1999 last year to get your money, right

That's real  
Ya undersmell me  
Suckers do what they can  
Players do what they want, dig it?  
Charlie Hustle everytime up in your talk  
Yeah face it  
Krayzie Bone, Gangsta Boo  
Fuckin' they nose like this  
That's how we fuckin' they nose up  
Dig it nigga?  
Yeah, paper chase nigga, paper route (paper route)  
You undersmell me? We starvin'  
You undersmell me nigga?  
Don't let the mobbers control you  
Chest high-up in the mobbers, nigga