

Live From Roscoe's

Murs

Yeah, we just ridin' out. Sun shinin', ya dig? Los Angeles, ya dig?
We just keepin' it real fly. Welcome to the house mane. Aye what's up? Look

It's just another sunny day
I'm just pokin' in the sunny shade
Walked in the homie's house got blazed
How does it feel to really have it made?
When it's winter time it's still summertime
Let me rewind and take it back to '89
Eminem is up in Englewood
When a nigga barely left the hood
We didn't two step, we just walk
We just posted in the park after dark
It's just me and the fellas
Just got off the freeway passin' Cinsinella
Now
Let's go to '95
I was glidin' from the ground to the sky
You could only be there and see if through my eyes
We was crispy
And might knock niggas the fuck out like Jack Dempsey
When we tipsy
Now on to 2009
Revised, reprise, reinvented
Octopus squeeze the nine cause I got's to get all mine
I got a fortess of a Porsche
Two feet from my driveway and my porch
Can you imagine this ballin', shot callin', all in
Wakin' up to a mountain in the back
About 55 stacks
Hidden underneath my mat-
-tress
And I can tell you cause, if you come on my premises
I'm gonna show you how I flambe all my lyricists
Fricassee fry cook, charcoal and crisp
Provide everyone that intervene and miss
The warning sign is on the front of my fence
"Beware Of Dog" and I ain't talkin' about a pit
I'm talkin' about that cold contra chrome stack hog
I spit toxic effective like ninjutsu and kick boxin'
Fuck talkin'
I'm sparkin', I'm heartless
Unless
You one of my folks or else get toast
I turn it easy on you niggas, somebody smoked
Don't fuck around with a real nigga loc

"Cause I've got"
Chrome nines
"Cause I've got"
Real shine
"Cause I've got"
Fly cars
"Cause I've got"
Hood star

I ride by the Pico, Roscoe, street full of potholes

Bout to get something to eat, if they not closed
Sellin' incense and bootlegs out front
Old pimp nigga with the toupee is on one
He goin' off about a bitch that he lost
Charge it to the game, it's a shame what it cost
I walk in and they already know me
Dude at the counter from the hood, he the homie
Keep a menu, I won't even front
Just show me to my seat cause I know what I want
I started off with Alicia's Delight
Hard as grease from the feast I just might need a Sprite
All eyes on me and they starin' at my hair
Is that dude from MTV over there?
Yeah, but I grew up on this side
So you need to quit starin' bitch this ain't a side show
And if she don't quit talkin' shit
Hold up, here my waitress, so I'll order up some...
Grits
Which is my favorite dish
With some red beans and rice cause I'm hungry as shit
A couple waffles, some other potatoes
Finally off tour, it feels great to be home
Picked up my phone cause this chick just texted me
Ain't five minutes and the food's all ready
I feel like I ain't eat in weeks
Attack the food like the plate got beef
But no meat cause I'm still on my veggie shit
Finished all my food so I'm ready to dip
I stroll out into the California moonlight
I can see the stars in L.A. that's a cool night
I hear shots in the distance
The little homies trippin', that's that Mid-City livin'
They got that heavy artillery
But on the real, all this gang shit is killin' me
Chaos, calamity, scream insanity
Communities collapse, destruction of family
I'm from a whole 'nother planet see
I guess it's why these rap niggas ain't understandin' me
I'm from the hood with a couple dead homies
You trippin' off this rap shit, you really don't know me

"Cause I've got"

True friends

"Cause I've got"

A few ends

"Cause I've got"