

## Doin' Dirt

O.C.

Yo, I'm in the Rover with my co-defendant, the club ended  
Wolves posted out in front of the spot, I'm feelin vengeance in the air  
Some kids had beef with last year  
Hit my man 'cross the face with a bat now it's our tears  
We caught one cat a month, Pryor lit fire to 'em  
I kicked him in his dick, now his f\*\*k game ruined  
His ex-girl I'm screwin, disrespect all around the board  
Homeboy, motherf\*\*k you and yours

Doin dirt comes back ten times over  
Watchin your back becomes a 9 to 5 to survive  
Gettin drunk is a mistake, you gotta stay sober  
Cause the, blink of an eye is all it takes to die

Parked the Rover post outside the trunk, no idea  
these the same kids from last year  
I'm indecisive 'bout the baseball cats pulled low; for some reason  
stomach had butterflies to leave but I didn't go  
My dog said let's go chill by the exit  
And watch the hoes come out, nah dawg, I'ma chill right here  
Tryin to get a good look at these dudes  
Yet the crowd was less than what I saw before, I play it cool  
Get the keys from my co-D, hit the alarm  
Played the driver's seat, turn on some tunes to stay calm  
Lean my, skull on the headrest, heart pumpin inside of my chest  
I'm wide open, no gun, no vest  
Shoulda listened to the voice in my head, and told my man let's dip  
A big commotion, somebody started some shit  
Mouth dry from fear, unaware of homeboy and his peeps  
was right behind me, creepin up from the rear

Niggaz approach from the blindside, tapped on the window  
I was, smokin the indo, paranoid like a schizo  
My eyes opened wide surprised, like I saw a ghost  
Lookin down the barrel of toast, I sit froze  
It was the kid we stomped out, with a devilish grin  
From a year ago, back with his men, back for revenge  
White flash, it smashed the window, hittin my chest in tempo  
Ears ringin like a clash from a cymbal  
Fightin to breathe, thinkin 'bout my girl and my seed  
Slumped over like a parapleg', not promised to see  
sunrise or my, son rise to manhood  
Will he feel abandoned? f\*\*k  
I tried fightin, people lookin in the car frightened  
like I ain't gon' make it... damn...

(Never thought he'd come back like this, blastin)  
(Like I said, it was funny like that in the ville sometimes)  
(I had done too much to turn back)  
(And I done too much to go on)  
(My grandpa asked me one time, whether I care whether I live or die)  
(Yeah I do, but now it's too late...)