

Nothing Without You

Pigeon John

There's a war going on outside, no one is safe from
Her silhouette when she blocks the sun
And her hair when she wakes up, and it's not done
And the laugh as she passes, it makes you numb
That's my girl outside in the lobby
Slanging my product when I'm fulfilling my hobby
She was there before the Cadillac
And she was there before the offer from Battle Acts
And she was happy in my busted out Turasel
It kind of makes me wonder why I rap so well
I can't tell if she's helping me or hurting me
Cause every time I'm heard her, it's like a murder me
That's why I say

I can gain the world, and make some money
But it's nothing without you, it's nothing without you really
See I can change the world, still be a dummy
But it's nothing without you, it's nothing without you really
See I can gain the world, and make some money but

Yep, she got a mini vacuum in the house
Washing the car with one side of her blouse
A house negro, doing the chores
Just to make her happy when she comes home bored
From UCLA, I brighten up her day
The way I'm wearing my Kangol, make her say "Hey"
Eric Sermon, life I'm learning
Slowly burning, cook from turning like
Roticery, it's so cute to see
You walk in the door like (history)
It's return of the half felt
Third freak, third geek, on my top shelf
So easy to see, yet easy to forget
You collect dust while I unfold the check girl
And I regret it cause

You met me at my mom's room
I met you in Inglewood in my bedroom alone
Listening to music, lost in my holocaust
With the fuse lit, caught in a Molotov
We used to talk when I was a kid
I used to sing the songs that you trapped in my head
Alone, but I'm all grown up now
A poem, lost in a grown up child
But you were there when I cried in my sleep
When I heard my moms voice weep
And you were there in the dark nights
When I knew I had no one to call
But I would fall on my own knees
But now, so many times I pretend
That I don't know you in front of my friends
And it's some kind of wonderful
Again and again
Leave you in the back seat, til the weekend
But I still hear you in my head
Like when I was a kid
That's when I ???? of what I did

(Hey John, this kid knows you)

(That's no one yo, that's no one, don't even worry bout it yo)