

Coffee & Kush

Problem

When Jason was a little boy, he used to always wanna sit by me while I rolled my weed and sipped my morning coffee
With his lil' grown ass, actin' like he was my daddy
Usually, I'd send him off
But one day, I let him sit there
And then, I asked him:
"What do you think is wrong with the game?"

Too many soldiers try to be captains
Too many captains, niggas think words gon' be actions
Niggas Ri-Ris, so you gets no reaction
Can't get nowhere if I keep lookin' backward—look (Look)
Shit, I've washed my hands, went cooked in the devil's kitchens
You baller—block, then you the devil's henchmen
Don't get me food; rather, you teach me fishing
That kind of thinkin' got your boy in this elite position
Listen, check a check, I bet them streets gon' hug you
The streets'll quickly show you love, but they don't fuckin' love you
They see you on your high horse, they quick to bust your bubble
'Cause they don't wanna see you on; they rather you be in trouble—with them
They running tall and they pray you stumble
It's like a coach hand you the ball, but he pray you fumble
It don't make sense—I look at shit and just be befuddled
It's like the blind leading the blind—this must be Stevie's wonder
The fake daps and fake claps, I O-K—see the thunder
Fuck it—long as they money callin', I won't need they number
'Cause when the money wasn't callin', I didn't see they number
Bet if I'm gone, they miss me—Selena, huh, bi-di-bom-bom

Damn, I heard the fuck out of that!
Now, flash forward to 2020
I sit here with my son, who's rolling me a joint while I'm pouring him a cup of coffee
And I can see in his eyes that his slate is clean
Whatever has happened before this day is no longer in his target
He's forgiven, but hasn't forgotten

I know you're tired of seeing kings clash, royal rumbles
So many crabs in the barrel when tryin' to make your gumbo
Rather take my distaste of that on records than makin' the gun blow
'Cause my niggas go gung ho, pueblos to the jungles
West side Pirus to the six-o's, nine-o's to the nine-nine-m's, my niggas sickos
County jail shit: "You don't bang? Then what's your zip code?"
Think 'cause I be busting these rhymes that I won't flip mode
I got bigger fish to fry, so, fuck it, I keep my lip closed
Remember back in the day, shit, I wouldn't've picked those
I'd've fired off, got with the extras, made the call and had the homies flipping blocks like it's Tetris
That ain't a winning mind-state, plus, it's what's expected
No, I neglected it; I still respect it
On my search for perfection, I walk with God, so I don't need protection
Compton on mind, bro—I bleed the section
I am L.A., so, who need connection?
I got a money-getter, a killer, a natural-born winner, and a woman that could hold you down when you down at each and every intersection

On God
That's for real, on God, bro
Diamond life, yeah
It's new money to get, new things to buy
It's new weed to try, shit
Matter fact, leave me some of that rapper weed—that shit different, that shit bomb