

# 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