

The Coast

Statik Selektah

(Uh), yeah
(Showoff, Showoff)
Welcome to Cali
Uh huh, (it's a Showoff thing)
C-A, all day, (yeah), where the rain don't come down
(Hey Statik, this that shit right here)
Hey yo

We desperados, black guns and gold Movados
Chrome hollows, break bones or smash models
Never follow, get it by yourself, that's the motto
My heart's cold, feelin like winter in Colorado
Cali kush burnin, my brain's like a furnace
I was drivin in a Benz before I ever had a permit
See this is my Erick Sermon and I feel like I deserve it
I remember bein young, I used to spit my rhymes nervous
But now I'm on point like a javelin, way beyond battlin
Out of state travelin, haters stop babblin
Remember this, California's my residence
All my +People's Dilated+, just ask Evidence

I rep the coast everywhere I go
So even when I'm overseas, they know, they know, they know
I never front when it comes to the dough
I'm guaranteed to make a killing a show, they know, so let's go
I ride around with my tank on E
You better bank on me, to get more, to get more, let's go
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Yeah
Guaranteed to make a killing a show
Uh, Fashawn
I be the F-A, uh, yeah, aiyyo

My life similar to dice
How I roll, nothin nice, California nights
Ice cold on the lookout, for the po-lice that's on patrol
Pedalin white, wrong or right, drugs get sold
We gotta eat, so if that means robberies and runnin in spots
I'm all for it, best believe I'm huggin the block
Prayin for my enemies that is sendin 'em shots
I'm hopin that you succeed
You don't need a cellular phone to hear Statik/static
Just listen to the tune of the semi-automatic
What's happenin? My mind state accumulate dough and keep stackin
Spend less time with the hoes, on some mack shit
America's favorite, blunt blazin
Rhyme writin maven, rap Wes Craven
A rose blossomin out the concrete pavement
For everyone I admire, live on stage, it's the F

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Uh, yo
C-A, uh

Ev' pictures classic, clients can't imagine
Time lapse my rhyme on IMAX graphics (uh)
Masterpiece larger than life
Throughout my section, floss Los Angeles nights (nights)
Songs that prays for him, school on Sunday (Sunday)
Where's my flair? It's a case of the Mondays
Somedays are better than the next one (oh...)
Yesterday I couldn't spot a Chevron (what the fuck? Chevron)
Out of gas, fast in Madagascar (that's Venice)
Off the mask it was Chapman with a fast car (I got a fast car)
I got a fast car, ten thousand horses (watch out)
No trap star, themes are ferocious (get the fuck out of here)
I think awkward, takin for obnoxious (that's me)
Less concerned with kicks than the boxes (fuck your shoes)
A man lived in a shoe
Sold coke out the front, out the back we grew (who knew?)
Who knew the day was comin? (uh)
Feel this deal is really fuckin Phil Drummond (oh yeah)
I think that deserved a drum roll (haha)
Drinkin juice in the hood wasn't fun though

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They know, they know