

1983 (feat. Trena Joiner)

Xzibit

I had the right to sublurr, because they ache one stick
I saw five to six million but, yo, that ain't really shit.
It was supposed to be different, we were supposed to write out,
But tumach shot his girl, then shot himself in the mouth.
Then the steady game form very soon fell apart,
'cause when you just doing all, the loyalty in your heart,
Slight catch a long hymn on all these niggers forgetting where they're coming from
And they're slowing down, wait a minute, what we're running from?
This what we're supposed to do, here's where we're supposed to be,
I hated MTV for trying to play me like a mockery.
But that don't bother me, I just fulfill my fucking contract,
Small price to pay just to take a piece of my back.
My back, backfire, assassination of my character,
Just demassing me in the America.
My younger sister, Erika, just adopted a child,
My older brother served fifteen, he made it out.
Even though my father loved me, I ain't seen him for a while.
Had to fight my baby, bitch, give me my nigger now.
'cause I'm running out of time and I need him to understand
The way a superior man had build a brand
Niggers talk about my taxes, had to pay, I consemn,
I'm surviving 'cause the lines ass crooked in the hand.
Heartbreak, disappointment, my mother died when I was nine, I just wanted to join her.
Now I miss to join her, get to California, I got something for you to do, it was like I was
annoying
Resurrected, found my purpose, I remember being dragged, being nervous when I would kick
my verses.
I was virtually worthless, my whole life was a circus,
I was sleeping with serpents and I thought it is worth it.
Got a call from Paul, told me shit isn't working,
Exchange words, told me tell me that shit in person.
He probably told him, and by the way did he said it on a proljetic twisted made about him.
I see Slim and he said he didn't recognize me,
Was it that or did he let another man to find me?
I don't know, but now I gotta get this all behind me,
Follow my calling when I used to follow niggers blindly.
I wish I had a better relationship with my uncles,
Blood relatives I could turn to when I'm feeling trouble.
And talk about my struggles.
My uncle John Nail, he only put me on the phone with different females.
And this is such a such, nephew, tell me, what's up?
Ain't even ask about your man in Cali, growing up.

Fuck, I drink it all and I smash the bottle,
Self medicated numb, but imma feel it tomorrow.
It feel like pain and sorrow was like a second skin
But now that pain was gone I got my second win.
Only the strong live long, you better settle in,
I'm fighting for ever, I will never let the devil win.
1983, that's when my journey begins,
I searched every word for stritting, only find it within.
This for me and my kid, still trying to live
Living life to the fullest 'till I see you again

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