

# Happy to Be Here (Featuring Bosko & D.D. Artis)

## E-40

[female singer - repeat in background]  
I'm just happy to be here![E-40 over singer]  
Hard times, the struggle  
The ups and downs, the highs and the lows  
You know just goin through it man, ghetto politics  
Tryin to make a way out of no way  
I was the oldest, so I had to be, the daddy of the family  
Momma had to work three jobs, oooh  
Feet stickin through my shoes, skid marks in my drawers  
Garage sales and flea markets, we never shopped at malls  
No dental plan, no medikit - we poor like rain  
Colored folks think that castor oil cures everythang  
Pork chops and chicken, we like our food fried  
Hypertension, Prenavil pills and hydro-chlorizide  
Some of my family still living, some of my family died  
Health complications, natural causes and homicide  
Just tryin to survive, nothin to lose but plenty to gain  
Started hustlin, flea flickin and servin that candy cane  
Put all my cars in my lady name, as a true hustler should  
She had a 9 to 5, worked at Planned Parenthood  
While I was in the hood, up to no good  
with a hoodie over my head, tryin to outslick the feds  
Or should I say cops, at this point in time I only had rocks  
Went from a little a jelly jar up to a soup pot  
The fast quarter my negro, don't want the slow nickel  
I done seen yola the same color as peanut brittle  
I done seen hella people relapse  
I done seen my homey grandparents go back to crack  
How sick is dat? Beggin my loved ones to send some pictures  
Pray for me over the phone and read me some scriptures  
Oooh; it's gloomy out here, dark days ahead  
God got my back but the devil he want my head  
[Chorus: D.D. Artis]  
I'm just happy to be here right now  
Lot of my folks been locked up or laid down  
See I'm sayin I ain't shed no tears, no  
But I'm just happy to be here[E-40]  
Listen to this, oooooh  
The devil-me side know that some of y'all done seen it  
Somebody's momma washin her son or her daughter's bloodstain off the cement

Wrong place at the wrong time, infiltrators drop a dime  
Mistaken identity, bullets start flyin  
in every direction, hit a pregnant teen, she passed  
But her baby live through a C-section  
I know it sound foul and sound hecka rude, it ain't cool  
But it go down like that sometime when you're funkkin, and you're puttin down a move  
We heartless and shrewd in this day and age, it ain't the same  
Our parents need to beat us with a belt, like Poody Tang  
I be high like an airplane  
I be smokin and perkin, takin out anger and stress on the wrong person  
Re-uppin and coppin turf an' just servin the soil block  
Grittin tryin to put some gifts in my kid's Christmas stock'  
Ooooh - pour out some liquor and shed a tear  
For the homies that never made it and family that ain't here [Chorus] [D.D. Artis]  
So happy  
You know I'm happy to be  
Said I'm happy, so happy just to be here  
To beeeeeee, to beeeeeeeeeeeee  
To beee (I'm so happy)  
(Oh I'm so happy)  
I'm so happy to be, to beeeeeeeee-heeeeeeeeeee  
To beeeeeeeee (to be here)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>