

Just Chill (feat. Beanie Sigel, Bun B & Kobe)

Travis Barker

I'ma just chill, lay low and stay breezy
I hear these streets is so greasy
That's why I get high
I'm in the cool, finger in the sky
Doing about 100 in the fast lane
Windows wide open
Doing about 100 in the fast lane
Windows wide open
Screaming I'll fuck the world
My baby mama tripping, my son need Pampers
I'm for a cigarette
My lungs need the cancer
My liver's asking where the liquor's at
And more money, more problems is the anthem
Sing along if you know this song
A ex con turned good, forced to turn back hood
Turn loose to a world no good
Every application rejected cause his record
A lot has seen this movie to the credits
Living in this ghetto with no question
High blood pressure, stressin'
High gas prices, searching for a high to suppress it
Some people turn to the church in search of
hope
Looking for that ribbon in the sky
But there's a chair and a rope for most who can't hope
And I know when their last tears cry goodbye
I'ma just chill, lay low and stay breezy
I hear these streets is so greasy
That's why I get high
I'm in the cool, finger in the sky
Doing about 100 in the fast lane
Windows wide open
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Screaming I'll fuck the world
And man I'm sick of lies they keep telling me
The bullshit propaganda that they'd be selling me
I just caught another felony
And mama saying this time is all on me
She ain't bailing me out
No money for a lawyer so I'm stuck with a PD
Methin' on the side with a CD
I keep asking him how does my case look
All he do is tweet and update his Facebook
I had a fight last night on a TA
Gave me 6 more months, I'm looking at a year
Say he want revenge, I'ma show no fear
Don't make me have to earn another tattoo tear
Dear God, I wonder can You save me
Because these 4 walls got me going crazy

My shawty 'bout to have our baby
So me I gotta get it, no
If there's a maybe so fuck the world I'ma just chill, lay low and stay breezy
I hear these streets is so greazy
That's why I get high
I'm in the cool, finger in the sky Doing about 100 in the fast lane
Windows wide open
Doing about 100 in the fast lane
Windows wide open
Screaming I'll fuck the world It came different, these young bucks got it twisted
All this snitching, I can't get with it
I done seen with a lizard
That hug they kids and kiss their wife on a visit These young chickens are here bumpin' kittens
Male teens, the skinny jeans they're out here switching
Mike Jack missin', the glove glisten
The moon walk, thriller theme, the jacket a 100 zippers The earth shifting, the earth speaking
Earthquakes in China tsunami and Cali driftin'
I'm trying to circle the car but try and kiss it
If you believe all you can be then why enlist in? All you thieves without permission
Open your eyes and ears, people listen
The last days is here dawg, the time is ticking
Until judgment day clear, I'ma just I'ma just chill, lay low and stay breezy
I hear these streets is so greazy
That's why I get high
I'm in the cool, finger in the sky Doing about 100 in the fast lane
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Doing about 100 in the fast lane
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Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>