

Wrote: 2006
Song: On Da Roof
Album: Kaly Love 4eva

V1	V2	V3
I used 2 cheat.off my gurl homework everyday befo skool, until i got,jumped n a gang, n started.doing da fool... Trippn out.kuz my whole existence, i neva listend,2 nobody, going insane.after gettn jumped, squabn wit foolz.n da party.... Fryna come up.from being broke, not even trippn.off da pigz, ditchn skool.wit my homeboyz, gankn foolz.4 dey rimz.... Always feeln.like noone loved me, gettn whooped.by my momz, kuz she got callz.from skool princip n took off.from her jobb..... Fryna put me,on restriction, so i cant leave.out da room, gettn paged.by my homeboyz, not coming home,until noon.... Shaken da pigz.datz on our bumper, tryn not,2 get arrested, ryden on foolz,like dune buggyz, kickn up dust.n da desert..... Falln out,wit da only person, ever loved me.n da world, not realizen,it was hard, raisen me.n my 3 brothaz..... kickn bakk.n da hood,klowning, da lowryda,hittn switches, ryna believe.if derz a God, gettn high,on da roof trippn.....	Finally comen,2 a realization. about whatz all.going on, n befo im buried.up n a casket. i just hope,i aint wrong.... Seeing brothaz.be killing brothaz. over frivolous shyt, n when im gone,im leaven a legacy, 2 all my ghetto children.... Hopen dat,u not n prison. 4 slangn dope,on da corna, wantn 2 be.like deze foolz n moviez, n growing up.witout fatherz.... Shaken deze hoochyz,gettn pregnant, by a fool.bekuz he rich. driven a lexus.after she getz, her income tax,return chexx.... Using her kidz,as a mill tiket, always shoppn 4 goodz, leaven her kidz,wit dey grandma, so she can,dance at da klub.... N im still mad,at amerikkka, 4 what dey do,2 our people, n den want me.2 go fight n a war, sayn da terrorist is evil..... Wondern why,all my people crazy, steady maken,our mistakez, liven n dis materialistik world, where everybody,aktn fake.... Hearn brothaz.get shot & locked up, kuz dey dont care,n wont listen, hopen dat,one day will rise, gettn high,on da roof trippn.....	Feeln like God,maybe want me dea n not believen,da shyt, n cant find chix,who down 4 me, so i dont got,no kidz.... Gettn stopped,everyday by copz, who wanna know,where im from, taken dey ass,on highspeed chase when im ditchn,da krome.... Always tryna,arrest my people, whenever samthan,goes down, hearn gun shotz,befo dey yell, freeze nigger,get on da ground! talkn about.im a n drug zone, when i stay,n da burbz, where whitefolkz,be lookn nervou calln da laws,on us thuggz.... Telln my people,we need 2 standu aktn like,dey all scared, brainwashed,by da government, dat treat our people unfair.... Lockn up,all us blax n prison, n nathan left,but our sistaz, turning dey baxx.on allus brotha being oppressed,by da system.... Who be lookn,2 find somebody, isnt down,wit bullshyt, n women dont care,who dey marry, dey only out,4 yo gripp..... Wondern why,dis world so messd u writen my hommyz,n prison. i hear dat God,dont like ugly, gettn high,on da roof trippn....

Repeat Chorus:
gettn high. on da roof trippn....