

# Thoughts

## Futuristic

My mind is hella hectic, day and night  
I drink my sorrows down, with lean and sprite  
I'm a sex addict and I need it tight  
But Mary Jane is the only women that treats me right  
And I think I might be just like my dad  
He loved my momma more than anything, that's what he said  
But he had ho's for days, that gave him head up in my bed  
And 'til this day he tell me that he don't have a single regret  
What the fuck am I supposed to take away from that  
You ruined our family and you wouldn't take it back  
Yeah you raised me up, but my lil brother suffered  
And then I raised him, while I supported my mother  
Motherfucker, I had to get that off my chest  
Even though you left us then, now I still love you to death  
But that bitch you married now, is a crazy ho  
And I hope she hears this song on the radio  
As a younging I would hustle, just to make some doe  
Yeah, I sold trees to fiends, when I ain't even smoke  
But that's good, cause I was upping all my profits  
No matter where I went, I had some green up in my pocket

But these are just my thoughts and I'm coming from the heart

I wondered as a child, why I stuck out  
They playing in my hair, I told them to get the fuck out  
So I cut it and my grandmomma cried  
She ninety seven now, thank God she's still alive  
But, let me rewind, there was a day she wouldn't claim me  
How could she tell her friends, she had a black grandbaby  
Raising a nigga kid is something they couldn't tolerate  
And now I only see her in the summers and the holidays  
My white cousins used to live across the street from me  
My grandfolks would visit them and never take a peak at me  
I just used to run outside, with hopes of them just seeing me  
It broke my heart so easily, I shut them out immediately  
But I forgive you for your ignorance  
Now I'm all grown up and I be on some different shit  
But just know if I blow, you won't get a single dollar  
With millions sitting around, that's a hard pill to swallow  
Tell my uncle that there's nothing he can barrow  
I wouldn't give a fuck, if he passed away tomorrow  
Sorry, but I don't even know the man  
Hope he's a donor, recycle him like a soda can  
Kinda ironic how all of you is some Kobe fans  
But you scared of brown skin, prolly wouldn't hold my hand  
I understand and I see now that you trying  
But I can't shake emotions from inside me

But these are just my thoughts and I'm coming from the heart

My momma is an angel, I love her so  
I can't imagine a day, when I'd have to let her go  
When we was broke, she was working and going to school  
We moved into the hood, the only thing that we could do  
She's so perfect, only flaw is that she need a man  
I tried to grow up fast, to be the best one that I can  
But she hates being alone, but who could blame her

The only problem, she'd take anybody who would date her  
They just played her, while I sat there and watched her ball  
I told her everytime, she wouldn't listen at all  
It ain't my fault, but she acted like it was  
You dating an alcoholic, with a crazy ass son  
On to the next one, this nigga was something stupid  
We scrapped a couple times and then I finally lose it  
This nigga set me up and now you asking me to prove it  
I had my hand on the trigger, you lucky I didn't pull it  
And I'll never let that shit go  
And if I see him now then it's popping like Crisco  
But that's off the subject, fuck that nigga let him die  
After he left though, the look changed in your eyes  
You hated me inside and I could tell  
You would curse me out and I would yell  
We'd exchange words, that I'll never tell  
He thought the only option for me, was dead or in jail  
Bitch nigga, how you like me now  
I'm doing my thing, I hope you proud  
Yeah, I know my momma is  
She be at my shows, fifth row hollering  
Buying shots, for my under aged friends  
We getting fucked up, let's do it again  
I love her and I'm glad we how we is  
I respect her and appreciate everything that she did  
  
But these are just my thoughts and I'm coming from the heart