Reach my prime

Gotta make these haters respect mine

I've been workin' this graveshift and I ain't made shit I wish I could buy me a spaceship and fly past the sky I've been workin' this graveshift and I ain't made shit I wish I could buy me a spaceship and fly past the sky Man, man, man If my manager insults me again I will be assaulting him After I fuck the manager up then I'm gonna shorten the register up Let's go back, back to the Gap Look at my check, wasn't no scratch So if I stole, wasn't my fault Yeah I stole, never got caught They take me to the back and pat me Askin' me about some khakis But let some black people walk in I bet they show off their token blackie Oh now they love Kanye, let's put him all in the front of the store Saw him on break next to the 'No Smoking' sign with a blunt and a Mall' Takin' my hits, writin' my hits Writin' my rhymes, playin' my mind This fuckin' job can't help him So I quit, y'all welcome Y'all don't know my struggle Y'all can't match my hustle You can't catch my hustle You can't fathom my love dude Lock yourself in a room doin' five beats a day for three summers That's a different world like Kree Summers I deserve to do these numbers The kid that made that deserves that Maybach So many records in my basement I'm just waitin' on my spaceship, blaow I've been workin' this graveshift and I ain't made shit I wish I could buy me a spaceship and fly past the sky I've been workin' this graveshift and I ain't made shit I wish I could buy me a spaceship and fly past the sky Man, I'm talkin' way past the sky Let's go, yeah And I didn't even try to work a job Represent the mob At the same time thirsty on the grind Chi state of mind Lost my momma, lost my mind +My life, my love+ that's not mine Why you ain't signed? Wasn't my time Leave me alone, work for y'all Half of it's yours, half of it's mine Only one to ball Never one to fall Gotta get mine Gotta take mine Got a tech nine

In the mall 'til 12 when my schedule said nine Puttin' them pants on shelves Waitin' paitently I ask myself Where I wanna go, where I wanna be Life is much more than runnin' in the streets Holla at 'ye, hit me with the beat Put me on my feet Sound so sweet Yes I'm the same ol' G, same goatee Stayin' low key, nope Holler at God "Man why'd you had to take my folks?" Hope to see Freddy G., Yusef G Love my G, Rolly G Police watch me smoke my weed, count my G's Got a lot of people countin' on me And I'm just tryin' to find my peace Should of finished school like my niece Then I wouldn't finally wouldn't use my piece, blaow Aw man, all this pressure

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I remember havin' to take the dollar cab Comin' home real late at night Standin' on my feet all damn day Tryin' to make this thing right And havin' one of my co-workers say "Yo you look just like This kid I seen in the old Busta Rhymes video the other night" Well easy come, easy go How that sayin' goes No more broad service, cars, and them TV shows I all had that snatched from me And all the faculties all turn their back on me And didn't wanna hear a rap from me So naturally actually had to face things factually Had to be a catastrophe with the fridgest starin' back at me Cuz nothing's there, nothing's fair I don't wanna ever go back there So I won't be takin' no days off 'til my spaceship takes off

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I wanna fly, I wanna fly
I said I want my chariot to pick me up
And take me brother for a ride