

Hold on  
You got this  
Don't throw it away  
Lear to forgive but don't forget  
Even when it feels like the works  
Hold on you got this don't throw it away  
Make more memories than regrets  
If nothing else just live and learn

What if I was talking to the younger me  
Way back when I was three  
Running up and down the street  
Not a thing I'll ever need no shoes up on my feet  
Sitting in the puddle causing trouble for my family  
I would say "get ready things are about to change"  
I would say "hold steady even if you run away"  
I would say "nobody knows what you about to face"  
I would say "oh buddy hold for a better day"  
You got them teachers aw upon your case  
Watching it just slip away feeling like it never  
And now your feeling like your so deranged  
Staring out the window where nobody seems  
To know your pain  
Help now is on its way God knows what you face  
Wipe all the tears away let go of all the hate  
This all about to change know there's a better way  
Roll with the punches you can hold for a better day

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What if I was talking to the younger me  
With the shirt clean and some dungarees  
Acid washed ripped jeans  
Stripe like a bumble bee  
Running from the bowies in the hood tryna' come at me  
Punch'n up the wall with hall while in mumbling  
Shoved in the stall then I fall down stumbling  
Crawl to the wall then I have out hustling  
Head home where its all fall down crumbling  
Wondering wondering anyone loving me?  
Yes there is for the kid feeling ugly  
Zits on your face and your kicks quite struggling  
Helps on its way its gonna change quite suddenly  
Screaming at the top of your lungs till its thunderin'  
Words pound threw ya head ya angels now bubblin'  
Ran out the poor down the street to your cousin nem'  
Found out everything you need He had it covered Man

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What if I was talking to the younger me  
Right around twenty three  
Young MC hungry  
Head full of dreams got a heart full of ministry  
Head full of stream got some art for the industry  
Can't find a part just to start in my own space  
Too white, too broke, no talent, no name  
That's what they said I went my own way  
Messing with my head I don't listen to what they gonna say  
But I need to be slow to speak  
Take time just to breathe it keeps me in perfect peace  
And enjoy all the mystery  
Learn to shut up dude  
Learn how to listen please  
And through the darkest of your days  
He promises to stay  
You gone make it through ok  
And this is what I'd say...

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