

Yo, look

If I had a chance to talk to a younger me
I'd tell her, "Slow it down, ain't no rush for the luxuries"
Started poor, just know the money you want don't come from trees
Talk about your pain, stop getting drunk to numb your grief
It's hard for you to trust, they don't cherish the love you bring
You just a kid taking care of your mother's seeds
Preparin' 'em for bed, combin' hair up and brushin' teeth
Dealin' with the pain you feel when a parent becomes a fiend
Nah, you can't express yourself, that be the worst
The way you get treated hurts
You had many thoughts of leaving earth
You got responsibilities of a teen from birth
So you can't stay focused, think you need a man to see your worth
Just know there ain't no success without a struggle
Spend more time with your bro, it might've kept him out of trouble
They say it takes a village to grow a child (Yeah)
Would've been ahead if I knew then what I'm knowin' now

Ayo, I kept re-in' up so much that I ain't get a chance to save
I'm stuck in my financial ways
I'm from the school of hard knocks and this block my financial aid
Nigga, we was the examples made
Was locked twenty-three hours inside a cage 'cause I can't behave
Every three days, a nigga got a chance to bathe
That's where I learned to handle rage
Grab paper, write my plan on the page
That's how I channel pain
I been through that Arm & Hammer phase
I had a trap house on every corner, it's like I ran a maze
White boy dope heads that would sample trays
They let me work out they house like a handsome slave
These the niggas that y'all stand and praise?
Think he the man of the rain 'til my bullets rain on your champ parade
Y'all lames don't understand the game
Walkin' 'round with them hollow-ass chains soundin' like tambourines, trust

This how I breathe, making due while sittin' in the dark
This how I grieve, pour it in the music, this is art
Nigga, try me, keep the FN-eezy, he get sparked
Like the hi-def, might cut his chest open just to see his heart
We at war, constantly sinnin', but we don't see the cost
Jack passed, son passed, daughter passed, we at loss
Push the latest widebody S-Class through the easy pass
No, they don't deserve me, why they need me? Why I'm hurtin' for?
One thing for certain, they gon' need me 'fore I need them
Catch you when I leave town, tie 'em up, an even score
Furthermore, I got Young Chris blessings
This is street knowledge gifted, this is 38 Special
We are movin' on up like the Jeffersons
I left 'em in the basement with the haters, this the ninety-
eighth level, nigga
We was tearin' it in Philly 'cause our net bigger
Made a million in the trenches 'fore I met Jigga
Entered in the music business, then I robbed the bank
Chris Wallace, pray the next year be much bigger (Baby, baby)