

You know how the game goes
But that's the life we livin'
Let the story begin

Yo, now mama's bills ain't paid and my family in the cold
And I just outgrew my hand-me-down clothes
Thirteen years old with a old soul
And a warm heart that was soon to grow cold
My whole goal was to make sure that the coke sold
And find fiends that smoked more than a broke stove
I was exposed to the pushers and pimps
No father figure so a nigga had to look up to them
Couple mistakes coulda brought me jail, but it taught me well
Copped my first thing a month later went and bought me twelve
It ain't about scars it ain't about life
I been behind bars and I made it out twice
I thought I made it, but I made a hard life
Moved somewhere real far, my neighbors all white
I guess I'm just a product of the game
Only real niggas relate to my pain
Livin' let's go

You only live once so make the best of it
Playing your hand make the best of it
Comin' from the slums
Comin' from the slums some don't make it out of here
Do yo' thang
Do thangs, do thangs, do thangs
Gotta make it out right

Uh, let's go
Same chapter, different page
We made it off the plantation but still infatuated with whips and chains
I know this money and jewelry ain't gon' fix the pain
But goin' through bad habits that we pretend okay
I wanna take my niggas to the riches with me
But it's hard 'cause they ain't got the same ambition as me
It's a shame the type of scars a bad decision can leave
I paid the price but sometimes I wish it was free
I was speedin' fast, try not to repeat my past
Life is just a test that I never had to cheat to pass
Stashes at the crib, but I'm conscious where I leave it at
'Cause my father a fiend, he gon' steal it when he need the crack
Tryna keep it saint, 'cause the way I was brought up was mixed with tears [?
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A crooked lifestyle that just forced us to live in fear
It ain't happen overnight; it took longer to get us here
Yeah, that's black girl magic Harry Potter can't disappear, nigga

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[?] in your hand make the best of it
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