

RONNIE'S INTERLUDE

A-Reece

Lucky me, dad was home, not all my homies (Yah)
(Give the mic here real quick)
(Here we go)
Uh huh (Uh huh)

Lucky me, dad was home, not all my homies had that
Covid came, he wouldn't live long, it did my dad bad
Wish I could have my dad back
Still cannot believe he's gone
Now he's livin' through the song
The studio's where I crash at
A place to study the craft at
Matter o' fact, I learned it all
Burnt the raw
The studio rug is where all the ash is at
Flashbacks not havin' much, not havin' that
Had to make a way to get to where they say the cash is at
The books would have - Math in the front, lyrics in the back
Didn't have to be in class to show you I'm a class act
Tryna mash that Hov' flow in case you still ain't caught that
I ain't never caught a body, robbed a man and sold crack
Hijacked, did a scam or owned a gat
They do that where I grew up at
Me I chose a different path, wrote rap
In those times, I was on the rise, check the almanac
The pen I'm usin' quickly turned into a rap artefact
I think you get the gist of where I'm gettin' at with all of th
at
When I try to leave it's like it just keeps callin' back (Preee
)
I don't know what to call it if it ain't a fact
And if you ain't heard me, nigga, run it back (Yeah)