

Wise man once said: "Never be a label
If you let 'em tell you story they'll incarcerate you
And choose to see you through that lens but that's a narrow vision"
I really chose to be myself and trust my intuition (Right)
I really do write down my goals and bring 'em to fruition (Yes)
I wish I would sell my soul just for some recognition (Naw)
If you don't lean into that pain it'll get repetitious
See everybody claim they real but what's your definition
Man I get chills from all them stories just took reminiscing
Ain't see my father so big brother was my living witness
My momma only give her best to give us proper living
It's for them times I felt alone and kept my composition
My opposition's non-existent ain't no competition
It's for my tribe, it's for my guys who watches from them skies
They looking down, I know they proud of how I shift the odds
I finally got what I was worth, I'm giving grace to God, oh my
God