

The Dirt

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Back in the days they used to call me a criminal
Running from the police
Hanging with the homies
Gun in my way, it's getting high of the chemicals
I was only 16, kicked out on the streets

My mama told me, "If you wanna make it
You better figure out your life before they take it"
Yeah, my mama told me, "You gotta get smarter
Or you're gonna end up in a cell just like your father", mm

Ah-ooh, Lord knows I've tried so hard
Ah-ooh, Lord know I've come so far
Ah-ooh-ooh, each time I touch the stars
Something always brings me back to earth
And I'm back digging in the dirt
And I'm back digging in the dirt

I'm coming of age and they call it a miracle
I'm alive and breathing
There's gotta be a reason I'm still here
So I pick up the pace, tryna make me some money, oh
Come up with a scheme now
A dirty or a clean now, yeah

'Cause my mama tells me, "You better make it
If not for yourself, then you should do it for your lady"
Yeah, my mama tells me, "You gotta get smarter
You've got a son and in a month you'll have a daughter", mm

Ah-ooh, Lord knows I've tried so hard (Yeah)
Ah-ooh, Lord know I've come so far
Ah-ooh-ooh, each time I touch the stars
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And I'm back digging in the dirt
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