

Uh, LA, uh huh, Chi Town, Philadelphia, PA
Hey now, uh, LA, yeah, Chi Town, Philadelphia, PA

Listen, pick any city, the South side, the outside
It isn't pretty, the tots spyin' and shots fired
Protection there be the lopsided, cop kind
You see the scene of a crime like every stop sign
My section of twenty-one pound is downtown
They walkin' 'round wit' the guns out, it's wild how
The youngings dumb proud, followin' the crowd now
Leading the blind with they minds up in the Soundcloud
Ain't a lotta sunshine when you on a frontline
Listenin' to that ghetto drumline, duckin' one-time
Thinkin' how the Devil doesn't tire, even sometimes
Wonderin' how the fuck could one's rhyme be this unkind
Everybody cold to me, seeming through this bullshit
The only thing that sold to me bein' told, we should hold on
Gettin' old to me I'm about to buckle
'Cause holdin' tight got my hands fully white-knuckled
And to be honest, tomorrow is not promised
Whether you on the streets of Chicago or Botswana
You gotta be rock solid, not to be outsmarted
The rise from rock-bottom to one of the top scholars
I never ask what's the secret of success
With a target on your back and a scarlet on your chest
Listen, just get it, not a minute to rest
This is not a test, settle for the best, nothin' less, dig it

Pick any city, the South side, the drought side
Where E-M-S has arrived, well, it's about time
People who just get they tops fried get outlined
Minutes and seconds go clockwise but not mine

Where I'm from it's a war scene
Where more fiends scream for Morphines, Zoloft and Thorazine
We don't subscribe to the grand scheme
The plans seems to be keepin' us all sick, sellin' them vaccines
Ain't a lot of fun time when your only son dyin'
And the world's comin' untied from the inside
That's between affection and depression, it's a thin line
Stress and pressure here is multiplied ten times
Everything is blurred to me, lessons deferred for me
Fam said it's been a long term since they heard from me
My lil' homie never made it out of surgery
Sometimes I feel like South Philly tryna murder me

First, everybody's upset 'cause you died
They like, "Wait a minute, man
I ain't the ones who's dead, he's the one that's brown bread"
Hah, so in comes the second lie, ya dig?