

Where he came up at, it was like kill or die  
People with guns packed, livin' that 'illa life  
Where poverty was rampant, bloody murder in the night  
And people striving so what others wouldn't win the fight  
Cause see this one dude, lived on the other side  
Of town, a big house, father and mother tried  
To give him everything he wanted, things that others tried  
To have and wanted to obtain, they taught the brother right  
From all around then, crack epidemic hit  
The brother selling drugs; it's you the ladies kick it with  
It seems he had the most respect as well as dividends  
He got out of going to school so he could get it in

Escape from the block, get out, get away  
Escape from the block, constant mental elevation  
Escape from the block, create your situation  
Escape from the block, and make a better day

Now as some time's passed, he's in and out the pen'  
He's had a few kids, still isn't sinking in  
He's doing lots of OxyContin and some Vicodins  
Upon returning to the block to live that life again  
It's full of young guns, he used to get respect  
But now he's turning thirty and he's an official wreck  
His baby mother hardly ever lets him see his kids  
His whole crew he grew up with is dead or doing bids  
So moved away far, but still he bangs his block  
His family members closest to him tell him change his spot  
Of residence, he get on out and let your life unfurl  
So you ain't ever really trap cause we live in a world  
But he's a street dude, living by street rules  
He'd rather die repping his block than ever be through  
Being respected as an OG, someone no one dares  
To cross, but what he doesn't realize is no one cares

So many young cats, that wanna rep the streets  
Ain't even from that, I wish this shit would cease  
How many people that you know retiring from hustling?  
How many grown men over thirty that are doing nothing?  
See back in high school, it was the thing to be in  
Instead of living like a nerd, but hate the things you seein'  
The past ain't nothing like the future: now the nerd is ballin'  
And the only thing you got is lint inside your wallet  
Now as respect goes, think of a different plan  
Instead of gangster I would rather be a grown man  
Because a man handles his business building better days  
And a gangster only ends up in the jail or grave