

Yes, and we begin. Where we left off. Leaving off
where, pretty much began... March with me y'all.

On my 27th, round trip around the sun
Counting every blessing, reminiscing on the drum
But not for a second ever forgetting where I'm from
Others grip the gun my weapon is my tongue

In the military slum, maneuvered through the sewer that
the children called the river
We coming home to dinner make the kitchen smell sweet
And shorty felt the pressure on his shoulders but
really-

I jumped out the window whenever pops would hit me
An 8-bit Nintendo got replaced with the indo
Eventually, my pen would be the means to escape
Was 8 in '88 in the 808 state where the 808 kick was my
heartbeat

it got me in Honolulu Hawaii to contemplate a career
With no 'panoys?' kicking raps anywhere near except for
my peers

Fathers all gone the better parts of the year
At the shipyard watching mom wipe away the tears
It was hard but she stayed strong watching four kids
I can see how tradition make us do what we do
Like keeping things in plastic so that shit will stay
new

Some things we gotta lose some things are worth keeping
It wasn't all that but wasn't all peaches

i'ma teach my son to respect his elders, but not before
they give him respect first

Expect that on my 27th, round trip around the sun

Counting every blessing, reminiscing on the drum

But not for a second ever forgetting where I'm from

Others grip the gun my weapon is my tongue

X2

And I still got cassette tapes with tape on top of 'em

Maybe I should auction 'em lately I've been rocking 'em

Some of 'em I copped but all the rest I went and

pocketed

Never was the talkative type.

After the chronic had dropped before the infamous my
sentiments penned

The beginning of the story where the logic begins

Went bargain bin digging the medicine made for
listening

Never afraid to question conditions that we were
leaving in

Even if we decided to live it up a little a bit,
underwear and socks what I mostly got for Christmases
And if you ever played ball with Chanelas on, this
one's for y'all

Cause once and for all, if you ever held a San Miguel
bottle in your palm

Or the blocks that you used to stomp upon are gone
Or the all of the above, then let this be the song

The steps might be short but the march is long, come on

On my 27th, round trip around the sun

Counting every blessing, reminiscing on the drum

But not for a second ever forgetting where I'm from

Others grip the gun my weapon is my tongue