

# I Went From

Brotha Lynch Hung

Been a hard road  
Still walking this walk you know  
From over there to over here (still smokin')  
And its nuthin'..

I went from selling dope to selling weed and CD's  
And doing little dirt for my BG's for green leaves  
I went from knee-deep, from stateline to stateline  
I had to make mine so I wouldn't have to take mine  
I went from playtime to robbin in the nighttime  
I went from daytime to mobbin on the bayline  
to Alcatraz it was taking chunks outta my ass still I  
I went from empty to a full tank of gass  
I went from filthy to clean when my momma passed  
I changed and went from doing good things to drama fast it's strange  
I went from pain to gain I went from game to game  
I went from grain to grain, and went from the past  
to the present I went from artist to the president  
CEO Sicc made music is my residence  
I went from broke to fiendin' for dead presidents  
I went from no hope to king its all evident  
So everybody rise with me  
Realise with me  
You don't know what's on my mind  
Shots out to Sicx when I spit this rhyme  
Sloppy off the X when I writ this rhyme  
I'm all up in the cut when I hit this dime  
Tomorrow's gonna be different I swear this time  
(Tomorrow's gonna be different I swear this time)

I went from hospitals to funerals to graveyards  
From Hell's Kitchen like Mel Gibson in Braveheart  
I went from they yard to my yard  
I went from having light scars to bulletwounds tight cars and silverspoons  
I went from the southside to the north to the eastside  
I let the meat fry, stress from eating pork  
I went from me ride to I ride  
I went from livin it up to writing notes that talk suicide do or die  
It's been a hard road I went from slamming cardoors to 6-4's to 2004's  
I went from blued out in clothes to never booed out at shows  
Who doubt the foe led toast  
I went from homies to enemies I went from gold weed to indonese  
I couldn't stop needing  
I went through every season I went through to every reason for nothing  
Plenty reasons to be touching the remedies  
So everybody rise with me  
Realise with me  
You don't know what's on my mind  
Shots out to Q-ball when I spit this rhyme  
Sloppy off the X when I writ this rhyme  
I'm all up in the cut when I hit this dime  
Tomorrow's gonna be different I swear this time  
(Tomorrow's gonna be different I swear this time)  
I went from next to nothing to pressing button and black keys  
from 15 to 23 walking the streets  
from OE to no weed I'm paranoid  
They all tell me they love me, it's all null and void

I play with toys, you know, shots to big Zo  
I went from 40 to 0 just to get hydro  
I went from him to him that's how the story goes  
Tearing from limb to limb touching the 44's  
I went from Sac to Chicago just to promote  
200 dollars in my pocket looking hella broke  
Did the show and made 15 g's  
and don't you know I smoked 15 bleezies  
I went from I don't got enough its nuthin  
I went to damn I got it rough, where's the luck at?  
I went from hell and back I went from ballin in black to smelling up the  
back alleys with Maui Wowie, I been telling you that  
Everybody rise with me  
And realise with me  
That you don't know what's on my mind  
Shots out to Big Dan when I spit this rhyme  
Sloppy off the X when I writ this rhyme  
and I'm all up in the cut when I hit this dime  
Tomorrow's gonna be different I swear this time (you know it)  
(Tomorrow's gonna be different I swear this time)  
So everybody rise with me  
And realise with me  
You don't know what's on my mind  
Shots out to E-Mill when I spit this rhyme  
Sloppy off the X when I writ this rhyme  
and I'm all up in the cut when I hit this dime  
Tomorrow's gonna be different I swear this time  
(Tomorrow's gonna be different I swear this time)  
So everybody rise with me  
And realise with me  
That you don't know what's on my mind  
Shots out to X-Raided when I spit this rhyme  
I'm sloppy off the X when I writ this rhyme  
and I'm all up in the cut when I hit this dime  
Tomorrow's gonna be different I swear this time  
(Tomorrow's gonna be different I swear this time)  
So everybody rise with me  
And realise with me  
That you don't know what's on my mind  
Shots out to Jam Master Jay when I spit this rhyme  
I'm sloppy off the X when I writ this rhyme  
and I'm all upon the cut when I hit this dime  
Tomorrow's gonna be different I swear this time  
(Tomorrow's gonna be different I swear this time)  
So everybody rise with me  
Realise with me  
That you don't know what's on my mind  
Shots out to Royal D when I spit this rhyme  
and I'm sloppy off the X when I writ this rhyme  
All up in the cut when I hit this dime  
Tomorrow's gonna be different I swear this time  
(Tomorrow's gonna be different I swear this time)  
One mo' time everybody  
Rise with me  
Realise with me  
You don't know what's on my mind  
Shots out to No Love when I spit this rhyme  
I'm sloppy off the X when I writ this rhyme  
and I'm all upon the cut when I hit this dime  
Tomorrow's gonna be different I swear this time  
(Tomorrow's gonna be different I swear this time)  
Watch out  
(Hey you got the cigarette? - Thanks homie)

(Shots out to the homie A-Jay who's been down the whole album)  
(Hey lets continue this shit -- into the next ??)