

Tired of rapping about things I don't have  
Can I share a little truth,  
Oh where's my manners,  
May I paint a picture in this booth,  
My name is Cassper  
Yeah, I ain't a king, I've been to school  
Since missing school with wicked dudes who used to tell me that my lyrics smooth,  
They were robbing innocent rich people  
Can you blame them  
They told me I should chase my dream in order to save them  
They told me if I could make it out  
I could show all the kids that it's possible to make it count  
I'd be a role model  
My name would be celebrated  
Cassper Nyovest, got in the room and meditated  
I knew that it was possible, calculating obstacles  
The only thing I lack was patience like empty hospitals  
Should I, should I do it  
Man I could beat the books, no report  
My hood is filled with crooks, and no support  
Bare success ke tla e peleta  
Since binnekant  
But being good to those who bad to you builds character

Strive, strive to get what you want [x2]  
I can't wait 'til we on [x2]

Now I'm out here,  
Couple of initial hits  
I'm trying to feed mouths here,  
Not touch your precious tits (hey)  
You on the couch there,  
Ska tlo ijwetsa hier  
Moving from the hood to the burbs ain't the best of it  
Time and again I'm seen as lucky  
Capo e ka nna paki, gore ga ise ke etse zaka  
Maar ba oketsega boCuzie, bomalome mang-mang  
Bo hey, ne ke go leira, not to be rude  
But honestly ga ke go cave space-a  
Where were you when I was squatting at Diece's house  
Dikoloto di pile-a te meer not a bietjie huh  
I had to hide when our father came, he ra di ira  
'Til I was accepted with open arms ke nna kwa lapeng  
And now I'm about to get my own place, I'll do it my own race  
To hell with popularity, me, I got my own taste  
Almost did the two chains, just to get too paid  
But Imma stay real, 'til I make real money

Strive, strive to get what you want [x2]