

You don't even look like a man, you know what I'm saying
So you don't really need the money but at the same time
It's so hard growing up in the hood, people don't really understand
Everybody got their mom's and they pops and they got they catholic schools
And they got their brothers and their little dog Scruffy
In they backyard, but it's not like that in Brooklyn
This is dedicated to all my ghetto men, and lady friends
Those in the hood that ain't doing what they should
And I recall this one, the incompatible capital?

Yo ever since I was a snot-nose
I grew up close to Kosciusko
Got mad ho's that got mad low if you had known
Same wars sneaking through back doors with they backs on
My back yo, bet you got played like banjo's
I admit it, I'm an asshole
Mess your day up like bad jokes, or bad Joe no bad shows
I think it's best you know five o's, El Diablo
Keep one eye closed till your shine grows your fine soul
The pines roll and my minds blown
I meditate the elevated to another fucking time zone
Fly in the astral planes, but still I have to train
If no one gets the picture then that must mean that you can't be framed
I know you think that life is sweet, sweet
Not in these streets, streets
When you see blood up on the concrete
Been working on these projects
And these projects where I'm from
Bed-Stuy, Brooklyn
Life ain't promised where I'm from
I'm from the slums where you don't run son
Live by the gun, die by the gun
Some catch the street smarts and some dumb
Some of them feel me but some numb
All I can say is, one love to the young thugs getting their lungs strung

Ever since a kid all I wanted to do is play
Got a little older, found out about the game
Ain't care about the fame all I wanted was a name
Dreaming big ever since I was a shorty
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They been like 'Dirty this is real life shit, ' oh yeah
I'm just a cool laid back nigga, no beach chair
Dirty San from Brooklyn, what is not clear
And my people interfere because they're not scared
Little kids kick rocks with miss-matched socks
It hurt to kick it, drinking quarter-waters
Money is liquid
Been looking for the golden ticket
Them April showers fooled me
All month living gloomy
Flowers may never bloom
Black petunia, tune your radios into the radio-activist

Throwing up half a... (Chill)
I been living on the edge
My legs are dangling off of a ledge
Fuck school, I seek knowledge
God mind, it takes one to know who to acknowledge
Got these suicidal thoughts like Christopher Wallace
That's that, do or die mentality
Women that call me sweet, end up with bad cavities
Somebody call the pope, Beast Coast about calamity
Just cause you're my neighbour
That don't mean that we're close
Eyes open, look close into the future
To my mexicanos truchas or Medusa
You gone face these streets flooded with snakes and leaches
And they can suck me, I been corrupted
By the creaming peaches, I'm mutant leaving em' speechless
Looking for the top but we don't know where the peak is
Fuck your weakness, your weekend, 47 speaking

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