

So we made it to this same end of the road
And we picked up lots of chicks and pots of gold
How I made it out with my soul

Ashtrays and cigarretes, last days, indigenous people
These are adventures of young black millionaires
I am the voice of the meek and underprivileged
The smell of success, I want y'all to get a whiff of this
On the move like black slaves through the wilderness
I write it, and still get invited to white Christmases
When I was born, three wise men came to visit us
One a hustler, one a king, one a prisoner
They cracked the bottle then started giving gifts
You from Chicago, we want you to deliver this
Show the walking dead who the true and living is
Separate the fake from who the real reals is
Hot tub time machine, back to the Sybaris
Hats from liquor stores to avoid syphilis
Frivolous spending, drunk nights with storybook endings
I guess it's my addiction to women
I was in France, in to see Hennessy blending
Writing my own scripts like I'm Tennessee Williams
Now it's new beginnings like a born again Christian
On the mic, victorious, story is redemption

I'm sitting at the top, I'm not alone
I'm standing here with my soul

Feed our souls with two fish and five loaves
Teach a man to cook it for survival
My dad said it rained on my arrival
Now a storm of the brain make these guys drive slow
Like I was 5-0, but my creed's Apollo
On the rock and roll with the coldest live show
For those before I came, I made the song cry for 'em
Lyrical gymnast, you set the bar low
This is the Kilimandjaro, like Twitter you can follow
It may be hard to read like hieroglyphics
Written on the walls of Cairo, check my youth revival
Truth inside flow, I stand like Em did with Dido
Crash parties, any live yo
Is libel to get banged like things that rival tribal slang
From the pride we'll reign, kill the game and watch it die slow
Ali MC, I fight for more than the title
Your idol

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