

I went to catchin' cases to buyin' cases of Don flyin' places  
From metal bracelets, to diamond bracelets  
From ghetto pavements, to hotter ways with  
My own private acre, I'm movin' up like the Jeffersons  
Drivin' spaceships, like the Jetsons, my mic  
Conseption is deep  
Like my conseption, my life was tested, numerous times  
Like Judas, the father's rudest child  
Only a winner could lose with a smile, refusin' to bow  
Even the critics of Cormega, enthusiast now  
As well the SL-5, watch how the roof come down  
When Sammy come through, you know how the crew get down  
We no longer have to move bricks now  
Rainy days are brighter when the jewels are out  
And we only dealin' with people, showin' true love now  
Dedicate to every one who grew up hard  
Sky's the limit, reach for the stars  
I had to let it go, I had to let it start a change  
It ain't, the same no more, no more, no it ain't  
Harder times has gone away, say goodbye to heartaches  
Livin' in the ghetto... livin' in the ghetto  
I got a daughter to raise, I thought that the game was honorable  
Til Porter was slain, when Magic and Jordan were playin'  
Ballers were famous, they aura made us, hug corners daily  
Similar to the fiends we serve daily  
No more sleepin', my eyes, son, I see the world clearly  
Whether the projects depths, or the seed of a six series  
As I breeze through the city, rockin' Annie Vezel and Pennies  
I realize people who feel me, are the reason, I mean it sincerely  
I can never lose the love of the streets, that endeared me  
Throughout my adoloscent years, slingin' packs daily  
Reminisclin' people who cash yearly  
While starin' at pictures, wishin' they was here with me  
Like my mans who kept it real with me  
We been through hard times, now we sittin' in hard rides  
We ain't hard to find, we either  
At the crab, going hard in Live  
Or on the block, chillin' right outside  
Sometimes I sit inside my residence, and I just think  
Of my life, and the situations I might face  
Ain't too many real niggaz, is my kind extinct?  
I'm alive, yet a part of me, died with Spank  
I'm still in the game, relentless when my pen hits  
The paper with a vengeance, the essence of the ghetto  
I live it, the realness, straight out the street  
Alotta schemes were laid down, children were leavin' playgrounds  
Cuz dealer squeeze a tre' pound, uh  
No m.c. could get in my area  
Lyrically, few will ever meet the criteria  
I'm clearly a superior breed, like a terriar  
Right here in the streets, where rappers scared to come  
[Chorus]