

Yeah
Check

How else I make it this far
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Listen, music my flesh and blood
It's been my only love since ye high
I used to play Jay high and Ye high
Thinking one day I would go from fan to fuckin player
I guess I found a way huh
My nigga Cozz wants Zendaya
A side note, I'm rooting for you
I use these bars and start recruiting for you
But treat her right
And just remember on your lonely nights this mic will be your friend
You tell it all your secrets that you keeping deep within
Your fantasies, regrets, your happy moments and your sins
And if he doesn't comprehend at least he can pretend
Let's begin to be the men we never seen
In the 80's they smoke crack but now today they sippin' lean
And poppin' Xannies
Fuck niggas runnin' from their families
The streets don't give a fuck about the Grammys
Wish I could talk to granny, wish I could smoke in peace
But when it hit the blunt lately my mind it tortures me
Everything ain't supposed to be, apparently
I take it as a sign and stick the shit that's steering me
In the direction of some clarity
This music is my therapy
I thank the Lord cause he care for me

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Music is my soul and fuel
I guess it only saves a chosen few
From going to school or selling dope, crazy
Back in school I was bumping Cole daily
Now I'm writing rhymes in the notebook that Cole gave me
And bro you so crazy, but all I can do is thank you
You threw your boy a lob, and shit, I ain't even say to
But fuck it all that shit he stay true
Cause you a dime, I'm sure you hear that every day
Cool so look
Fuck being fine cause I know you got a brain too
And shit, let me not get my plate full
You know your brain moves

A little different when you haven't ate food
So I'mma leave it up to fate to make these decisions
And stick to my intentions
I did it for more of the passion, not the great checks
Knowing that there's more than fat asses and great sex
Tryna be the man I ain't yet
But demons stuck on me like ashes on gray sweats
Cause man I ain't made shit and I'm lacking the patience
It's a battle to take in the fact that I ain't win, yet
What am I saying again, I can't go play and win
I travel and take trips
I look to God then I thank him

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Look I ain't got money to blow but I'm getting there dawg
Can't get momma a home but I'm getting there y'all
Won't reach the end of the road just sittin' there dawg
How you gon' learn to grow if you ain't listening y'all?
Look, I'm still a student of the game but I been through some things
And I could school you rather say don't be clueless in the brain
You gotta learn to fly before you cruising with the planes
And you could be a boss, just gotta do it in your lane
Choosing and choose to pray instead of choosing to pray
To use and abuse for pay
You doing it for the love or you doing it to get praised?
What would you do for fame if it was family or money?
They probably lose you today
Probably buy a car and try and coup with the pain
Sometimes homies and hoes is truly the same
Try and screw you for change
Yeah it's truly a shame
But somehow I seem to see the beauty in the rain
I made it this far