

## Moment 4 Life

D-Pryde

This is for radio station that hated my songs  
They say "yo Russell never try, you're a try hard"  
This is for you guys, knockin' my loose pride  
Open your eyes, but you can't cause they're too wide  
You just a poor asian, you'll never make cake  
You a swagger jacker, you a fake Drake  
For those dude who beat me up, thinkin they're tough  
So all you people sayin "dude get your haircut"  
In this moment #1 is my goal  
The moon is my brain and the sun is my soul  
So I'm a keep grindin till the day I see heaven  
Till then I'm a just makin' songs and go gold, maybe platinum  
In this game in this sport  
It's me, Phili, Dj Suss and Baby J on the court  
Against every other labels tryna clash cause they're enemies  
So basically it's Mars Music versus the industry  
Shout to my friends back home right beside me  
If I change cause of the industry, remind me  
Cause you know me, so please keep mind  
Because in theses lines it's Russel then D-Pryde  
Momma's really proud on the what we're all about  
I love you momma dukes, I promise you a house  
And know that ain't a joke, I'm rhymin' till I drop  
Mount Everest high and I'm still climbing to the top  
This time I'll never stop, I'm playin' this right  
I remember what J said that really changed my life  
He said "you gotta find a job that absolutely love and when you  
'll find it,  
you'll never work a day in your life"  
And that's true J, true say  
Since then I look at music in a new way  
Haters hate me like the day before tuesday  
Reppin Canada like Blue Jays and Bubl  ... uhh  
The kid callin' me the new Drake  
Haters flyin in the air like a bouquet  
Right above the one but I'm never at a zero  
Man I'm reppin for the asian cause we never had a hero  
Put your glass up, I'm up and higher  
Still drinkin' Arizona like I'm sponsored by them  
This is for my family, growing like an apple tree  
For my mother that had to witness my daddy leave  
Like I had to be, but I'm a keep movin'  
Shout out to all of my fans who loved my sweet music  
And how I speak thru it, who think I'm kinda tight  
Peanut butter ain't an ingredient to this dynamite