

From The Soul

Dave East

My baby brother 19 but still teaching me
Frustration and anger made a beast in me
Now can ready to die ain't a recipe for me
I told my brother everything i got, you got it equally
I'm becoming a man taking me further
If feel like try go get a ceasar without a barber
I'm growing wild while parents don't even know their child
Disfunctional feel comfortably but you know my style
Back against ropes like a boxer
Watching Goodfellas my influence was the mobsters
We again sick with no insurance for a doctors
Hard to get cake but in the hood you get a chopper
Lil niggas barely 15 be catch a Homi'es
I just wanna record don't give a fuck if they sing me
My jumps used to be awarded just like the Sonic
Now the bad blocks and gutter where you can find me
Engineers all about money until you make it
Let them know your struggle they see the money and take it
Money over most but paper is never sacred
Unless is in the Bible but most of these niggas is fakin'
I never bought crack i sold a lot of trees
Try get my education but I had to fallback
Notice of eviction familiar black struggle
That's why most of us is in prison try talk we don't listen
But fuck what I been through is only making me stronger
Even if take me longer I got to win dude
Tell me how I'd suppose to sit in class when I wait to
Teacher got to check it now I concern what you into
That's why I slept to it
I'm up chasing a dollar pressure I step to it
Know you're official when you do it like ref do it
I know you feel how I'm feeling this shit is stress music
Pop a X to it sometimes I feel I ain't shit
I guess my eX knew it
Sincerely being honest this is the best music
Catalog shoppers with a patience of a shooter
Whip the collar collide us eyes like stripe on a Pradas
Taking flight of a pride off
Couple night and remind us
You lose your life over dollars we street niggas but scholars
Politican endorsement and you kill a [?] with a smiling face
So fuck a sparkler tell a owner to provide a case
I'm from money making so we really ain't no time to waste
Autographed bodies leave niggas [?] in their face
Told [?] my glass is up like I'm celebrating
Unfortunately be the nigga that was never hating
Bob Marley truth smoke for who ever blazing
Imma do this for my niggas that never make it