

Environment

Dave

Look, you see our gold chains and our flashy cars
I see a lack of self-worth and I see battle scars
He has to be with twenty man when he wears jewelry
And you see it as gangsta, I see it as it as insecurity
Where I'm from, everybody wants to make it out
But nobody wants to see somebody make it out
It ain't about who came around but more about who stayed around
Behind the scenes
They say that God gave us eyes to see
You see the video vixens and all their pearly whites
But you don't see the dirty nights
Long days and early flights
You see the deals and think all these rappers laughin' now
But you don't get that if we weren't already, we're a target now
You see all the groupie girls and think they're Heaven-sent
I see twenty-five minutes worth of empty sex
To tell a lie
It wasn't my intention to objectify
But I can testify, I seen some shit you couldn't rectify
You see this industry where everybody came up
I see a bag of weird rappers and some fake love
Fake handshakes and fake spuds with fake comments
Where everybody covers costs but never pays homage
The scene turned on me, people tryna ruin me
Where most would see a problem, I'm seein' an opportunity
To drop a freestyle and kill them niggas that were booing me
I made my haters watch and put the screw inside of scrutiny
Beautifully
Also, if I am attendin', security is comin' first like I was tryna shop at duty-free
Where the fuck's the unity?
Where I come from, there's no class, forget truancy
We have got nowt in common
Them niggas see a molehill and make a mountain from it
See see a Cuban and a whip, I see a house deposit
How to stop it?
Niggas saw keys and went to trial for shottin'
I saw keys, learned to play and made thousands from it
You see the club poppin' when we do the show
But you don't see the studio
My life is not a movie, bro
Champagne bottles and all the screaming girls
It's ironic how you'll never hear a scream for help
Fuckin' hell
Why d'you think we're goin' through the same thing?
Depression when you make it
The pressure and the hatred
Your people talk about you, you can't say shit
The moment that you ain't it, the labels are lookin' for replacements
Same shit
People start forgettin' what you've done for them
Everyone in music's gonna take until there's nothin' left
Your fans are switchin' up on you
And they don't know how tough it gets
Readin' through your old comments
Tryna feel some love again
I see karma go to work

But God schemes harder
I heard success come quickly but it leaves faster
Secrets are what my enemies have been after
Only Ls I'm hidin' in my closet have a V after

So, looking at it from another perspective
Playing Devil's advocate
Considering you know you're obviously becoming famous
So to speak
But you still deal with a lot of issues on a human level
Do you ever just sit and wonder about the stories behind the people you meet
day by day?
Does that make you feel grateful in a weird way
For you life and problems?