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Photo album but the color faded from it If I could go back and tell ya how it ends, I woulda done it Don't look down Don't look down Friends and family took the alley to Miami Got caught up and now my babies got no daddy Can you send me something? I can't do all of this shouting on an empty stomach I can't find myself no balancing in this emptiness By long way down, she meant the hole I dug myself I can't keep control of myself Sometimes I just don't know (Fuck that shit) My bitch she bad, dawq It's all in my head Mama told me, "Don't be shy" Seno said "Let's get this", watch how fast I switch this What up to Gibs and Stunna Man Watch my brother n'em while you can, aye Shut up, them boys ain't coming out side While I'm outside doing my dance And I might juk, and juk, and juk and juk And juk, and juk, and juk Remember when I couldn't make ends Then I made Ms and the shit made sense I be looking through the Photo album but the color faded from it If I could go back and tell ya how it end, I woulda done it Don't look down Don't look down Friends and family never cared about the Grammys 'Til I grew up out the hand-me-downs and bought the family house I been looking through the photo album, you remember all the good old days? K Swiss and polo down and Mama had to put a down payment by herself And ain't nobody even try to help, she went to jail and shit went left, and I was left I did my best, I needed rest, I got arrested Everybody looking at me like I'm not invested, bitch, you know how hard I wa s stressing? Please, don't call me with weekend plans I'm ripping out all my hair And bitch I don't even dance But sometimes I like to Juk, juk, juk, juk, juk I like to juk, juk, juk, juk, juk I like to juk, juk-juk, juk, juk-juk Juk, and juk, and juk and juk and Juk, and juk, and juk, and juk

Don't look down Don't look down