Blossom

E-40

"Reece, take 'em to church"

Makin' a way out of no way, I did that (Did that)
They gon' try to take your soul by any means, mine still intact
I rose from where roses don't grow
Still flourish and blossom though, yeah
Still stuntin' on them niggas who doubted
Why you hate on me?

They doubted me, outed me, didn't want me to flourish
I come from the ghetto where we was famished, malnourished
When people first heard me, they thought that I was a fluke
But I'm a real nigga like Kunta Kinte from Roots
I'ma keep runnin' even without any shoes
Got family in Louisiana, out there in the boot
My niggas be huntin' and they'll give you the blues
They don't do music but they some Pros with the Tools
Broken towel racks and bullet tissue holders
Used to keep the bacon fat up in a can of Folger's
And if the heater ain't workin' and it's freezin' cold
We open up the oven and turn on the stove, UH!

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They doubted me
Boosie on death row with Manson, they clowned me
Come from the gutter, no cap, the real gutter (Gutter)
One of the few who made somethin' outta nothin' (Gutter)
I learned how to cook cocaine from my uncle in the game
He was a dope dealin' wit' a name
Struggle all winter, broke all summer (Man)
Remember only fuckin' two hoes all summer (Man)
Mama showed pain when I cried to the Lord
Daddy bang a needle, on game, swear to God
Keep on the water on the stove, make it hot, shit was real
Now a nigga livin' on the fuckin' hill
That's what it is

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