

Fo sho, fo sho
Fo sho, fo sho

Not in the MLB, but I be in the outfield
In the traffic commutin', skootin', I'm havin' my scrill'
This pistol I'm packin', it got a whole lotta kick
Don't think that 'cause I'm rappin' that I won't get in your shit
When I was a little youngster I was nosy and curious
I asked a lot of questions and I took life serious
Me and all my cousins, my kinfolk and my relatives
Trenchin' and trappin' and hustlin' ever since we was little kids
Ever since we was little ones, intelligent hooligans
Microwave livin' on the soil rockin' up crumbs
All on the roof and the bushes funkin' with guns
Servin' dope to the fiends, now I'm older I don't condone
I ask the lord to forgive me for everything I done wrong
When it's time to leave this earth, will he let me into his home?
Anything's possible with the power of prayer
I come from nothin', used to have holes in my underwear

Seein' is believing
They didn't think they'd see me on the TV
When I was young, they know they didn't need me
Still I stayed ten to the cement
Fo sho, fo sho (fo sho)
Fo sho, fo sho (fo sho)

I remember when the people didn't see the vision
We was in the kitchen, we was on a mission
Sittin' at a table like "hear the demo"
Me and 40-Water on the instrumental
All we gonna need is a little dough
Puttin' it in the store through the promo
Everywhere we go, B-Lit rollin' up
Ethyl in the cup, but him on his butt
Dodge another bullet, gained another blessing
Hundred thou' independent on my freshman
Prayers going up 'fore we hit the stage
First deal 3 mil' rap page

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