

Junior High

Evidence

I only spit to tell you facts
In junior high, I went to school with kids who sell you crack
Was ridiculed by my peers
They whisper
Pointing while they laugh
In 7th grade, I had a pistol pointed at my back
Back then, I was a cursed teen with a bruised fist
My only best friend was thirteen with two kids
The flower child
My mothers worse seed that grew big
In Sunday school I watched my church sing with loose lips
Road rage on this road to riches
To go to school 'cause sharpened pencils is how I show niggas my point of view
Never avoid the truth
Hungry for the success
But inside of this business
Only the greed can enjoy the food
League of my own
I don't compete with these cats
'Cause you niggas trash
I'd rather hear your beats than your raps
Took a ego trip and my clothe
The only think that I packed
Then I flew to a private island for a week to relax for real, for real

Didn't have to sell a dream
A junior high
In school with kids
That's getting cream
Scrutinized for my moves
Watching plotting on the team
Before a digital scale was rocking on the beam
I failed at first but found my balance sprinting last place
Marathon runners don't come up at a fast pace
Found my talent
Head up in the clouds haze
Fades as evidence
I'm true to the foul plays
For the record:
Put the madness to the method
Digging in the crates
Found the fragments of the wreckage
I just loop it
Hard to say I hadn't been invested
Going back in time before I hadn't been arrested
In the public
If I rock a chain, I wouldn't tuck it
Going back to Cali still rocking a bucket
Fuck the fuck shit
Not the cloth
I'm a cuts it
When confrontation came up, they change the subject

These ain't rhymes
I'm just speaking the facts
A Jewish kid who hung with Puerto Ricans and blacks

For years, my only white friend were beyond shifty
They picked on me so long, I thought something was wrong with me
I used to write a song and wonder who gon' get me
Is it too good?
Will I be misunderstood?
Now, the whole world understand my vocals
A hero to all the weirdos and the anti-social
Check it
They signed up for the program
Never had a prom with a chick to grind up too and slow dance
These naysayers got no chance
And you don't know pain, 'til you get lined up by your own mans
The frigid weather over minuscule digits
You walk through the hood and you don't even know who did it
Today, my pocket's fatter than the hands on a midget
I'm smart 'cause I rely on my heart, not analytics
Know I'm saying
Know I'm saying
Know I'm saying