

# Change

Futuristic

Driving down my old street  
Reminiscing 'bout watching concerts from nosebleeds  
What's charity? I'm keeping all my proceeds  
Yesterday my mama asked, what happened to the old me?  
So loving, so caring and so generous  
Eager to learn, so I can wipe away the ignorance  
I'm only worried 'bout my current situation  
If you made it through what I have  
You too would be inconsiderate  
I only rap about myself, cause I don't have friends  
I'm still tryna get over the things my dad did  
Two racks for a show and I left it at the crib  
I'm still tripping, someone tell me where my cash went  
I ain't mad about the money, man, that come and go  
I'm just upset my whole family's untrustworthy  
Been buying my own clothes, since like fifth grade  
My grandmama said, don't you have enough jerseys?  
She passed away and I ain't been the same since  
Not to mention on the fourth of July  
Me and my girl's anniversary  
So on the day I'm supposed to be happy  
I wear a smile, but I'm hurting inside  
And it's like, you gotta grind every second of every day  
If you really wanna make it into rotation at the station  
So when death and tragedy hits you, you push it away  
Ain't no time for a fucking vacation  
I'm like, what if it doesn't work, what if I never make it  
I'm running out of words, what the fuck am I saying  
I should be celebrating all of my latest success  
Maybe I should've took that deal, could be my greatest regret  
And I'm stressed, overwhelmed of what I put on my own plate  
Haters love and that's all I get from my home state  
Tell my girl I'm working, so I'll probably be home late  
Sometimes I'm really working, sometimes I'm just home late  
Change