

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