

Outta town more than I'm at the spot
Yeah, come home then I wipe the dust off of my foreign drop
Yeah, and it didn't take bakin' soda for me to make it pop
Out in Vegas taking five shots after I watch the fight
But that don't make me 'Pac, you get it?
The mind frame different
Inspiring kids but the time frame different
Used to wonder how the hell am I gon' make it in this business
Then I did it, but still want it, so the migraine's different
Signs in the sky that is all God's vision
But I ain't been to church since I was learnin' division
That was in the 90's, but we 'bout to bring it back
When I snap on the track, swear rap's my religion
You know I got girls on my phone
Saying the same thing, these women became clones
All up on my neck, these women is like cologne
Send women to my machine, they talk to me through a tone
Talk to me through a text, then talk to me through a moan
Had a good one at home but couldn't leave 'em alone
Thought that I could resist but damn it's hard to commit
When you always be on the road and always be in the zone
Vodka in my glass, let it splash
I live for the present, not the past
Black out, then I act out
Said that I was done, give me some then I'm bound to relapse
Bound to relax when you got a few million
Honestly I'd prolly rather have few children
Honestly I'd prolly rather have a good wife
But I always pull back when the love start building
Called my Pops for advice
Man he's had three wives, he should prolly have it down
Then I see myself makin' the same mistakes
I guess it's somethin' in the blood that always come back around
I know I made him proud, he know I'm living a dream
I know he wanted the same, he wanted to be on a team
Brody be trying rap, the other be trying to sing
The other be sellin' shows, they all lookin' to me
Like, how can we do this?
How can we all get the money like you did?
How can we capitalize off the music?
I ignore the calls and feel bad that I do it
I be at the pad makin' hits with the pool stick
I be at the pad makin' hits like I'm Q-Tip
Then I hit the gym with a couple old friends
Put points on the board, man that shit's therapeutic
They see how I do it, it often get imitated
I don't try to hide it, it always be demonstrated
People in my state don't know me but they they be hatin'
They want me to put 'em on, I tell 'em the steps I'm taking
Let 'em up on the shows and introduce them to fans
Let 'em give the hugs and let 'em go shake the hands
Let 'em drop a verse and post it up on the 'gram
But it takes so much more, they really don't understand
There's a price on my head for my green and my time
Price on my head, man, they greedy for dimes
Price on my head over your insecurities
Hurting me 'cause I'm still dealin' with mine

Price on my head by my family and friends
Price on my head for my girls and my cribs
Price on my head since I rapped out in Compton
I promise it ain't been the same ever since