

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