

Look

Once upon a time around the South Side
A young black man grew up in a house
Had a pops he never knew, with a mom that's strung out
His granny careless just about, say he'll never make it out
Of the hood and had a handful of aunties that can vouch
Young nigga named Malcolm, all his homies called him Malc
His big brother off in college, Malcolm took another route
From gang banging, 'caine slanging, moms threw him out the house
Stuck on probation on and off since thirteen, been in and out
Soon as he turned seventeen, shit got super wild
Still a juvenile, he just totin' Rugers now
He shootin' now, streets got him, Malcolm ruthless now
Mom still gettin' higher than a motherfucker
Malcolm used to cry at night, shit a motherfucker
Ask hisself why every time he lie at night
Sometimes he even pray to God and wish he die at night
He grown now, had to get it on his own and
He know nobody gon' be there when he alone and
So fuck it, he just gon' continue doing wrong then
One day he woke up, left the house, and he forgot it
But somethin' inside told him "Malcolm don't leave the ratchet"
But he ain't worried, he been lettin' niggas have it
All his life he been bangin', stealin', robbin'
Killin', livin' heartless, foolish, Godless
Stop to get some swishers from the supermarket
Usually leave the car in neutral but he parked it
Looked in his rearview, two niggas black charger
Black hoodies, black masks, black carbons
He know it's over, try to duck, they start sparkin'
Shells poppin' everywhere, Malc get out of there
He goin' crazy 'cause he knew it, Malc gon' fire
Car hit up, windows out, but that was minor
Perfect setting, it just wasn't Malcolm's time yet
Rush in the house, yell out to moms, "where my iron at?"
And now he gettin' high, don't know where his mind at
Niggas was masked up, he don't know where to find 'em
Was getting out and he ain't know who was behind him
But when he catch a nigga slippin', gon' remind 'em
Two weeks later Malc right back in that action
Whip fixed, new tints, painted, slidin'
Malc ridin, late night, 'round three somethin'
A youngin focused, he just lookin' and he peeped somethin'
Charger parked, car on, he see the heat runnin'
Bitch up in the passenger, he tryna freak somethin'
Malcolm ready, his adrenaline just keep rushin'
But he ain't buggin', he don't want homie to see him comin'
He gon' wait 'cause when he run up he ain't leavin' nothin'
Fuck around and hit the bitch up, he ain't even bluffin'
Look what Malcolm got now, yeah this his lucky day
He on a mission, watch the Charger pull off right away
Sweet as fuck, nigga pull right up to where he stay
Ain't even watching, Malcolm trail a nigga all the way
He super geeked, been tryna catch some action all the day
Charger pullin' in, parking in the driveway
Malcolm parked some houses down, he finna violate
But somethin' tell him Malc "You might as well go all the way, you came this

far, before you spark them, might as well rob him"
Walked him right into the safe, it was a piece of cake
Gave him 300K and Malcolm blew his face away
Ain't give a fuck, that nigga up, he gave that bitch a break
But feds watch the whole thing while they investigate
They had surveillance on a nigga's house since yesterday
Malc runnin' out the back door with the cheese
K's pointed in his face, "Don't move, freeze!"
His mind racing, run, throw the gun, shoot, squeeze
But Malcolm came right to his senses, got down on his knees
The saddest thing about life it keep revolving
Same story, different niggas, same apartments
Same gutter, same group of people starving
Malcolm could've stayed in school and got a job though
But this was all that Malcolm knew, he from Chicago
Compare and contrast if Malcolm's from a rich town
His whole life was planned out since he was six pounds
Let me break it to a core so you can focus more
At the age he started puberty he was smoking weed
His eighth grade graduation he was toting heat
His freshman year of high school he was posted (What you need)
Before he saw his senior year his life was over
Over
It's over
It's over
Over