

Tryna make a wave like a speedboat, we slidin' like a ski slope  
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For the love of the C-notes, only love my people  
Black and Filipino, not to the police though  
To them I'm a target, stealin' from Target  
They burn your whole city and hate on your come up first  
And it's a lot of town niggas that ain't come up first  
I got dirt on my hands, I got blood on my shirt  
Too many hands in my pot, I can not hold up the earth  
Brother tryna hold me back, baby, tryna hold me down  
Niggas tryna hold me up, God seem like he holdin' out  
Priors tryna hold me off, women wanna hold all my valuables  
When I can't even hold myself accountable  
Oh-oh-oh-oh  
Sometimes I fall inside this drank, and show my life away  
I talk to God at night, I pray, for golden tidal waves  
Wash me ashore to another place  
When I'm not at home, tucked off alone  
Somewhere out on the road, I'm in survival mode  
Forever stuck on ten (Ten), yeah  
I still live on ten (Ten), yeah  
Fuck just what, I'm on ten (Ten)  
I miss when I was just ten (Ten)