

# Preach

Hi-Rez

I went from no cloths to everything designer  
Went from no hoes to Rihannas and Madonnas  
Couple hundred Benz and a duffel Louis bag  
I don't need the extra hand, you can put that on my mama  
We ain't messing with you blings; preach  
We ain't really playing games; preach  
Nothing change but the change and the chains and the flame and the Range and  
the J's; preach

I remember passing out show flyers  
Everybody just ripped them up  
I was really thinking 'bout quitting  
Spending hella hours trying to pick 'em up  
Looking back, I wasted my time  
Going at the boy over hit 'em up  
I was just trying to get attention  
By dissing dudes with the bigger buzz  
Everyone around me telling lies  
Have producers stealing my money  
Realized it wasn't down to ride  
Put my own team, started acting funny  
For a long time the music wasn't moving  
Mom suggested going back to school  
I was in too deep to just give up now  
I was stressing happy but I played it cool  
All my friends went away to college  
I was stuck at home so depressed too  
No one was going to my shows and my videos were getting less views  
All my music started getting darker  
Fans said that they miss the old me  
For the first time in life I was lost  
I felt like even I didn't know me

Throwing bands on the shawty like to drop it low  
She want to leave the club with me, come on vamonos  
If she ain't with it I ain't tripping, sorry adiós  
Hoe run it up, around the corner like Domino's

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Closet empty, eyes against me, feeling like nobody get me  
This bottle with me, but still these niggas following me, that's the father  
in me  
So I walk down the steps, okay what I'm 'bouta do next, go grind no flex  
I hope that I was taking notes, while everyone was making jokes  
I paid attention close, okay we gon' see who makes the most  
Okay go ahead put up the post, nah they don't gotta be involved  
I just work hard for this shit, and they just laughed at the kid  
I feel like they gon' learn, maybe not now but my cock out like I'm Dre, mon  
ey can't lock me up like akon in the day time, I be grinding

For them days we copped them cloths in front of the state lines we ain't have it  
So shout out to all my bros and all my day ones  
Now this girly smell that gonjo when I pull in  
I'm just tryna' get my foot in, have my partner get the footage  
Kick that real shit for the real ones, I just took them on a field trip  
And we still going, still moving

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I don't say this to brag, I don't say this to boast  
Finally making a killing doing something I love so let's make a toast  
Me I've been moving in silence and getting shit done y'all be doing the most  
I'm sorry to my own family and friends I used to be close with  
Paying bills off of this rap shit, without no college degree  
I'm doing this shit for my family, all of these kids gon' pay homage to me  
I'm going off for my homies who passed and my people who copping a plea  
I ain't going back to my old ways, it's the only option for me  
All these girls just hated on me, never gave me the time of day  
All these teachers told me to quit, said that I'd never find a way  
Yeah I signed a couple bad record deals, now I'm independent 'till my dying day  
Even though I was going through it, I knew that be a brighter day

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