

Same Road

Hooligan Hefs

I am the way I am 'cause my childhood was mad
And I never thought I'd say it but I turned out like my dad
Had too much aggression, and it set me right back
Probably the main reason I was running through them traps
Now my life's a blessing, I was never second guessing
I never opened up, I was holding in aggression
Deep down I was drowning in my own depression
So I took it all out on the enemies pressing
I was way too embarrassed so I had to let em have it
I was talking that smoke 'cause I knew I could back it
And If I got smoked today I knew my brothers would slap it
If it went the other way, they'd already know what would happen
685, I still pull up in a German, I pull up next to cops, they see me
And they burning
They see me as a burden, 'cause I'm by the books earning
My [?] back in church, but I don't think that I'm worth it

I feel like we can't escape, from the trap
But better things are on the way, we on track
And I promise that we here to stay, we won't go
If we in it then we here to play, we won't fold
One day we all 'gon shine, stay low
I got murder on my mind, seeing the Halo
I been busy 'tryna find another way home
But always seem to find myself walkin' the same road

(Yeah)

See I never hesitated, to bang them triggers
Theres not one war that I left, [?] with it
My hearts' too big and my prides too vicious
That local street Kid sitting on 6 figures
One day I'm 'gonna make it out for my family
They hate on my name, but low-key envy me
I got [?] to pop off, if they want the energy
I take off my bally, so the opps remember me
I was sitting in that cell, thinking of a way out
I had to think of something I was sick of In & Out
Forget about rent, one day we 'gon own a house
My whole team winning thats what I'm all about
And we don't count favours, they cost to the amount
Designer print, fits very different now
I tap my card, topped the pin to sort it out
But I still got bundles wrapped in bands to play around

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I was selling out prisons, now I'm selling out shows
Forget about greens, I wanted patterns on my clothes
My brother just called me from that jail-phone
He just heard my voice, playing on the radio

Telling me to do my thing and stay out of trouble
'cause he needs me out here to continue the hustle
He's been gone for 6, so he knows the struggle
But he coming out soon so we splashin' a couple

We're stuck here tryna' find a way out, find a way out
I can't stay the same
I won't escape, I can't escape
I need a place, to feel this fade, I need to change