

Motivation for the Youth

Jay Critch

Young nigga with two dollars and a dream
Threw a dollar on the weed, had a dollar just to eat
Couple of but they always
Pops told me stay out the system, ain't really get meaning
Caught my first F, but I had a reason
Life get a mess, I ain't drowning in the deep end
Way too blessed, shorty, my hood full of demons
Don't get left, for them shooters come out creeping
Where I'm from, they do the most for the profit
Kick doors on Christmas, and dump out your stockings
It's obnoxious, but the way we living get toxic
Niggas ain't never seen the tropics
Niggas ain't never gonna stop it
Me and my niggas came up from robbing
Book for your reefer, we run down, and we running in your pockets
When you run out of money, get booked for your sneakers

Look how they treat ya
When you from the ghetto
Now I got it, nigga, I should throw a book at my teachers
And all my brothers know they got it if I got it, but I never got a buck for
the leaches
It's my story, I don't need a pen and pad
If you heard the beginning, you would think it ended sad
I was scaling grams up, and packing them in bags
Then I got a call from Grams, told me pack your fucking bags
Time to boss up, leave that broke shit in the past
You a different type of winner, when you started off last
Ever since I started winning, got bitches and more cash
Put my niggas in position for chicken like DoorDash
I done came up, stayed down like floor mats
I get greedy with the rackkeys, I need all that
Never greedy with my niggas, 'cause we all get a bag
And if they want problems with us, we can get them all clapped
When you getting paid more, you start hearing more claps
Hearing more cheers, I bought more toolies, like a nigga changed gears
And I get it double, for my dawg that ain't here
All I fear God, trust me, dawg, a nigga ain't scared
Let's make that shit clear
Change the lense up on the Cartis, had to make them shits clear
I don't know why niggas starting with me, like they ain't weird
Put some bread up in the cash, had to change your bitch hair

Young nigga with two dollars and a dream
Threw a dollar on the weed, had a dollar just to eat
Couple of but they always
Pops told me stay out the system, ain't really get meaning
Caught my first F, but I had a reason
Life get a mess, I ain't drowning in the deep end
Way too blessed, shorty, my hood full of demons
Don't get left, for them shooters come out creeping
Where I'm from, they do the most for the profit
Kick doors on Christmas, and dump out your stockings
It's obnoxious, but the way we living get toxic
Niggas ain't never seen the tropics
Niggas ain't never gonna stop it
Me and my niggas came up from robbing

Book for your reefer, we run down, and we running in your pockets
When you run out of money, get booked for your sneakers