

Everybody told me to be patient
But who was sleepin from couch to couch and basement to basemen
t
But jay man
Satan tryin to block my shine like ray bans
Haters never wanna see you bubble
They rather to see you struggle
That's life my nigga
A lot of fakers in the place
Were invited to taste
And told me right to my face yea that's tight my nigga
You reppin that dirty south dog? iight my nigga
But they wouldn't lift a finger
To light the incense or let the smoke linger
I ain't a hot boy but the flows jalapeno
I'm never yappin bout how the calico ll lean ya
Magnolia crack soldier creepin on the come up
My grandmother won't leave the fuckin projects I gotta raise th
e slum up
These nerds at record labels played me dumb and dumber
So I showed the industry my asscrack like a plumber
Now asscap bangin on my door like a drummer
The falls bout to put a period on the summer
But back to the point
They wanna see me fucked up, kicks scuffed up
Layin back with a joint
They said good things come to those who wait
Well I don't know about that
And if you can't feel this rhyme then sorry jack
You don't know about rap
And if you don't know struggle you don't know about black
And I don't give a fuck what bill cosby said
Cause the problem don't exist when bill cosbys dead
And I don't think the revelation from the supreme beings
Residin or hidin out in bill cosbys head
This just the thoughts of a soldier
And if you don't like play dead and roll over the game is so ov
er
The reign is so over