

Our offense is oh so, our defense dominate  
We got that winning combination  
To what? To regulate  
Offense is oh so (Forever)  
Yeah

2007, Cole dropped The Come Up  
I was in high school playin' corner  
I never dreamt of mumblin' words in front of hundreds  
Studyin' plays all summer  
I'll hit the league if my growth spurt come in, on my mom  
2009, bro dropped The Warm Up  
I was in warm-ups playin' Weezy  
And Yukimi, Little Dragon, flame breathin' the weed  
Patrick had the studio dorm room next to me  
I freestyled over his beats  
My nigga Keys transferred in from Tennessee  
He's a receiver, I played DB like Aqib  
Snatch a nigga chain, Talib, Talib Kweli  
I could be lyrically, but I put on cleats  
Scribbled lines goin' through my mind like a paper piece  
While I covered three, playin' nickel, doin' safety reads, watch the flats  
I can rap, but I rather tackle and pedal back  
Get a pick when my growth spurt hit  
I'ma be captain, and I was around 2010, no cap  
I got 'Freshman Player of the Year' and figured I was on track  
This nigga Pat' been in my ear talkin' 'bout rhymin' on tracks  
So after practice we record and then we got it on wax  
And on campus I heard about a couple rappers from Atlanta (Okay)  
Some of them niggas was snappin', maybe we could make somethin' happen and s  
hit  
I wasn't serious enough to even be curious  
And we lose like every game, so every day I be furious  
So, the spirit of a nigga had changed  
To the point I had to reframe and focus my skills for other things  
I took the steel wheel, I'm steerin' in other lanes  
But my fuel on low and my oil need to be changed  
Amongst all the other shit that's goin' in my brain  
My brother got out of jail, I only know him by name  
He did a nickel and a dime in time, probably be stayin' with my mom  
And dad probably get mad, actin' lame some times, uh  
Look, The Sideline Story came out September of 2011  
Ib said around that time:  
We was huntin' for a record, under lots of pressure  
Just combine the leverage with a better effort  
You could find a sound to get us out the underground forever  
Maybe you can bless a little brown effervescent kid  
Youngest of seven from the six, eight sections  
Section.80 dropped, yeah, we used to play that shit to death  
And if I recollect correct, you tried to sign him for yourself  
All the while I was 'round my out of town college, wildin' out  
Restaurants, destine dinin', dashin', call it dinin' out  
f\*ckin' bitches, 'posed to be in class, but I was hottin' out  
My friends take a little shot, smoke a lot of cannabis, foolish nigga on the  
campus  
Now nigga skippin' practices, and actin' like a rock star  
Bored from in the dorm to in the car, leavin' the football field

But f\*ck that, we still sorry, and the problems from the home front  
On my home screen callin' me, I don't wanna answer  
My brother, Carl, hit me, said my granny had cancer  
I'm 'posed to graduate and make my way back to Atlanta  
No job, no money or nothin' from ballin'  
Because between that and school, that was really all  
And maybe here's the back that broke the camel with the straw  
I wasn't on camera with them amateurs that they saw  
But they said they still caught me and my dawgs stealin' boxes  
Like Craig on his day off  
Called us in the office day before we 'posed to walk, uh  
Called a squad car, a couple officers  
I know bro was finna tell, he was lookin' nauseous  
Now I'm sittin' in a cell, nigga double crossed us  
Crossed me off the list for scholarship because I lost it  
No more football, my red-shirt senior season, exhausted, so I'm off it  
And I'm right back in Atlanta with a half a gram of weed  
And a gold Pontiac that my granny had bought for me  
I was sleepin' in the back, my dad kicked me in the streets  
When he saw my neck tatted, then I told him I was rappin'  
f\*ck school, no goin' back, he said

If I can not follow his rules, just go and pack  
Told you he be actin' lame some times

This my son, he came from these nuts  
This negro come back from school  
All tatted up like the Sistine Chapel  
Talkin' 'bout he ain't playin' football no more  
Because he know he ain't goin' pro (Hey, it's a standard that you left the house)  
But he left on a full scholarship to go to school and get a degree  
Because we taught education was the number one thing  
Anyway  
He came back, determined to do what he was determined to do  
And I know because I know he, he is, who he is, we taught him  
Hey, whatever you do, put your full self into it  
So he did that, anyway  
He's back home, I ain't with that  
So I'm sayin' "Hey, you got to go to work"  
And he sayin' "Hey, this is my job, what I'm about to do"  
So I'm like "Hey man, some times you got to work  
To do what you really wanna do"  
We went through this whole brain wrestle  
But anyway, he won  
He decided that "Hey dad, I'm puttin' this thing, I'm doin' this  
This is my job" and he committed to it  
And hey, the rest is history  
I'm lookin' at him, I believe in him  
I know what was in him  
All him and his brothers and sisters  
They all got the same mindset  
Do your best, give a hundred percent or don't do it at all  
So, I know whatever he put his all into, it was gon' be golden  
Anyway

Look  
March 10th, 2017, The Never Story dropped  
And I'm comin' off of tour with \*\*\*\*  
That was three years after openin' up for Ab-Soul  
But it's EARTHGANG's set, I only came to do a song  
DoeBurger used to say "Ayy bro, this lil' nigga cold  
Keep on doin' what you doin', you gon' make it, you 'gon blow"

I ain't know that when he said, he went ahead and played my shit for Cole  
But I knew he knew the game, and he pulled up to his show  
And then that's where we first met, but I ain't think of it no more  
'Til Ced Brown said that I should open up for Omen on my own shit, if I want ed

Only four cities, maybe we get Rob Gibbs on the phonin', I got to hone in  
In the game grown men uncomfortable in they own skin  
But all I wanted was a chance  
It feel like I'm in a mannequin challenge  
Still stance, but I'm still standin'  
'Til my nigga lend a hand and I'm no longer stranded  
Lookin' for strengths in the streets of East Atlanta  
Momma said "Don't take advice, they gon' try and take advantage"  
I was 'bout to sign with Coach K, I ain't take the advance  
Cole say "Hold on, wait, bro, I got the plan"  
So come on, damn, lil nigga, come on, shit, let's roll, f\*ck

Shsh, yo, that's crazy  
That's crazy, yo JID, I remember  
I remember you came to the crib  
You remember this? After we had met  
And I told you and EARTHGANG to pull up  
To the crib in Carolina, it's the studio house  
I wasn't on no shit, like "Yo, I'm tryna do some Dreamville shit with y'all"  
, nah  
It wasn't no talkin' no deal, I didn't even know if I wanted to sign niggas  
I just knew I, y'all was dope, I f\*ck with you  
Just pull up, let's see what the vibe is like, let's work  
In my mind, if something happen, it happen  
If not, then cool, niggas just got a chance to link and kick it  
But while we was there, the thing that I noticed off rip  
I said, "Oh, this nigga want it, this nigga really want it"  
That look in your eye, nigga, I know that look  
I know that look too well  
But a lot of niggas want it  
The thing I noticed about you my nigga, off rip  
"This nigga don't just want it, he willin' to do the work that it takes to get it"  
And that's the difference, that's the separator  
That's the difference between the niggas that never get what they want  
And the niggas whose names ring out forever  
Forever