

BOY

KOTA The Friend

I'm a California resident
Had to check the mirror
Like... why the fuck I'm settling
What's the money for if I ain't living my dream nigga
My goals be in reach. For some reason they seem bigger
What is left for me when I'm livin for everyone and they moms
Been workin all these years to hold the world in my palm
Been giving freely to people that really could give a shit less
Abandon me when shit gets... real
See how that feel
And in that moment I notice that I don't owe nobody shit
Its my perspective and tunnel vision that got me rich
Tunnel vision, don't even know what a hobby is
All these hating rappers be wack n shit like hockey sticks
Local boys always vocal boys
Young Kota did it first, like I'm Soulja Boy
Flight boy, at my worst, wasn't broken boy
Long beach hoopin, shot is wetter than the ocean boy
Got me feelin killa cam in the basement
Ya'll was part time my nigga I took the grave shift, the day shift, the night shift
The studio was makeshift
All I really had was a catalog and vices
Living through my raps
This shit is real as my life is
Happy that I'm growing, no longer rolling the dices
Cause toxic shit expensive, I couldn't afford the prices, fuck
All I'm lettin in my life is love