

Clinton Hill

KOTA The Friend

We had dreams of stackin' up hella cheese
And smokin' the best dope and rockin' designer jeans
And pullin' up in a Benz and steppin' out with the steez
Elevatin' to somethin' they said I would never be
It's hard not to glow, like I told you, bitch, in person
I be chillin' humble, I really feel like you could smoke a
But now I realize the workings of a small mind
Never was I limited to shit that I see

A lotta kids in Clinton Hill right now living through me
They see me in the street, take a pic' and then peace
My words be the weapon how I stick to my guns
I try to tell my young niggas it's a figure of speech
I pull up at the shop now, lil' Ave hot now
Folks talk about a nigga with a sense of pride now
Used to be the lil' homie walkin' with his eyes down
CD playin' Biggie and 'Pac, Jigga and Nas loud

Always appreciated the sunny days
Knowing that I had to be grounded before the money came
Knowing that I won't always have to deal with the hunger pains
And if I end up floppin', I'm finna get it another way

Myrtle Ave, don't leave with the camera out
Grindin' and recordin' raps, beggin' y'all to hear me out
Couple people lookin' left but can't even get near me now
I'm holdin' generational money inside my family house