

# Do You Remember

Kur

I reached the point of life where money don't mean shit  
Thought that it would ease the pain it ain't ease shit  
Was hopin it would get my broken dreams fixed  
Thought I seen it all but I ain't seen shit  
If money buy happiness why we still cry  
If the truth set us free why we still lie  
What's the point of tryin ya hardest to live  
When it boils down to it we livin to die

When I was young I was ashamed of myself  
I hated myself  
I had thoughts of hangin myself  
I was fucked up, I was barely bathin myself  
Fuck blamin myself  
Got on my grind I had to aim for success  
When I came off the step  
I can't lie I wasn't anxious for sex  
Was more concerned about gainin respect  
Was more concerned about earnin a check  
Just know I learned from the best  
I learned all the steps on how to get back  
I was doin shit a man should  
We survived off of tuna and them canned goods  
Just know that spigot water cool with some ice in it  
We fear nothin but God and a life sentence, this is life nigga  
I told God I don't like sinnin  
But my stomach growlin  
And when I'm hungry I resolve to violence  
I know I got potential I know I got the talent  
"Money don't mean shit if you ain't got the knowledge."

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When I was younger I was pissed poor  
I use to ask what I was livin for  
My brother trapped behind them prison doors the other one was in the morgue  
And all I can do is let liquor poor so I was gettin torn  
And all my role models was drug dealers  
Through escape my reality I use to skip school and puff dippers  
And my brother played the role of my pop  
But coudnt raise me up right cause he was smokin them rocks  
I use to hold my punches back when I wanted to steal him  
He use to fuck me up so bad I wanted to kill him  
But that anger turned me into a man  
So I dropped outta school said fuck rap I'm on the block with my goons  
I rep the hood that's cause that's where I be  
Where every broke nigga dream is unwrappin a key  
I'm just passin this tree thinkin how my future gon actually be  
My brother killed my brother wonder what's gon happen to me  
DAMN!

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I sit and think what if Embalming Fluid never got made  
Then my Mom cigarettes would've never got laced  
Then the child support money that she spent on drugs  
Would've went to buyin me clothes and buyin me J's  
All the niggas who sold it to her was around my age  
If the shit ain't exist they wouldve never got paid  
And all them flashy niggas would've been broke like me  
And they can know how it feels not to never get laid  
I'm steady contradicting  
Was thinkin should I get a pack or make a honest livin  
Fuck it I'm a take this pack you know Time is tickin  
And I'm that nigga who grew up with out a pot to piss in  
Wish ya'll would stop and listen  
Man I do this for the times I had to eat in the dark  
And I do this for the times I had to sleep in the car  
And I do this for the time I had 3 pair of draws  
Uh, Without them food stamps we would've starved  
You heard me!