

From Scratch

Mase

Yo, just think if you could rewind time
And start your life all over again
What would you give and what would you keep?
You heard me, what would you keep?

Yo, yo, if I could go back, I wouldn'ta sold no crack
Wouldn'ta never put my hands around no gat
But you know Loon, bein' all hard-headed
And don't listen, even if God said it
I didn't have to stick with folks that sniff no coke
I didn't have to fix the block when shit was broke
Same cats I helped was twistin' smoke
Now imagine if I went to school, went to class
'Stead of bein' a young cat sent to blast
Sent to slash criminal's necks in half
For playin' dumb when I come to collect my cash
And cuz of that cats will respect my past, I ain't playin'

If I start from scratch I'd sign with Def Jam
Nah, fuck am I saying? Puff's the best man
Plus I'mma Bad Boy, I'm more like a bad man
Put mo' nigga's in pits than Brad, man
Can't dodge bullets? Too bad, man
Shit, I'd a copped the five instead of the six
That way wouldn't of crashed and killed my cousin
Keep quiet instead of having the industry buzzin'
Do a devil's advocate style, don't let 'em see you comin'
Use the revolver when bustin' and sluggin'
That way no evidence
But fuck it, got money to be tried, worse come to worse
Who God bless, no man curse, hatin' niggas, lay in the dirt

Yo, if you could start your life from scratch (What? What?)
Rewind time and still go back (It's time to eat)
What would you change in the way that you live today
And what would you leave right where it's at?

If you could start your life from scratch (What? What?)
Rewind time and still go back (About to kill it)
What would you change in the way that you live today
And what would you leave right where it's at?
Come on, come on

Yo, if I could start life from scratch, I wouldn't change shit
Same gun, same clip, same dumb bitch
All Out, Harlem World, same old clique
Same old studio, same old shit
Shit don't change just because a cop took six to the brain
Meeno got a lawyer, man I'm hip to the game
You could find a gun, but if my prints ain't on that thing
What is you sayin'?
And on the same block that I get my glocks from
You see the same cop that get popped with the shot gun
(Mysonne)
And at the same bodega I got my tops from
(Mysonne)
I give the same old money to the same cop's bum

If I could start from scratch, I'd bring daddy back
And put five in the first cat that show mami crack
I sit back and listen to them drunks on the block
Tryin' to school me with jewels, tellin' me who to watch
I killed five people, I'd let survive
And the five I took away, I'd a left alive
If I could do all it again I'd bring Virg' back
Or I switch places with him, I hope you heard that
I would have preferred that, I ain't have to starve
Pitch crack, have to rob and catch a charge
And I'd do it all again if I had to
Pitch no-win to win, and I'd be glad to
And I'd hit every target I took aim at
But I'd still be a problem, you can't change that
I'm a problem

Yo, if you could start your life from scratch (Uh)
Rewind time and still go back (All Out)
What would you change in the way that you live today
And what would you leave right where it's at? (And Double Up)

If you could start your life from scratch (Bad Boy, Bad Boy)
Rewind time and still go back
(Yo, I really don't know what's goin' on)
What would you change in the way that you live today
(I'm tellin' ya, I really don't know what's goin' on)
And what would you leave right where it's at?
Come on, come on

Yo, cuz half the cats that flip, we all was cool
And half the chicks I hit, they teased me in school
I got a baby by a lady I don't even love alot
Wish I wore three rubbers 'case the first rubber popped
But you can't cry now, milk already spilt
I had eleven friends and ten already killed
Went down south and I ain't feel the guilt
And I ain't ready to war but that ain't the way built
And for all the nights and all the fights
That I had for all this money over all these dice
All my cars and homes and all my ice
If I could do it all again, I'd do it all for Christ
Whoever thought the limelight or the super-stardom
Whoever thought there'd be a problem comin' through Harlem
Can't even chill, cats wanna make me a villian
Cats that I grew up with I gotta contemplate killin'
Nobody love me, I'm my own mister, and on my own, mister
Mama did what she could but now I'm grown, mister
Though she told me once, wish she'd told me then
Though I'm the youngest, I'mma grow to be the oldest man
And cats thinkin' they gon' win cuz they veterans
Ain't about age at this stage, man with the most cheddar win
How you live right? Every day get in bigger sin
How you say no at the door screamin' "Let me in"?
From the outside it's lookin' gooder than it ever been
But tell the truth, when I was broke it was better then
All Out, 33rd street

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