

Yeah, yeah, yeah, uh
Yeah, uh, yeah, yeah
Uh, yeah

Yeah, I starved in the name of my pride
The bee is thought to be a gain to your eyes
Wasn't too long when the pain in me died
On my arm, with my gang, doing side 'cause I got them
In the city, do it, feeling like it's Gotham
Nigga, hit me if you seeking for a problem
Probably pull me out the deep end of my conscience
My mind is winding, rewinding back to the times when
We was in search of some gold or a diamond
In the dirt with my soul on my knees, yeah
Yeah, it hurts to be cold in the streets, and
On this turf looking bold in this season
Hope this peace end, to my old and deceased friends
We used to hustle on the weekends
Bubble up, the trouble find me at my weakest
Uh, I pray that ain't my brother in the precinct
I pray another struggle is defeated
My nigga, we went days on the cement
Cold got my face like some cement, uh, uh
I'm in the race 'cause I need it, yuh, uh
I'm in the race, nigga, we went days on the cement
Cold got my face like some cement, yeah, yeah
I'm in the race 'cause I need it
I'm in the race 'cause I need it

It's live from the heart of the city