

Pause

My man Holo told me the devil would control me
If I didn't have a hold of my soul and mind
'Cause now I think back on when I used to sell crack
To all the twigged-out bags makin' a grip in '89

It's a... she made Philmo' clique
Eight years old niggers on the corner running bags
While I'm in the park smokin' weed & drinkin' port
It was the boys in the hood taggin' f**king...

But-a, that was the past, all that
I'm thinking of other ways of making my pockets fat
And mixing those beats on plastic
They like tricks, fool
You can't have it silly rabbit

Kimball

Got the past in the past and we're in the present tense
Looking out from where we are, it's amazing that we got this far
Like a... it hits, gonna follow you...
Like a son in your gun, turn the corner and the door is shut

Pause

Back when I was young in the hood carryin' a gun
It was an everyday thing 'cause you had to watch your back
Running from the 5-0, jumping fences high and low
For no f**king reason, just because my skin is black

Ain't a damn thing funny in the land of milk and honey
When... mess with me for their change
'Cause eight years later now my soul is feeling greater
But my mind is not at ease, 'cause the system's still the same

The best that I can do is go on
Exactly what my mom and pop told me, stay strong
I know I might seem like I'm a stranger from the moon
And now I got the key so I can step into the next room

Kimball

Our plan it happened there and then, no repent or second dance
Makes one thing...
That's the rub, ah that's the rub
Won't you turn the corner to the next room and the door is shut
That's the rub, a, that's the rub
Won't you turn the corner to the next room and the door's