

I was stuck, no I couldn't move up
Give a fuck, I'm a nice guy, heart bruised up
Light skin youth same complexion bruiser
My life grew, that's right I grew up
Try truth, don't try amuse us
What would I be if I ain't have music?
Just let it be, can't entertain the bruises
I gotta heal 'cause I was squealin' too much
Poppa feel too real, true love
I'm up front, the back line move up
Catch me offsides, sometimes you gotta choose up
On the street light stepping through the mud
Couldn't settle, it was never what it was
Time lost for the pain on my cousin
Shine on me, lens get focused
Snap shots of the block I would grow on
Front lawn grass hopping like a locust
12th street til the day that I croak
Malamutes pull, got the reins in my palms
When it rain put my faith in Ifá
Taking it far, got the face of a god
No face gon' alarm me
Bitter taste don't alarm me
Used to it on the farm scene
Back then I was in them Phat Farm jeans
Baby Phat we was speaking over sun cheeks
Rose red, light skin but the truth speaks
My heart gon' sing whenever it get the chance
Try love measuring better things within grasps
In the back of the cab we crash
In the back, we crash