

Face The World

Nipsey Hussle

When all dreams... seem to die...
The summer's gone... the breeze stops blowing...
The sun just leaves the sky...

Yeuh - this your life, you can play with it
You make your bed, you gon' lay in it
Do your thing, just be safe with it
Triple bunks in the state prison
Blue laces in my blue Chucks
I ain't never gave two fucks
BET, I chumped the 'hood up
Askin' if that nigga Neff 'hood, what?
Like I wouldn't take it to the back with you
Same nigga walk the track with you
Same nigga shot a strap with you
Same nigga bought a sack with you
19, touching two birds
Aplinas off a few swerves
Grey leather in my white lincoln
Shit smellin' like a new purse
Two "Cs" on my bitch, shit
My money rising like "bitch, quick"
Six words help you get this
Rich rapper on some Crip shit
I prayed for blessings as a young nigga
Not to learn the hard lessons of a drug dealer
Triple life with a gang of Hasmin
The judge triple white and he hate your blackness
He slam the gabble with a racist passion
Go you waiting on the pills but your patience passing
All you've got to offer is a fight
It's too late to run to Christ once you're caught up in this life
Look...

So face the world now... or cry...

Look - don't cry tears, they don't fly here
And if you don't die here, you're supposed to fly Lears
365 here's like a dog's year
No wonder why these niggas 20 and got white hairs
Stressing like they 40 and some change
Slowly in this game, all my homies is in pain
And brody is the slang, but it don't mean he your brother
It don't mean you can trust him, it don't mean that he love you
And we was raised wrong but we stayed strong
And when we kept it real we got faked on
And when we showed up we got flaked on
A wilder nigga's story, getting cake, homes
I bet my life, I'm a dice-shaker
Electric lights on a skyscraper
It's up and down for a real nigga
But you'll be lame all your life, hater
MAC-10 in my black Benz
Show me signals of betrayal, can't be back friends
Long flights get my mind right
Victory to me is when you spend your time right
Victory to me is when you get your grind right

Victory to me is when you get your minds right
Niggas got this shit twisted
Like Jean-Michel Basquiat destroying his pictures
Self-inflicted homicide, don't pull the trigger
I feel like I've got to tell you you've got something to contribute...
Regardless what you into, regardless what you've been through
I feel like I've got to tell you you've got something to contribute...