

Where Will You Be

Phora

I've been trying to understand things
For what they are lately, but
I just feel like this shit's a blessing and a curse
At the same time, you know?
But look

No where to hide, no need to run, put my life out in the open, it's all me
Told my family: "You call me if you need it done, and you'll see it done"
God gave me a million signs, I just needed one got a mic, I don't need a gun
I got everyone saying I needed one
But they don't know what I've been through
They don't know what I'm going through
Seems like you gotta go through Hell & come back just so they notice you
Everything they said I wouldn't be is what
I made them watch me grow into
They telling me it's my time now, but
I feel like this shit is overdue, but I stuck to it
Any road block in the way, I'm-ma run through it
Put my life and pain in a song, rolled a blunt to it
Lost a lot of friends to this shit, that's life man
They much to it, I dranked a bit, I smoked a bit
I'm just trying to feel numb to it
Let me tell you how it's going down
Watch your backs, snakes all around
Came up in this game like:
"If they don't let me in, I'm-ma burn it down"
Crazy how tables turning now
No label, no record deal
I've been learning how to do this shit on my own
Yours Truly taking over that's the word
Around when I talk, nigga

When I feel I'm going nowhere
When the road is almost over
Where will you be?
Will you still ride?
Ride by my side or will you hide?
When the world is getting colder and all the weight is on my shoulders, I won't let it break me
Wasting no time, focus my mind, I'll be alright

Got a lot of people trying to take my life
I've been grinding homie, day and night
Waking up, getting straight to work
Making shit happen, that's the way to life
I ain't ever been the lazy type
Lately, I haven't been the same
It's like, I'm writing music trying to save a life
But my little homie; they just gave him life
Used to wake up in my mom's house, roaches on
The ground
Funny how I'm now on the way, nigga's hopping
I'm-ma drown
Fuck a white dress, and wedding ring
Had to move on to better things
I thought she was my everything, turned out not to be Anything, and that's real

But none of this really mean shit without family
I'm just tryna spread love dawg, fuck a grammy
Cause even if I put my soul out on that stage
All these motherfuckers still would never understand me
But I wish I spoke to my pops more
Even if he can't come around, man
I really wish we just talked more
This music shit; it's all I got
Tell me what the fuck would I stop for?
I won't stop 'till I'm in your top 4
'Bout to take it up to that top floor

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And there you have it
We all come from somewhere
And we all got a start
Everyone has a beginning
And this is mine
Yourstruly