

Lost Files

Polo G

Everything was all good way back in the day
Then whole hood really went wild
Long live the gang, man, the whole hood missin' them smiles
Swear the whole hood missin' them smiles
I'm a Set baby, 1300 block ass nigga
You can tell from my walk to my style
I ain't really hop off the porch 'til a nigga got older
But I been on the block since a child
We was rugrats in the trenches, now you up in the sky
Stay as far from as I look up to the clouds
Pray for a sign just to know you still with me, so I seen the sun shine
That's how I knew that you was proud
God was there so many times, could've lost my life
Or fought for it on trial
But it's like he chose me to be the one with the mic' in my hands
Steady talkin' in front of them crowds
Overcame a lot by myself ever since I got rich
It's like everybody wanna come around
I remember I was dead broke, nigga, I ain't have shit
You one of the list of numbers I could dial
Back against the ropes, wasn't no one there to help me fight
Nigga, I wanna just throw in the towel
Keep my circle small, never let a bitch nigga in
Just somethin' that I really can't allow
Man, I'm sorry, but I can't yell gang with a nigga who ain't valid
Or down to do a bid with me
Seem like every day it's a brand new nigga in my face
Tryna claim some kin to me
It's a whole lot of niggas with thay fuckin' hand out
Can't name one thing they done did for me
Hell nah, you can't hit this Backwood if you wasn't scrapin' up change
Blowin' Swishers in the crib with me
Seem like the industry pick and choose who they want in the front
Man, this shit lookin' rigged to me
And you talkin' like you live that shit but I'm really from the trenches
I don't feel it, so I disagree
Do you really understand all the ups and downs to this lifestyle?
Shit fun but it's bittersweet
What you know about days missing out on meals
Just to make sure your brothers and your sisters eat?
It was re-up time, I was on my grind
Told the P's I ain't taking no shorts
We was playin' the block, fuck a sport
The way that we shootin' and passin' the rock
You would think that we play on the court
When my niggas died, they thought it was funny
So kill 'em and don't show remorse
It's a whole lot of goofy ass niggas in the way out here
Should've stayed on the porch
Niggas ain't ready to give up the spotlight
They don't wanna pass me the torch
Yeah, I'm hot right now so they gon' dick ride
Whether it's hate or support
But was I gon' make it? Of course
Lil Polo like that man on the horse
I need a Lambo' or a Porsche
Tryna run up them M's

Got place to flex on these niggas like I'm liftin' weights at the gym
I hang with some killers
Few lil' savages with me, my shooters don't aim at the rim
He tough with his chest out, we pull them TEC's out
Blast 'til we knock off a limb
Have him runnin' up out of his Timbs
Niggas know we be wettin' shit
If you walk with the opps then I hope you can swim