

Find it
Somewhere in your soul, the last bit of strength that will take you on home
Just find it
Somewhere in your heart, to put the past in the past and go back to the start
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Selfish
Prideful
Come get an eyeful
An ugly dark stain on a once wonderful resumé
Leisurely strolls down the road of perdition
Leaves a man wishing for his old position
I know it's so empty but it's still so tempting
And if I ever lose sight come and get me
You gotta dig
She's a jewel in your crown
Don't trade a million dollar future for a nickel right now
Momma said leave a place better than you found it
And looking in your eyes, I realize how profound that is
Dig
Like there's no tomorrow
Dig like you living on time that's borrowed
Dig
Homie, it's in there somewhere
Dig like your life depends on it because it does!
And grand-mamma touched down, fresh from TX, a block from Ghost Town
Natural born rider, a Watts Riot survivor
Loved her four kids but them streets were a beast
And by God's grace alone three out of the four made it
Now the son of second-born is rocking microphones
It's so lovely, I wish it could hug me
It's dirty and it stinks, but its mine for the keeps
Cold piece of work, the son of a "9-to-5'er"
Civil rights and Vietnam War survivor
Told my Grand-papi that blacks were not human
But that didn't stop the movement
You gotta dig!
Find it!
The wind sings the songs
Of the dedicated few that wouldn't fall head long
Just find it
Watch me tighten my belt
When the prayers of this rapper is a desperate cry for help
I desire a higher outcome then weed get you
Forgive me if I dismiss you, its ain't to diss you
I am not a Rasta, don't let the dreads fool you
Though I take Jah serious, if it's cool let me school you, dig?
I can't say I'm not tired
Or felt a little envious of names on flyers
Empty handed and homesick, though I know my flow's sick
If ya'll only knew how cold this road gets, DIG
If I ever lose sight, come and get me
You gotta dig
I'm not the artist, I'm the canvas
Remind me of my own words though I can't stand it
Hold me accountable, call me on my laziness
Call me by my birth name, look me in the face and DIG

If I ever lose sight, come and get me
You gotta dig