

And I just put everything in-in-into my music
I put everything, all my pain, all my frustration, all my anxiety
I put it into the music
And it end up being one of the best albums I ever created
And that was Trill (G&B)

Yeah, it's lost souls everywhere like where the feelings go?
It's 'bout a hundred outside, but still my city cold
Go and get your ass some money all we really know
Pits like Itchy Road 'til we turn to Richie Poor
Shit, that cream a bitch
Niggas risk they life doin' dirt to get the cleanest whip, but
"Born to lose, race to win" gon' be my theme for this
We rather let 'em see our death than let 'em see us quit
Let's take a stroll, though where I'm from it ain't a scenic trip
And the murder higher than once a fiend let that needle hit
Black traumatized homes, this ain't no easy fix
Poor like the fam' on Good Times, but ain't no TV script
The police come through all the time, they love to squeeze a clip
And we got front row to every shot like we got season tick's
(Fuck) Why he think he die to freeze his wrist?
Why he think she yearned about some ass, the double D's and hips?
My partners never knew 'bout family 'til they joined the B's and Crips
We don't know real love so we buy shit because we think it fix
Damn, my city cold
Yeah, my city cold
They pushin' cartridges at six like N64s
Chopper out the window, lettin' that shit sing like Billy Joel
It ain't no code around this bitch once them Benjis low
They even killed the ones who help the hood, put that on Nipsey soul
That Kobe scam money gone so niggas really broke
They over crumbs they turnin' niggas ghost like a 50 show
And our only option is send us to a destination
Or 25 to life or watch your mama bury her baby
And we so lost, don't even know we trapped in the mazes
So when nigga want better, they lookin' at him crazy
But born to lose, race to win is when your ass escape
And turn nothin' into somethin', touch the ceilin' from the basement
Street niggas goin' legit, buildin' wealth for generations
Ever seen somebody put they homies on? That shit amazin'
Started broke, now I'm gettin' paid off they playlist
Nigga, I was homeless, real estate in four places
Ten albums later, did it without they favors
Now if you speak on my city, ain't a motherfucker greater
I rather die enormous than live dormant, that's how we on it
Live at the Charlo fight, I bet a trip to Maui on him
Presidential suites, my residential for the weekend
Ain't talkin' 'bout the States, I'm talkin' yearly trips to Sweden
Me and my niggas out in Spain, some bitches from Ibiza
When you comin' from the slums, it's kinda hard to see this
I made it all from scratch, sometimes I can't believe
Made it all from scratch