

Came up in the streets, yeah
Shit don't come for free
They might clip your wings
Before you can fly

Money on my mind, yeah
Ringing on my line
It's calling
I need all of it

So much to do
Too much to prove
Nothing to lose

Caught up in life
Stress on my mind
Grew up too soon

But I'm only 25, 25, 25
I'm too young to feel this tired
I'm 25, 25, 25

Pressure, too much pressure
I need diamonds
I won't let up

These days I'm feeling twice my age
Felt twice the pain
Need twice the wage (Yeah)

I need vacation
Relaxation
More meditation
No conversation

I'm working night and day
Can't hide away
No time to waste

So much to do
Too much to prove
Nothing to lose

Caught up in life
Stress on my mind
Grew up too soon

But I'm only 25, 25, 25
I'm too young to feel this tired
I'm 25, 25, 25

25, 25, 25
I'm too young to feel this tired
I'm 25, 25, 25

(They wanna see us dead but we're alive)
I'm 25, 25, 25

I'm too young to feel this tired
I'm 25, 25, 25
(Real shit)

Weight of the world on my shoulders
I got the gains though
But they just wanna see a nigga in the graveyard
I spit that real shit if you get my mind going
Don't get my mind going
'Cause I was raised in real poverty
Watched my father beat my mother constantly
My brother's disability, it turned me into prodigy
Got my ma a Range and it's only my first album
Oh yeah, the income was the outcome
And bitch, I'm only 25

25, 25, 25 (So talk to me nice)
I'm too young to feel this tired
I'm 25, 25, 25

They wanna see me dead but I'm alive, I'm alive, I'm
25, 25, 25
I'm too young to feel this tired
I'm 25, 25, 25