

Spring Diaries

REASON

Yeah
Finally here
The goal's closing ends
It's been love
More hate though
REASON

Summer gettin' closer
Startin' to feel realer now that the pressure rollin'
Paid no attention to hate but sometimes it's best to focus
Carry Del Amo, tryna turn my city up and build it up
With the hopes that one day I can finally rest my shoulders
But this shit feelin' heavy as ever
Lost relationships with homies that I thought I knew better
Gave her the trial run, I'm guessin' we have to settle
I mean, shit, let's just say them niggas owe us one
Worked for my blessings not knowin' when they was supposed to come
Pops is always stoned, thank God he wasn't a rollin' one
Mom's warmhearted but seem like she was the coldest one
She ain't with that beat around the bush shit
She get straight to it, we call her "hole in one"
P adjusted, kept me balanced
What a challenge, played my sigh like a weapon
Irony kept me from holdin' one
The goal here feel like I'm closin' in
I'm impatient with progress, feel like we supposed to win
Treat the pain like a bitch barely in selfies, how I hold it in
Some jackin' cokes and the motions slower than Soulja Slim
Speakin' of Soulja Slim, crazy how you could be hot one second
And then just pass like that
Show me it ain't about hits 'cause you can't last like that
It stick with it if they feel it, nigga
Niggas hands out, so it's gettin' more and more difficult
For me to deal with niggas
That's why lately I ain't been feelin' niggas, bitches too
Shit, if you only knew
Irony every chick got meat, get good D and now she wanna be locked up
Guess it make more sense to invest when the stock up, uh
Remember I can barely get bitches to pop up
Now every chick I meet wanna be knocked up
No hard feelings, God willin', I just had to get my shit across

Had to get this shit across
Heh
Never lied in music, nigga
When honesty lies, apology dies
Some of the realest shit I ever heard
Yeah, look

Same nigga, I ain't changin'
Word to P-O-P, I'm known to hold it down
A couple shots 'cause drunk thoughts create a sober sound
Niggas tryna give me direction, I know my way around
Look, let me break it down
We went from no name to havin' label meetings
From gettin' love to now niggas that come from my own city givin' hateful speeches

Jealousy a muhfucker
Just know that shittin' on somebody else'll never help you rise above 'em
Workin' successful, they go hand to hand
I'm tryna make some grands doin' shit I love and stash the weddin' bands
Damn it, man, I seen so many signs that I won't make it, it's soul takin'
But kept grindin' like pro skaters, a ball hog
Ain't never seen a shot I didn't like and won't take it
Makin' music that touch hearts, I'm soul chasin'
[?] used to tell me he believed in me even when I didn't
That's a bold statement knowin' where we came from
We was in Compton learnin' how to mix our own shit
And now we in the mix to be next up
The best up, get more attention than fresh cuts
The rest? Fuck, they more annoyin' than guess what's
'Til then never mind, 'cause these niggas got me hatin' rhymes
Everybody sound the same, feel like they takin' lines
While everybody chasin' future, I was makin' mine
These niggas gon' have to wait in line to feel like we closer than ever
My time tickin', I notice the bezel
Waves trainers how I hold it together
This shit been overbearin', feelings numb, I so overcarin'
Need elevators to the top, shit, I been oversteerin'
Remember chillin' with D-Ron, my nigga Moe and Larry
Drinkin' with the homies as I thought to myself
This what everyday should be like so I hustle faster
Spring here, summer comin' after
There you have it