

Yeah, uh, uh
Tell myself I ain't feeling the weight, nigga, yeah
Yeah, yeah, uh

Tell myself I ain't feeling the weight
I came far from accepting defeat
Made it out with the blood on my face
We done shed every tear we can weep
Watch 'em wearing they heart on they sleeve
My shit don't even come out the fleece
Niggas don't even pay it no mind
'Cause I'm dressing that shit in Supreme
Nah, that NLFTS, Black culture the blueprint
Don't fuck with the BS, I'm doing my best (Yeah)
They washed out, need to give it a rest
The tables turn, why they tryna confess?
I'm still the same nigga needing my space 'cause shit be evil but look good
in the face (Face)
They haphazard but I'm keeping my pace
They haphazard but I'm- (Yeah)
Uh, I remember when I was eleven
And watching my blood on the TV get spilled out (Yeah)
Now I got a little older, no love for the system
And I'm reaching back for the grip now (Yeah)
And it's really fuck 12, I done grown in myself
To the point I can see that they hate us
All these white niggas bold on the web with that word but
In person, they know they won't fade us (Yeah)
If you not getting money, then shut the fuck up
Bro, I don't wanna hear what you got to say (On God)
'Cause the checks be the only option for a nigga like me
I can't make it no other way
I was sitting in class in the back with my thoughts
Consuming everything that's around me
When I'm snapping back into reality
Shit still ain't change, the music still found me, you dig?

Yeah, uh
Tell myself I ain't feeling the weight
I'ma thrive, it ain't up for debate
Already got enough food on my plate
Nigga, yeah, uh
You can see all the sweat on my face
We been hungry from birth to the date
If you fuck with the grind, gotta skate
Yeah, uh
Tell my self I ain't feeling the weight
I'ma thrive, it ain't up for debate
Already got enough food on my plate
Yeah, uh
You can see all the sweat on my face
We been hungry from birth to the date
If you fuck with the grind, gotta skate, nigga, uh