

## HG2 Intro

Rod Wave

Look, I'm sorry baby  
I don't live that kinda life  
I be turnt up every night  
I ain't got room for a wife  
But she dangerous and damagin'  
But shit, you kinda scandalous so maybe you can handle it  
But I live the dream  
I ain't yo' average teen, I don't sell sandwiches  
It's Heartbreak Hotel season, I get paid for gamblin'  
I got two accountants, that's for money management and managers to manage wh  
at they managing  
Hate when people say they get it or they understand  
'Cause truth be told, I don't think you'll ever stand a chance  
You won't get it 'til yo' closest nigga showin' animosity  
Hoes that you barely know try to fuck ya constantly  
Hatin' niggas say that you won't blow 'cause you ain't special  
And everywhere you go somebody gotta be extra  
They pull ya to the side and try to give you a lecture  
And you don't wanna hear it but you gotta be respectful  
If not, they say yo' head too big 'cause you up next  
And everywhere you go you rock diamonds 'round yo' neck  
And niggas smile around ya but don't wanna see you flex  
And you don't step in clubs unless they cut you a check  
And, you don't like clubbin' but you damn sure can pack 'em  
You walk through malls every Saturday to get reactions  
And hoes that used to turn ya down, they come around with actin'  
Askin' for pictures to put kisses in the caption  
And you won't understand until yo' private life is public  
The world love watchin' you turn nothin' into somethin'  
The life and path you chose consist of nonstop hustlin'  
Hittin' the road, doin' shows, and elbow rubbin'  
You forced to stay away from yo' cousins 'cause they be thuggin'  
You love 'em just like brothers but can't get in no more trouble  
Niggas want you to fail and yo' family want you to bubble  
Waitin' for you to blow and come get 'em all out the gutter  
You wouldn't understand 'til you have to hit that road  
You'll never have the time for the people you love the most  
Takin' chances, tryna ball, Knieval in the post  
Evil in certain people is really startin' to show  
And you wouldn't understand until yo' job is yo' career  
It's like yo' sport  
You leave the 12th, won't be back 'til the 4th  
You live hotel to hotel, resort to resort  
You got eight bills a month but only one of 'em yours  
And you couldn't understand if I paid ya  
You wouldn't understand if I made ya, it's crazy  
Life we live daily is major, now understand  
I went from a nobody to the fuckin' man  
Everybody fuckin' mad 'cause I got that bag and passed the torch  
But ain't nobody pass the torch when I had first jumped off the porch  
Me and Chris Atkins in the Cam' dreamin' 'bout that Porsche  
I was down alone in that cell, down with no remorse  
Me and Shard sittin' at that table tryna get it right  
Me and pops on that phone and we talkin' prison life  
Me and mama goin' back and forth, kicked out every night  
I was kicked out every night  
I know it's hard to have faith in the greatness in yo' city

'Cause nobody has ever really made it in yo' city  
Couple church songs, but nobody's major in yo' city  
Nobody hit the big stage and skated in yo' city  
Niggas got cocky and then they got lazy in yo' city  
Eventually they critically faded in yo' city  
But this young nigga is comin' to make changes in yo' city  
Changes in yo' city  
Brrdddttt!