

# Memory Lane

Rotimi

Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaks  
We are so proud of you, Ro  
Dad and I  
How glorious are the feat of those who bring good tidings  
From your mother's womb, you were chosen to speak to many generations

Yeah  
I got this two door coupe and this brownstone stoop  
In my bank account, there's a parachute  
And the amount big enough if this shit don't work out  
It's clean, but I got it from the dirt now  
Off to college, '06, selling mixtapes out the dorm  
In Mazda, no tints with a bitch that keep me warm  
I was broke as shit, niggas tryna pass classes  
Me, I'm on the L to the city tryna cash in  
In the Chi', I was never shy  
No, I ain't had shit, but I was still that guy  
Twenty-three below out in front of GCI  
Tryna get my shit some plays, spread my wings so I could fly  
Graduated, but still tryna make it  
Gotta make these ends meet, but my pockets naked  
I can't take it  
Then my mans, he told me I should audition  
Because time in front the camera might help me make a living  
So I did it  
Didn't know if I would get it  
But I walked off in that room and I read a couple sentences  
God was in there with me, all I had to do was finish it  
Went in for commercial and I came out with a meal ticket  
No acting class in my past, but I still get it  
Wasn't looking for a lick, but I still hit it  
God showed me the light when I was lost  
Gotta shoutout Kelsey Grammer, he helped make me a boss  
I took off

Ooh  
I had to choose  
Whether to win or lose  
And look at what it turned into, yeah  
Look at what it turned into, yeah  
Look at what it turned into (Damn)

Show cancelled, so I'm headed to Atlanta  
No whip, but I'm dreaming 'bout a Phantom  
Came up so fast, didn't think that we would lose it  
That fell through, guess it's back to the music  
Then I met my nigga Quise back in 2012  
We was both young dreamers tryna figure out ourselves  
Came across James Foye, now he better known as Keyz  
That's my nigga forever, we did some shit you can't believe, yeah  
2014, we had a crib, it was a vibe  
We ain't had no furniture, but still was sitting high  
Hookah on the coffee table, Chinese food and bottles  
Way before the 'Gram, we was bagging Insta' models  
I'm not a gambling man, but had to bet on myself  
Booked a flight to LA, I was in debt to myself  
Hoping that when it's over I'd have a story to tell

I should be in the W, but I'm in the motel  
For three weeks straight, all that I could do was wait  
And keep my faith, thank God it was free to pray  
Phone ringing, I hopped straight up out the shower  
And they said, "Congratulations, Ro, we want you for Power"  
I took off  
Congratulations, we want you for Power (Took off)  
Phone ringing, I hopped straight up out the shower  
I took off

Ooh  
I had to choose  
Whether to win or lose  
And look at what it turned into, yeah  
Look at what it turned into, yeah  
Look at what it turned into

He asked you to be faithful in His mercy, told you to praise Him  
We remember you singing "Higher Ground" in our little church  
One line in that song reads, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground"  
God has been with you through the maze of your life's journey  
It hasn't always been easy, you know  
You had full exuberance  
And through it all, God has been faithful  
Allowing you to stop and take stock  
So, real- realize destiny  
Your journey from Columbia High to West- Northwestern, to manhood is glorious  
sly unfolding new heights  
We are grateful to the most high  
Who is forever faithful and true  
Dad and I are so incredibly proud of you  
Soar like the eagle you are  
Roar like the lion you were made to be (Woo)  
You will humbly serve, with wisdom, your God  
I had to choose  
I took off