

Flashbacks

Russ

Rree-bah-bah
Zee-bumba, dook-dook
Rita-ze, yeah

And I've been turnt up (Yeah)
For several days now
Home of the brave, I'm just chilling in the A-town
Tryna find my way out to a better place
I know if I stayed down the come-up will be great
But it's getting hard to breathe
I'm suffocating from the chase
As I'm looking at reflections
Tryna recognize my face
Running after dreams, telling God set the pace
Sometimes he puts up hurdles just to test me on my faith
I'm ready to be great, I do this for my sister
You're growing up to fast
Take it slow before I miss ya
Middle name: Hope, first name: God's grace
You're here for a reason, don't let anybody trick ya
If only you knew, knew (Knew)
What mom went through, through (Through)
Just to hear you cry the first time
To let her know that you're alive
You realized why I do what I do, do (Do)

Tell me that "It's all gonna be alright"
Even if you're wrong it'll feel so right
'Cause I know, I know that I need it now
So tell me "It'll be alright"
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Yeah, and I was ten years old
Shady was my right hand, 50 was my left
Dr. Dre was my hype man
The living room was the venue
Mantle piece for a stage, that's what I was into
With my hat back, tryna be like MJ
Ten year flashbacks are feeling like ten days
I would let the pen graze the paper, that was routine
Decked out in Jordan writing 'bout some bluejeans
That I didn't have but damn it they was sagging
I said I was from Queens just to believe that I was rapping
Wonder if my parents thought "How'd the hell this happen?"
"How's my white kid got a black mans passion?"
But round of applause for the King and Queen
Yeah, they'd never mind when I would sing and scream
Always let me pick my dream not matter how unlikely
So when I start to doubt these flashbacks remind me
Yeah

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Yeah, everything is intentional
No accidents, everything on purpose
Yeah, yeah, yeah, bitch