

Only Brother

Taylor Bennett

You are very special
You're special too

Black boys south side of the map
Nappy headed, sharing rooms in the back
Back then when Michael still wasn't black
But we loved him anyway 'cause Hammer was wack
In Gary, Indiana ain't far from the manor
One use baking soda, other Arm & Hammer
Both had broken doors, both had broken families
I look at Michael and look at Chano
No samples, examples of all of that
Kirk Franklin, Gucci, and all the trap
When Barney and white tees were starter packs
Big bro would still moonwalk in all of that
Not looking for fame or an autograph
Or a co-sign or record deal, baller pass
And you could put that through the polygraph
Chains, rings, bling, never meant a thing to the king
Now how crazy is that?
Young bro, he can rap too, he can trap too, I was flippin' a pack
Till Chano told me you can do this and rap

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You're special too
Everyone is special
This I know is true
When I look at you

Daddy got a job at the White House
He still in the hood with the pipes out
Chano didn't get home till it's light out
Probably on an ave with the bikes out
I'm runnin' through this paper like whiteout
Tryna count it up fore' it's lights out
Tryna get the Nikes 'fore it's nice out
Tryna get the peli with the white feel
Used to make bands off of night shows
Way before bands and Tonight Shows
We was on cameras and iPhones
How could we rival? We Cain and Abel, the Bible
You cannot take away vital, this is survival
I'm from south side of Chicago
We call our brothers our fathers
My homies hustlers and robbers
Most of 'em booked or got shot up
Growin' up they had it hardest
And I was trippin', Chano got me back into the vision
Told me, "Listen, you gon' have to make decisions
Everyone you make is gon' make a difference
What's your vision? How you livin' when you fifty?
Six feet under or sixty up like Diddy?
Biggest in the world or biggest in the city?
You can be the boss if you makin' commission
And runnin' my business like a politician
And still keep it real if there's no pot to piss in
And love what you do, if you don't, you'll regret it

And never give up if you want to go get it"

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Chano got a tour with Gambino
I'm still in the hood, King Gyros
Hangin' with the G's like D Rose
Look at life like an ant through a peephole
Tryna make it big, fuck a free show
Want a sold out crowd, no weak hoes
Bad bitches on my dino
That's the life back then, we didn't even know
From the low, to the dro, to the c-notes
To worship Porsches and casinos
To dreamin' in class, fuck a diploma
I was sellin' out shows in my teen moments
Look, I been staking out for days
I think Chano Moses with the waves
I think that Yeezus might've rose again
I can hear Victor howlin' in the wind
Is it too late to do it all again when your repetition is reputation's best
friend?
I get motivated off of revenge
And I'm the youngest, Michael Jackson my kin
Writing like it was a message to give
And walking like it was a legend to live
And never takin' seconds, record after record, I'ma wreck one after this, uh
Ice, ice on the wrist, uh
I was working, sold a chip, uh
Should have worked the nine to six, uh
But this music shit a gift, uh
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