

Hella faded
You wonder why everything so celebrated
And all of our team's dreams shot down
But made it to the top now
Out of Hell and above hard ground
We spreading my wings
All of my team make the Planet Rock, don't stop now
Was supposed to be a ghost
Now when we party I'm the host
We made it through the rain to the fame so I wanna make a toast
"I'd like to thank everybody that showed up
Now we boutta get poured up
Cause we made it through the days it so rough
So is everybody with me?
Sho Nuff!"

I been at the bottom where they fought and then they shot em
Was a problem Summer, Winter, Spring and Autumn
Gotta pray to god is what they taught 'em
Havin not is what they got so you right up in the column
Unless you got the will to go and get it
Unless you find a lick go and hit it
I didn't picture I didn't march and pick it
I just kick em something wicked and then it turned into a ticket
Went from fights in schools
To partying on stage where the hip-hop junky is nice and smooth
When in back in the day that Quincy J gave me a brightened view
Told me rap what you know, took his advice then grew
Sick mother with no father
But still I made it as a scholar
But now I gotta pop a collar, cause i started deep in squalor
Then I made some million dollars
I'd like to thank everybody that showed up
Now we boutta get poured up
Cause we made it through the days it was so rough
So is everybody with me?
Sho Nuff!

Even though we had a lot of nothing were we poor?
Sho Nuff!
Did we find a better way of living through this flow?
Sho Nuff!
Coming up feeling good right now
Lot of love in the hood right now
Tell me something if you ain't a hater, do we go?
Sho Nuff!

I remember rubber sole footies on my feet
In the dead of winter, freezing cold walking in the streets
Off to 7-Eleven, only had enough to eat
Bag of Doritos with the chili and cheese inside em, it was cheap
Momma in the hospital, 17 I got little
Copped vitals, pushing the bricks, scrubbing off the hot griddle
Too much struggle to tell y'all
But it ain't so much that I quit and stop making my mil' tall
Ah hell nah!
Made it through the rainy day

Never liked the devil and the games he play
Even though we in a gang we pray
Yeah we broke the chains and the money and the fame we slay
Used to be a man with no hoe
Now to all my many fans I'm a goat
My struggle was a blast in the past
Now I'm gonna lift my glass cause I wanna make a toast
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