

Spare Time

Tobe Nwigwe

Yeah. ETA, man. Man, what people really need to understand is like even in my spare time my mind is on full-time grind mode. Like, I get a collection of my thoughts together and then like I just try to say something when I say something, you feel me? I be like...

In my spare time, I unpack my mind
Turn my wounds to wisdom, and got on my grind
My flow is for the blind that be tryna see
My purpose tatted in my heart, Gini Bu Nkpa Gi?
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If you seek you find, that's what I was told
Some find the road to success, but they can't pay the toll
I look up for answers, don't look down below
So when I needed purpose told G.O.D. domelo
Bad broads be down to roll when yo' cheddar up
But that paper'll have you bleedin', I ain't talkin' paper cuts
Boy, my taper used to suck, mama did me so cold
It's hard to be cool in the 4th-grade rockin' a chili bowl
Man, mama outta control, but I give her kudos
Her American food was nasty as hell, she killin' that ocra soup though
She kicked game like judo, asked mo' questions than pageants
Still hard to learn to be a man when yo' pops present, but absent
We was broke, but you know we had rent, so we never thought we was po'
Five kids, one room, two bunk beds and a mattress on the flo'
Only money to pay the bills, life was colder than Buffalo
Hide and seek in a two-bedroom condo, where was we finna go?
Yeah, hide and seek in a two-bedroom condo, where was we finna go?

And it's so crazy 'cause like even though we stayed, you know on forum park, even though we stayed on the west ("West Up, Neva Down!"), you couldn't tell us we wasn't livin', ("West Up or Vest Up!") ya feel me? Know what I'm sayin'? Of course, we had to be in before the prostitutes came out, but you know it was life. I be like...

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I remember it picture-perfect like a Kodak
Rockin' them platinum FuBu jerseys and them throwbacks
Talkin' crazy to them G's, it got ya door tapped
'Cause real G's move in silence, Cognac
It's hard to come up when you stepped on like a doormat
Lot of my partners failed tryna make they dough stack
In debt with yo' life, you can't get what you owe back
In my hood you on 'yo toes or in a toe tag
Baby girl, it's so sad, don't cost to pay attention
Mama working for pension sufferin' from hypertension

My partners wanna go to church, but ain't no comprehension
I feel the road to hell is often paved with good intentions
Never forget to mention, Gini Bu Nkpa Gi?
I learned that life is a mirror, it gives you what you see
But when ya life foul and you livin' in penalties
It's hard to get calls when ya play with no referee
I'm gone

You see, vision attracts resources, it just so happen that I got my vision i
n my spare time, more so like my rare time. Nevertheless, it led me to my ne
w family, you know. Karl, E, and the infamous C. ETA to the death of me...

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