

Got goosebumps on this shit  
Ready to hoop up on the bench  
Coach, put me in  
Won't put me in  
So smoked doobies on the bench  
Smoked woolies back in tenth grade  
Had me feeling bent, ayy  
Then there was eleventh grade  
Thought I was a renegade  
But still in my tender phase  
Did a couple drugs a day  
Whatever I could get, I'd take, but I was getting As  
Couldn't get better grades, so everybody looked the other way  
Girls was playing games, but they ain't really wanna play  
I tried and I tried, I was shy, would always run away  
Then one day I realized what I wanna say  
But it only came out right when I was on the mic  
When I was freestyling or when I would write  
Then twelfth grade hit, I dropped my first shit  
Maybe I'll gain some love, show how hard I could spit  
Plus I got to let a lot off my chest  
Even if it was just me that learned from the words I said  
At first ain't shit change, the girls in my grade liked herbs that I couldn'  
t respect  
So I'd act like I couldn't care less  
And the other girls would date guys that were twenty-eight  
And I looked younger than my age, so where was I left?  
Didn't stand a chance at the dance  
Didn't see where I was going, didn't even give a glance  
I was repulsive  
Then bagged this older chick Dominique at Dylan Schultz's crib  
And it was so sick  
But still had to figure out my own shit, where to go next  
Had to make a plan stat, my parents on my ass  
Talking college in my ear  
And ain't no way in hell that I'm following my peers  
High school took enough years  
Done there  
Ain't going back, getting stuck there  
Nah, I'm starting a career  
And I guess that it was rap  
And it all seemed so clear after that  
Aftermath, I'm here

And we still here  
And it don't stop  
As the globe goes  
And the trees blow  
So does the stove top  
When the tea kettle blows  
Seen better days, but need these days to let 'em know

I just let it roll  
I just gotta get 'em with the flow  
A veteran, but they would never know  
I'm about have to let it go  
They regretted ever letting him in the door

I just let it roll

Whether shedding tears or a laugh  
The years that I've had  
The beers I've bagged up, drank in the bag of a cab  
The fear that I didn't let steer me down the wrong path  
Goes back way before Uber and all that  
It was always yellow, other then when it was dollar cabs  
Holler back  
Call a fact a fact, recalling back  
Ah, ah, ah  
When I yerp, shorty yerp back  
Drawstring knapsack where I kept the pack at  
I don't know if I had the words that describe how I felt  
When I finally took a look at myself  
After all this time, realized what I got under my belt  
Ain't no undo, but whatever conundrum that's dealt  
If you summon 'em, the gods coming through to help  
It's something that you feel, not something you could tell  
Anybody but your delf, it's too real  
We still here, 'til death I do my deal  
Not part of it, the whole thing  
If I started it, I'm finishing it, no strings  
Attached, everything floating  
We just going through the motions  
So far, everything coasting  
Got my microphone, I'm toasting  
Like I'm Yellowman, at the festival out at Meadowlands flowing  
Been a while, but crowd stole 'em, then I'm out  
Leave 'em wild open with what's coming out my mouth  
Uh

It don't stop  
It- Uh, uh  
Look

And we still here  
And it don't stop  
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And the trees blow  
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And you know  
I couldn't go on with it, I'm so committed to grow  
Everyone think that they know the kid  
But he ain't fit in to the mold they give  
So I ended up all alone again and again with every clique I was in  
These days, catch me on the block if you wanna talk, if you need you a friend  
d  
If you need you a friend