

Interlude

Yung Berg

Yeah

You know, always been a starter yung'un don't do beach
Home grind derby, I'm headed for the feets
But instead of niggaz standin up and cheer for me
Wanna see my momma cry, homies pour beer for me
I mean, once again I'm a product what you made me
Solid as a Roc I couldn't sign with Jay-Z
See first Infrared, and then Bloodline
Now I'm a young boss and shorty it's grill time
Back tatted for my niggaz cause I love mine
And now this real talk, is no punchline
Yeah, and I ain't speakin no riddles
My bro had squares with stamps in the middle
He used to take trips they would pack up the rental
Pop was at the crib, still workin on a demo
Yung livin reckless, blowin on chronic
Momma sent me off to school, said her son was demonic
Secluded from the world, I couldn't see trees
But it gave me time to grow a little, time to do me
Writin raps in my head no beat
Fucked up bed, one pillow, no sheet
And my pops wrote a letter in about a month it reads
"Your time's comin soon you'll be out in a week"
I moved out to Cali with my big sister Eve
She had faith in a yung'un she just told me BELIEVE~!
Believe