Now there's two things that's the same In every hood, in every ghetto across the world And that's struggle, and that's dreams

In my hood, Southside Tallahassee, FL I had both of those, still got both of those I'ma let you in on somethin' real quick

Let's take it back to the early '90s Taleho, Florida is where you'll find me '78 Omega automobile I'm driving Bass bamblin' with the wind behind me

Hitch from the attic is the name of the crew 'Coz road shows and hoes that's all we do And all three G's believe me, we got that hot shit To the point that nigga 'bout to quit on college

Parents upset cause I shat on school
Beat spot got hot so I'm playin' it cool
Crew movin' to New York, I'm 22 years old
My girl's stayin' cause she's scared of the cold

Out in the world (Where you tryin' to make it at)
Out in the world (Where they tryin' to take it at)
Out in the world (Where my folk tryin' to get fat)
Out in the world (And every time get set back)

Out in the world (Where my dawgs at?)
Out in the world (Uh huh, fo' sho)
(Where my folk gonna stay strong)
Out in the world (Let us move on)

Now I'm in the Brook in Decater Whole different look, different sound and flavor Washin' dishes at the Hotel Four Seasons 15 an hour, don't plan on leavin'

Homesick, skippin' work every weekend Went down, found out my girl was cheatin' Heart broke, tired, started freakin' Year later terminated for no reason

Got a new girl as the leaves turn brown
Seein' me stressed said she would hold me down
Had to move to the Bronx where the crooks be juxin'
Sold my first track, moved back to Brooklyn

Music 101, the whole game is dirty Got me 25, feelin' all of 30 Went from a lover to straight up hustler Stressed a lot, developed clusters

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2 G, Y2K bug is gone
Put my gas mask back 'coz them lights is on
Dead Prez in the stores and the streets is groovin'
Hi, I'm still broke and my beats is movin'

Gotta grind harder 'coz my bills is major Got a cell phone, had to dead the pager Can't blame the game 'coz the game don't feed you Can't blame the world 'coz the world don't need you

Seem like every excuse I use is see-through Help myself first, then help my people 'Coz folks sells hope, runnin' scams to burn me Wash me, comb me, relax and perm me

Gotta get control and stop this car from swerving Now I'm kinda cold, only the doe concerns me Try to spend less than the amount I'm earnin' Lessons everyday I'm learnin'

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