

When I was 21  
It was a very good year  
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For city girls  
Who lived up the stairs  
With all that perfumed hair  
And it came undone  
When I was 21

It was all a dream just a year ago  
Bussin' tables and servin' food but ya'll don't hear it  
though  
Now I'm on another level but ya'll aren't near it  
though  
My soul bleedin' on the track, so spiritual  
It's a blessing cause now rappin' is my profession yo  
Set to detonate, I'm just waitin' for my time to blow  
White boy at first glance but when I rhyme they know  
Race don't mean a fucking thing the second that I flow  
It's been a year and everything I said would happened  
has  
While everybody that I know is out havin' a blast  
I was right here in the studio bustin' my ass  
It's been a year I'm 21 but I feel (35)  
And now I got this  
I taste the blood, no one can stop this  
Second I drop this, die hard fans is finna cop this  
While the rest of the world follows through fiber  
optics  
I took my time, see I studied the game, learned how to  
rhyme  
I was around drugs and gats, but never delved in crime  
Had other things in mind, so I began to grind  
First tape was a success  
Locally, I got press  
But I knew this one right here would run the world a  
mess, but I digress  
A year ago, I was a young'un in his room  
Staring out the window, lookin at the moon, knowing  
it's coming soon  
But today I bought this rocket ship and sonic boom  
Cause I am no longer a seed, homie, it's time to bloom