

# Picture That

Ab-Soul

Shoot for the moon  
Even if you miss  
You'll be almost a star

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If you ain't got a dollar to your name  
Can you maintain?  
Are you lost, are all your thoughts  
On the same train?  
I been ridin it, doubt  
Despite the amount  
I've yet to acquire  
In my checking account  
They checkin me out  
They peepin my game  
I paid my dues  
I even kept my receipt and my change  
My life is like a movie  
If Siskel hate it then sue me  
Fuck a Maybach, I'm straight in the back of this  
hooptie  
It started out a hobby, became my life  
Left my emotions, lonesome, hence the pain I write  
Some call it therapy  
Some call it rap music  
I call it hip-hop  
No, no  
No trap music  
You never seen me heat the pot  
To whip the rock  
You never seen me creepin down your block  
With the Glock  
You never seen no diamonds in my chain  
Or in my watch  
You never seen me in a G5  
Or on a yacht  
But picture that

Picture this  
Picture being poor  
Picture being rich  
Picture having more  
Picture not having shit  
Picture that  
What a sight to see  
Picture you, picture me, picture us, picture we  
Together at the top  
Where we should be

Speaking of being at the top (Champagne, bottoms up)

I take that back, cause matter of fact  
This E and J  
Dollar shot  
Is hittin the spot  
Like a rave  
My real niggas give me props  
Cause I ain't afraid to say  
What I am and what I am not  
You had her not  
I had like seven dollars knowin I'mma drop five  
On that session  
As soon as A-chizzle hit the block  
Chocolate swisher burn slow  
Though I hope it never stop  
So I can get high  
And accomplish my endeavors  
Niggas pullin up in benzes, tellin me that I'm the one  
I'm guessin when my clock climaxes then my time'll come  
I never shot a gun  
But I be killin all y'all raps  
Cause all y'all wack  
I be joggin on all y'all tracks  
I mean so many lines that  
I could call you all back, yeah  
I could send you all a fax, with all facts  
Budget tighter than my bitch's all black bra strap  
Grab a digital camera  
And  
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In the presence of my gifted ass  
Incredible gift of gab  
Don't have a cent to spare  
But pull up a chair, I'll take you back  
To where my Christmases was full of gifts  
I surely had  
Left Santa milk and cookies  
(We miss you Bernie Mac)  
Left him a letter  
And what do you know, he even wrote my back

I don't remember what it said  
But the point is that  
Soon as I had to take the role for my own acts  
It seemed as though, all my presents started gradually  
turnin into coal  
I graduated with a car  
Four years later that motherfucker's stuck in park  
I missed the days we cut through the alley to the limo  
park  
Or further than that  
Nick at Nite, Are you Afraid of the Dark?  
I keep these memories on my mind  
Cause they define me like Dictionary.com  
Bliss kisses ignorance  
Pay them unless  
Your intelligent  
And her pussy be wet as shit  
You would come in a flash  
Please hold the flash  
But picture that

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Photogenic I are  
No need to be camera shy  
Hand on the bible, I ain't tellin a lie  
We only got one, so I'm livin my life

Photogenic I are  
No need to be camera shy  
Remember where I been, where I'm going  
And I only got one, so I'm livin my life