

Yo, this rap money ain't as quick as I supposed
And I'm indulged in this life I chose
Posing kinds and spending all your time inside a studio
When I'm making a killing with this script
Turning your crib into a dealership then build the shit
You gotta feel this shit
If you ever had some problems on the street I ain't grow up poor
So my homies rub a badge at me
Then my father died, 16, I'm the man of the house
Pull them cameras out, looking up at God like hear me out
But He ain't coming any time soon
Drowning in a pool of my surroundings, doing bodies on the spoons
We still up at noon, suicidal convoys of a drug dealer, skip the sex
Mixing matching roaches then I flip the match, don't skip this track
My nerves bad, pain pills on the surf, that that worst track
Had me on a map, yeah, but further back, ain't nobody bough the tape
I used to hate seeing Wayne get all that shine until he signed me, that my f
ate
Yo, the universe had come a full circle
In high school I got my house robbed for gun's sake
'Where my homies drew the blueprint of the house
Leave me momma one day, I guess my karma looking out
It's with Vinnie again, my only friend when I was younger
All that ridicule we got in middle school just made my hunger stronger
To demolish all these lies I hear lately
So even when I'm gone just know you're here with me

I swear I won't forget that
Floating in smoke clouds
Bitch, I'm on the rise in my home town
From my past, it ain't far away
To all the folk who hold me down
I swear I won't forget that
I remember that like Jill Price
We done did some wrong just to get right
Just to get right, call it Jill Price
Now I swear I won't forget that

Staying at my momma, fuzzy island
Just another bastard, the streets were my father
Hard headed and stubborn, hate to take orders
Fucked by scholarships, flushed down the toilet
Hurt me to my heart so I'm still holding grudge
Party after party had me face to face with death
Circles had me trapping, had to fall on my butt
Nigga got me slipping and he shot me in my stomach
Crazy part about it is that nigga was my homie
I took him on the first lit, gave him the first bricks
Show me that didn't mean shit that's why I don't trust shit
Issues in my past got my name on the death list
Stick with a forklift, blunt full of loud shit
Sexy little red bitch, riding in my new whip
Pocket full of money but that still ain't shit
'Cause being broke and on my dick is something that I'll never forget

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Smoking on this lean and G helps to give me energy
Helps me in this industry of fiends that keep pretend to be
Where everybody say they love you, but really try to fuck you
This music game ain't nothing, it's just a hustle
Until the fans come and they demand the album
But for that we sold great out of our abandoned houses
What you know about? Mama crying, saying you should slow it down
But everybody blocking you, the only to hold you down
I'm blowing loud, remember the nights that I was whipping away
My brother gone, he's sent to prison for life
If you still live in the light I pray you getting it right
I'm having big dreams, picket fence, kids and a wife
But until it's that time I'm on this grind and I'm a big high
Forget me this time but if you wasn't with me when I couldn't get by
Don't come around now that we hot as fish fried

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