

## From the Bottom 2 the Top

Coolio

Yeah...  
Streets are still hard...  
I still walk the yard...  
My soul is still scar...

When darkness falls across my face  
Swept hoping tears upon my face  
These times like this that I can't erase  
This goes a being whip, chain, hand or mace  
So I try to accept a high to feel the base  
We concepts and dreams of a different places  
But all that lies and life that I was taught  
And all the good things that I forgot  
That cold and then I avert, wipe a pussy like a savage  
Got an untight rip or love my bad habits  
Sometimes I faith to the fiend sometimes I laugh at it  
Get being on a project take a step at it  
I don't med it by my static I don't need to be graphic  
I stepped to being mine and you go see achieve  
Cuz you don't even know what it into G  
Don't see the end of an A and the history

I want to change the world to real  
This size at homily, it slowly breaking me down  
I'm still the same inside my brain  
And if I change, it might just break me down

These things inside I show but I cannot hide  
And now I lost count of a times I tried  
The times I lied about shit that with me with necessary  
I changed my floor but my scar really never very  
I feel like abyss sometimes I waited a vex I veil like a vessel  
Killed on my back and shoulders would be other soldier I told you  
Cuz I wake the hood like a big para fold you  
Who don't understand the meaning of the mystery  
My baby be so wet clothes so don't you be  
Acting like a gangster cuz my bangers being  
Shitting on the block with that 23  
Mellow me derails that I set you free  
So maybe you can see where I can't see  
So we run about life shit cross bitches and gillish news  
Big changes amuse the bullshit we saw in the news

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