

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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