

From a small ass little tadpole swimmin in a fallopian tube
To a fixture on my soil, a stand up type a dude
I was brought up in the crack game dealin and pushin that stuff
Arguing with my folkers cause we loved eachother so much
Ditchin and dodgin the rollers, grippin the block real tuff
Strikin and scootin them Novas and them Chevrolet stepside trucks

Me and my brother Dannel, Kevin, Dalon, and Black
Little Ray, Billy, and Ivory and them from the Magazine Street
camp
Posted up like thumbtacks, talking on faulty big backs
Motorola, A1 yola, glad bag fulla Tic Tacs
In the mean time, in between time, in my spare time writin raps
In the front yard, in the driveway, on the concrete shootin craps

You think you know, but you really don't have no idea
Listen to discography of E40, real talk for real
Moons ago, way before I even had a career
I got my nickname on the turf for drinking hecka beer
And never letting the older cats up in my hood pump fear
Funkin with my own soil, listen here
Jealous cause we had all the broads and all the gear
Up the ladder I'm tryin to climb, game sharper than a porcupine
spine
Don't gimme nothing, I'ma work for mine, try and grind, grit and
grind
Hot ones echo through the ghetto, funkin all the time
I thank the Lord for giving me the gift to spit this rhyme

A loaf of bread, a stick of butter and some milk
Around the corner from the spot where all the dealers dealt
Trials and tribul-i-zations, me and my peopl-i-zations
Tryin to get this music off the ground with high ass expectations
Took a little time and patience, a little faith in God
To make a long story short, look at me now sahob
I'm doing it chubby like the checker, chunky like the soup
A de- a decade and a half and still in the loop
In case you suckers didn't know, I told you once before
I ain't rapping too fast, see y'all just listening too slow
I paved the way for the independent grind
The industry they mimick me, but don't wanna gimme mine