

Picture Me Rolling

Gudda Gudda

I was forced to be a man at the age of 16
Dropped out of school and then I had my first seed
My baby daughter, and she look just like her father
When I look into her eyes that just make me hustle harder.
Then I met this kid and his last name was Hardy.
And he put a pen and pad in my hand and said I oughta
Write about my life and if I go a little harder
I ain't gotta sell weed and crack to feed my baby daughter
So I sat back, thought about it, maybe for a night or two
Then I got my hands on some beats to start writing to
I never thought that I would get this far, I just sit and reminisce w
hile I sip this bar
Got a long ways to go before I hit my mob
It's a give and quit, don't sit in my heart
So I'm writing, just speaking the thoughts on my mind
Knowing I'm a get mine and do time.

Yeah, picture me rolling, tryina find something to get into
Maybe stupid chick, cut her like a kinshu
Or maybe think about the things that I've been through
While I'm starring at the world through my rear view
I'm rolling, yeah, that's right I'm zoning
While I'm rolling, thinking about the things that I've been through
While I'm starring at the world through my rear view.

Ok, my days feel short and my nights feel long
While I'm searching for the right words to write this song
And I'm tryina do write as I write my wrongs
And I lost a lot of peers, but life goes on
Plus I'm on the road to riches but they try to prolong
But once a niigga get it then I'm out, so long
Yep, I'm tryina be patient, control my situation
Every time a second passes, it's just more time wasted
So I grind, stack the money higher
Told my mama that I got her and I put that on my life
Living in a cold world, so I gotta spit heat
To get my brothers out the pen and get my niggas out the street
Break bread with them, sit them at the table, let them eat
Lost my appetite for food, my only craving is a beat.
Capische, I'm a beast, setting fire to the streets
I'm the rap landlord, I came to terminate your lease.

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