

Everybody told me to be patient  
But who was sleepin from couch to couch and basement to basemen  
t  
But jay man  
Satan tryin to block my shine like ray bans  
Haters never wanna see you bubble  
They rather to see you struggle  
That's life my nigga  
A lot of fakers in the place  
Were invited to taste  
And told me right to my face yea that's tight my nigga  
You reppin that dirty south dog? iight my nigga  
But they wouldn't lift a finger  
To light the incense or let the smoke linger  
I ain't a hot boy but the flows jalapeno  
I'm never yappin bout how the calico ll lean ya  
Magnolia crack soldier creepin on the come up  
My grandmother won't leave the fuckin projects I gotta raise th  
e slum up  
These nerds at record labels played me dumb and dumber  
So I showed the industry my asscrack like a plumber  
Now asscap bangin on my door like a drummer  
The falls bout to put a period on the summer  
But back to the point  
They wanna see me fucked up, kicks scuffed up  
Layin back with a joint  
They said good things come to those who wait  
Well I don't know about that  
And if you can't feel this rhyme then sorry jack  
You don't know about rap  
And if you don't know struggle you don't know about black  
And I don't give a fuck what bill cosby said  
Cause the problem don't exist when bill cosbys dead  
And I don't think the revelation from the supreme beings  
Residin or hidin out in bill cosbys head  
This just the thoughts of a soldier  
And if you don't like play dead and roll over the game is so ov  
er  
The reign is so over