[Verse 1:] From the block to the top Budha baggies in a sock Only thing that changed now Is we ain't runnin' out of stock Use to beg mom dukes for lunch money Honies used to run from me When pockets was dust bunnies Now what's funny Is when done came up and conquered Even the future lookin' bonkers from Compton to Yonkers Though them gangstas grill I tell 'em keep that drama away Don't fuck with thieves I like Jay so who sponsorin' the tape They launchin' out straights I'm tryin' not to get sprayed Whether it's spitter or a quiter behind the trigger Approachin' his prey his eyes bigger Won't stop to consider what's right or wrong Because it's hard liquor that's inside his liver [Hook: x2] But that's just daily routine The streets is couped fiends Whether the hoops or the booth Niggas shoot dreams Better choose the right scheme Cause you can think you cool with yo nice things Get wiped cleaned for ice cream when the light speed [Verse 2:] Traded in my Nikes for a new mic I guess it's safe to say He sold soles for his new life Like they were tryna blind us But we know the true designer They didn't wanna see us find the diviners So now we hit the vines Up day and night on the regular I know my momma prayin' Like she want me reach my aims in life But just stay in sight So I'm shootin' for my dreams Hit the booth and it boost my esteem The Pro Era crew recruitin' And them fiends by the boat load Nigga caught a wave and now he surfin' coastal They don't feel the name But they say that music dope though Fuck it that's how it's supposed to go These bloggers too emotional They'll be postin' you Until labels start Interscopin' you By then it's Wale And I'll be chillin' where I lay Cause I rather see the top