

What the Future Holds

M.O.P.

A big city baby
Time to bend on some shit
Yall people dont understand
That shit is real out here
Im a tell yall a story
Now this story didnt happen too long ago
And it wasnt that far away
Its about some real niggas
Niggas doin real things aight
So let me get to the first page and Ill break it down like this
Chapter one

I was a young child, lost, went to church on Sundays
Walking a narrow road that lead me to gunplay
I was a good boy respect my mommy
Looked up to them OGs like Querto, Phil, and Donny
Felt good as a young nigga
Comin home from school gettin love from them neighborhood drug dealers
Wrote change, Cadillac Sevilles
But spoke real, was a tradition, Brownsville
That was the first chapter, passin these stages
But the book is wider and its a lot more pages
The game changed, people got foul
And the same little chuch boy is buckwild
Runnin wit my homeboys from three three nine
And one five four five, totin four fives
I kept dreams of being a rap dude
But I know the streets too well so I pack tools
I lost a lot of loved ones to these streets
And lost a lot of loved ones over beef
That goes to show these streets haunt ya
Look what society created now, a monsta

Ref:
My day and age was a different role
Its when a slug take a niggas soul
(Slug take a niggas soul)
Follow your dreams and follow your goals
Cause who knows what the future holds?
(Who knows what the future holds?)
Our man died and was left cold
Because a slug took the niggas soul
(Slug took the niggas soul)
Follow your dreams and follow your goals
Cause who knows what your future holds
(This is what your future holds)

I wish somebody would lend a hand
So they could see how I fell inside
Im on an emotional roller coaster ride
Nothing to hide
A long time ago I set aside my pride
And used my past as a ghetto guide
A few good men died, several wept stood beside me
So I could smooth out the road for those that come behind me
You know where you can find me
Out on the back blocks

Grippin black glocks in front of crack spots
Its just a hobby
And since I was a baby
Thuggin, smokin, drinkin, totin is how the first family raised me
(He who lives as a gangter, will perish in these streets)
I know thats deep
But I still shed tears for my mother, two years
After shed been laid to rest
And still some things I need to chisel off my chest
My remedy for stress, I conversate wit my oldest brother
Ten years after his death
I know theres nothin left
So Im forced to take a deep breath
Before I attempt to take another step
A lot of brothas slept
A lot of brothas was left cold in the street and told
This is what your future holds

Ref:

So there you have it
You see, a lot of niggas talk about bullshit
Talkin about cars, jewels, and money
But in all reality, we all come out the same bag of shit
Some of us may never see tomorrow
So my niggas
Dont you never dont you ever forget where you come from
Salute
M.O.P. for life baby