

steering to this tunnel of life
it ain't a far sight
in the dark
searching for god's light
so cold I got frost bite
lost kite from the prison
this system got these young niggaz lost like
mice in a maze
rollin dice to the grave
some say it's just the price of the fame
reality strike, repeat the same tragedy twice
all I'm thinkin man
it had to be life
when the casualties rise
plan plotting 'til your strategy dies
black cotton till i've gotten what's mine
I don't travel the globe
stood firm with an average of 4
I was almost cut down like a half of a stole
but you know that ain't how we roll
from a soldier to a general
go leadin' still do what I'm told
I got the soul of a old head
in the young niggaz bodies
we don't put this gun in nobody
you don't wanna know no homie
what is really goin on
shit is real
couldn't tell you everything in a song
man the pain is so personal
so deep I couldn't explain it in words for ya
I don't sleep
I can rest when I'm dead
cause I'm blessed while I'm here
through the rain, pain
blood, sweat and tears
dedicated to underdogs
that wanna see us make it
we make it, they make it
this calls for celebration

all around the world
we about to celebrate
the mamas ain't crying no mo
my niggaz ain't dying no mo
tell me do you wanna go
I mean it's kinda like a holiday
kinda like a white tray on silver day
kinda like jamaica in may
when all my people celebrate

I wasn't born with a silver spoon
my mama was poor in the delivery room
but we gon make it
look done made it
cops still goin strong
mom poppin the greatest

life been good to a nigga
I remember bout the hood
and how I could do a nigga
but not me
I been good to a nigga
I support not no more
i'm a hood rich nigga now
and I'm hangin like wet clothes
the fresh white frisbee tee
countin bank rows
I ain't botherin with you stank hoes
another problem bit@h
I got enough for those
me, myself
I don't need nothin else
but a good mind
and some good health
that's all I got on my wish list
pop a bottle
what's the celebration bit@hes

we ain't sayin that it's all good now
any hood USA
man it still goes down
but despite of all that
we gon still have a good time
toss a few back
celebrate the fact
that my kids still eatin
man I'm glad I'm still breathin
glad I got my ratchet cause the snakes still creapin
man I got a lawyer cause the law still cheatin
listen, big bottles of drank
big weed in my pocket
nigga I got stanks
we gon drank, we gon smoke
till we damn near faint
and after all that
we gon do it again
this is for the good time
so we get some mo
if we don't we gon smile
on the ones before
if you got real ones
man hug your folks
cause you never know
when it gon go
so celebrate

[hook]