

It's all about history man
Turn it up
We school y'all young folks man
Y'all need to know what time it is
Turn it up son
Let me add on this shit
Hear the horns nigga
Hear that trumpet man
Let's go back to day one
This some edumacation
Aiyo

It's like 'Once Upon a Time in America', the pick pocket era
The Gucci loafers, old niggas in holes up
Violent young killers who've got jobs
And grown niggas wanna test us and get dressed up, we vest up
Polo gowns for bitches, rich niggas hooded clowns
played my shit, get strength, come pulling down
my poster, it meant police post up
If Chef come back they let out Sosa
Yo, you know the dilly, who willies, we night time killies
of colleagues who used to smoke cocaine broccolis
Fans of old school niggas, we rose 2Pac and paying for him
Might hit the gun range on him
Yo, all of us kings men, we blings the Ming M
Made that choice, so stay back, this how the team win
Who you think is wrong? Breathe as Indians, one leader
One mad can take on an whole army, I know Cheeber
Back to the kitchen with the baking soda, he ain't throw up
Lax in them buildings, I max while I bailed
Yo, post Avenue vet, repped them corners yo
It's like a Goines novels, you can bet I'm coigning coins
Follow the path, it's real and it's hardbody
Soon as the Purple Tape come I'm doing hard copy
And it's with some whities, yeah my favourite is Jay Leno
Yeah Rae you living out the project windows, yo
I make my own Casadias, cats catching me in Barrakee
or Columbia, honey named Jiah
Poppy, these industry niggas is soft
Let a nigga puts his hand on you when busting off the wall
Fall back to the labba, the dynasty where my grimies be
We gonna stay grinding till the age ninety