

Just Beginning (Where I'm From)

The Game

Sometimes I wonder
Man, how long is it gon' be for my people to come out
Man we strugglin, it's hard sometimes, but
Tomorrow's better than yesterday, uhh

I was, born in the slums, struggled from day one
Ray Charles vision, blinded by the light from the sun
No navigation, no sense of direction, darker complexion
made it hard to live; dad, how you fathered your kids?
Stranded on the highway of life, left us out to die, left us out to dry
Shhhh, I'm still here, my mother's cries
Nigga no father figures make harder niggaz
Through the years, went to war with niggaz from what I saw in the picture
Now your son is bigger, 13, but just like you
Moms said I would grow up and be just like you
From what you did to my sister she disliked you
Sixteen, eleventh grade, look at me just like you
Gunnin for riches, runnin hoppin project fences
Street corners to Arizona, how I earn my digits
And I'm far from finished, gamin 'til my coffee diminish
Why pray for the afterlife when mines just beginnin, huh

Only son by our mother, no brothers, only sisters by this one
Every time I kissed one I missed one, let me explain
Eight years before the game, everything came with pain
Watch the fate of my family slain would never see good times again
Cursed with pain by a nigga with no shame
My father, that have the same name as his father
My grandfather wouldn't believe, he pulled up our family tree
I can see him rollin over in his coffin
I'm left with often, thoughts of how could you molest your daughter
They say that's ten times worse than manslaughter
Man you oughta, be dead in a grave
But it wasn't my call, so instead you sat in a cage
High-powered, two-hundred and fifty pound, six-five coward
Woulda been dead in an hour
Heard you was scared to take a shower, scared of the yard
Your end is near, you shoulda been scared of God, motherfucker