

Apartment 310

Tory Lanez

Fourteen kicked out on my own
Ain't shit for a nigga in the world
Cause when you in a single parent home
Money the motive and nigga you ain't thinking bout a girl
When the day turn dark and the night come
The pain cut deep and it might run
Try to hide it all and ya light something
Hoping that the feeling there might numb
But it don't and it won't
Ever ever ever go the fuck away
When you living on the street for another day
Dead broke thinking man its gotta be another way
Tryna get a job but it don't go
Tryna build money when it don't grow
Kinda feel funny when you don't got funds
And you tryna cop a crib its a no go
Find life getting all loco
And your living all low pro
And you still need a roof-in
So you move in with three niggas that you don't know
A little spot downtown
In the city life with a twist
You spending every night getting pissed
And you find the true meaning of life is a bitch
Black male, black male, young Canadian black male
Living in the motherfucking slum
I figured I would make crack sale
Too bad that didn't work
But being in the back didn't work
And music it wasn't in the plans
I was like yea right like thats getting heard
I locked up niggas started robbing
I fucked up niggas I was robbing
Got fucked up for the niggas I was robbing
Just some little fucked up niggas that was mobbing
I tried to invest in a gun
Bad outcomes destined to come
Mom died, Dad cried
Dad tried to do the best for his son
Cause everything went wrong pop
And even though I took the long way
I guess I really had to learn the hard way huh, pop
It beats me
But the hating ? can grease me
So I roll the pain in these streets
Cause its way too hard to sleep sweet
This ain't an act nor a story
This a chapter of Tory
And whats after the story
Handclaps and the glory
Thats when it got bad for me
So hows that for a story
Not bad, but guess what
This ain't even half of my story