

Future, Never Be The Same

Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah

After the struggle and the pain and to remain in the game shit'll never be the same no more,
After you grind and survive and you grind and you grind shit'll never be the same no more,
I know cheated a million times and you caught me in so many lies shit'll never be the same no more,
I ain't lyin', I ain't lyin', I ain't lyin', shit'll never be the same no more.

I was standin' in the rain in the middle of the trenches,
Runnin' from polices, jumpin' over fences,
Servin in the them hotboxes livin' life relentless,
Takin' penitentiary chances still dodgin' the penitentiary,
The teachers taught my cousins go to school and you done listen,
Make your outlook on life different, damn you look suspicious,
My granddad died a boss, and that's been on my memory
If you listen closer to me, feel the pain in my delivery
The struggle and the pain, I still remain the same,
I'm grindin' so hard I'm just strengthin' up my brain,
Flyer then the plain, movin' faster then the train,
Get the fuck up out my lane, some thangs gotta change.

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Damn it feel like yesterday I'm at the corner store,
When the po po ran up on me in Mexico,
I dropped the blow I swear I never ran that fast before,
And when I Play it back in my memory in the studio,
I swear I grind and I grind goin' hard every time goin' hard on my grind (future)
Sellin' damaged bricks, shit be at a buncha licks,
I write a hundred songs every time I thinka this,
Take a 2 liter fill it up with codeine,
Let's take a toast to all my niggas who ain't here with me (salute)
And I'm a ride I'm a ride till the rubber off the tires, only the strong survive.

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Yeah, my glasses made from Germany, designer on me permanently,
These scars on me permanently, this pain is ahh burnin' me,
But it ain't killin' me, It's boostin up my energy,
I'm on my way to Tennessee, doin' a show for 10 a key, (yeah)
And these streets they're a beast out chea,
I don't plan on commin' home I might leave ya this year, (chyea)
And Shawna I know you ride for a nigga,
But you get tired of a nigga, tired of cryin' over you nigga,
So many lies, so many broken promises,
I hate it come to this, I took you through a buncha shit,
Feel good to your side, I tried to buy you a buncha shit,
But you don't take it no more, you sick and tired of it

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