

# Half-A-Mill, Go On

(Intro: Half-A-Mill)

uh yea, yo, dedicate this one  
to all my dawgs and all my chicks that came  
up in the struggle, yaknawmean?  
In the hole, in the ghetto, poverty, yaknawmean?  
word!, broken homes, no moms, no pops  
abusive step-parents, ya'mean?, foster parents, go on

**\*\*Quintay Soul singing in the background throughtout the whole song\*\***

**\*\*Go On\*\***

(Verse 1)

I remember my younger years, lil snotty nose nigga  
Peasy head whip behind the ears  
My grandma placed Stevey Wonder and drunk Colt 45 beers  
Cause my moms out she was neva there  
Grandma sell all she did was run the streets  
Shootin up drugs, what 'bout our two sons that had to eat  
What 'bout my father?, he aint' wanna be bothered  
Too busy 'nortin off heroin, use to take me up to Yonkers  
And stick niggaz up while I was wit 'em  
Then come back to Harlem, buyin grams of boy  
He was sniffin, leanin back his nose drippin  
One day he was so high -- he forgot I was wit 'em  
I was 5 when he left me in the streets  
On the hump, 45th and Lennox  
Imagine that, he was weak, but his son was stronger  
I took the A-train to Brooklyn  
First thing a lil nigga did was call Grandma  
And told her what happened, she was mad as hell  
Said "when she saw that motherfucker she was gonna stab 'em"  
If it wasn't for Grandma Duke where will I be at?  
Another dead kid in the alley eatin by street rats  
Grandma was so strong told me to be stronger  
Said "don't slow down for nuttin or no one just move on son  
you'll livin in the world of wrong son  
One day you'll be older and understand but for now just Go On son"

(Chorus: Half-A-Mill) **\*\*repeat 2X\*\***

Go On -- live your life, follow your dreams  
One day your gonna see the light  
Go On -- young man follow your plans  
Put this whole wide world in your palm of your hands

(Verse 2)

I'm from a broken home, everybody was broken home  
I've been to projects black and white tv's, no phones  
We use hangers for antennas, been through cold as winters  
Kool-Aid and cheese sandwich for dinner, and school days was iller  
I had one shoe lace in my Playboys I got off Medicaid for realer  
While other kids played wit toys, I was tryin play to get paid  
to change the life for this lil boy  
Growin up for hard times it became part of my mind  
I was tryin to see money, I was partially blind  
But at times I became focused, from adolescence in teen  
Cursed from birth, now I'm blessed wit cream  
Hustler gettin stressed by fiends  
They say my boy stronger then Meth  
Dunn I play the corner wit tec's  
Nobody gave it to me, I had to take my respect  
Shootout couple of doors, rob a couple of stores  
Keep five bundles in my draws  
I'm tryin to sling mine, how you gonna sling yours  
Your goin to war, for rich or poor

Gats spit for bricks of that raw, quick on the draw  
So long you hittin the floor, I'mma Go On

(Chorus: Half-A-Mill) \*\*repeat 2X\*\*

(Verse 3)

The streets is callin a nigga  
They tried to drop a ball on a nigga  
Seems like this world is too small for a nigga  
Came from a shortage of figures  
Now every thought is a figures  
Step in my shoes you'll prolly walk a bit quicker  
I'm from quartz of malt liquor  
Street corners thats sicker  
Basketball courts, ghetto sports figures  
Dogs that'll stick ya, brawls that'll trick ya  
This world is trife, its life I see it all through the pictures  
All through the scriptures  
Blood n crips, thug love hugs and kisses  
In a instance you'll get mugged for riches  
Tucked in the ditches  
layed in the dirt mud in your britches  
Sumthin religious, sumthin suspicious, 100 of stitches  
Its a cold world, you stuck in the Blizzard?  
Went from Chuckers to Lizard  
Gators to exquisites, major digits  
Go On -- son handle your business  
Scrabblin flippin, life is a gamble  
I got my hand on my winners, I'm goin on

(Chorus: Half-A-Mill) \*\*repeat 4X\*\*