

Picture That

Ab-Soul

Shoot for the moon
Even if you miss
You'll be almost a star

Shoot for the moon
Even if you miss
You'll be almost a star

Shoot for the moon
Even if you miss
You'll be

If you ain't got a dollar to your name
Can you maintain?
Are you lost, are all your thoughts
On the same train?
I been ridin it, doubt
Despite the amount
I've yet to acquire
In my checking account
They checkin me out
They peepin my game
I paid my dues
I even kept my receipt and my change
My life is like a movie
If Siskel hate it then sue me
Fuck a Maybach, I'm straight in the back of this
hooptie
It started out a hobby, became my life
Left my emotions, lonesome, hence the pain I write
Some call it therapy
Some call it rap music
I call it hip-hop
No, no
No trap music
You never seen me heat the pot
To whip the rock
You never seen me creepin down your block
With the Glock
You never seen no diamonds in my chain
Or in my watch
You never seen me in a G5
Or on a yacht
But picture that

Picture this
Picture being poor
Picture being rich
Picture having more
Picture not having shit
Picture that
What a sight to see
Picture you, picture me, picture us, picture we
Together at the top
Where we should be

Speaking of being at the top (Champagne, bottoms up)

I take that back, cause matter of fact
This E and J
Dollar shot
Is hittin the spot
Like a rave
My real niggas give me props
Cause I ain't afraid to say
What I am and what I am not
You had her not
I had like seven dollars knowin I'mma drop five
On that session
As soon as A-chizzle hit the block
Chocolate swisher burn slow
Though I hope it never stop
So I can get high
And accomplish my endeavors
Niggas pullin up in benzes, tellin me that I'm the one
I'm guessin when my clock climaxes then my time'll come
I never shot a gun
But I be killin all y'all raps
Cause all y'all wack
I be joggin on all y'all tracks
I mean so many lines that
I could call you all back, yeah
I could send you all a fax, with all facts
Budget tighter than my bitch's all black bra strap
Grab a digital camera
And
Picture that

Picture this
Picture being poor
Picture being rich
Picture having more
Picture not having shit
Picture that
What a sight to see
Picture you, picture me, picture us, picture we
Together at the top
Where we should be

Shoot for the moon
Even if you miss
You'll be almost a star

Shoot for the moon
Even if you miss
You'll be almost a star

Shoot for the moon
Even if you miss
You'll be

In the presence of my gifted ass
Incredible gift of gab
Don't have a cent to spare
But pull up a chair, I'll take you back
To where my Christmases was full of gifts
I surely had
Left Santa milk and cookies
(We miss you Bernie Mac)
Left him a letter
And what do you know, he even wrote my back

I don't remember what it said
But the point is that
Soon as I had to take the role for my own acts
It seemed as though, all my presents started gradually
turnin into coal
I graduated with a car
Four years later that motherfucker's stuck in park
I missed the days we cut through the alley to the limo
park
Or further than that
Nick at Nite, Are you Afraid of the Dark?
I keep these memories on my mind
Cause they define me like Dictionary.com
Bliss kisses ignorance
Pay them unless
Your intelligent
And her pussy be wet as shit
You would come in a flash
Please hold the flash
But picture that

Picture this
Picture being poor
Picture being rich
Picture having more
Picture not having shit
Picture that
What a sight to see
Picture you, picture me, picture us, picture we
Together at the top
Where we should be

Photogenic I are
No need to be camera shy
Hand on the bible, I ain't tellin a lie
We only got one, so I'm livin my life

Photogenic I are
No need to be camera shy
Remember where I been, where I'm going
And I only got one, so I'm livin my life