It was right around the time I thought, I had to move back with my moms I had to sell my first lowrider Half way to the top With the sleep Woke up at the bottom They turned off my lights I lit candles and I plotted Got it before Getting it again shouldn't be a problem Every month dropped something Then ended up in Double X-L Put a nigga on the cover Made the freshmen ten like a year before my brother Wiz Rap hustling and we rocked there what we win Then I tried to start to start a bidness with Damon Charged that to the game, learned some thangs I thought I earned some change But fuck it mayne, it's all the same I'd live the same life again If it don't kill ya It'd just make you realer Stepping into the house shoes of a big wheeler Always wrote my own rules This jet life nigga Remembering when I couldn't smoke in the buildings Now the executives is dancing on the ceiling I've been moving around, moving around trying to get it