

Lookin back when the days wasn't so easy*
You were either hustlin or strugglin
Make it or break it, would take all different pieces
And we'll make somethin of nothin
Lookin back at the times when we had to grind
When it came to freestylin we was glad to rhyme
When it was hard to make a dime, let alone get a dollar
Had to get your hustle on, knew not to ask your mama for it
When you got it you couldn't blow it
So I saved what I had in the bag, then I would go get
Radio batteries, I'd buy the cassettes
LPs, 4-tracks, wires and (?)
And we was down for hours, we was known around town
Come through with the crew and break the cardboard down
Heh... glide (?)
Then the whole thing started with the Odd Squad parties
Met E-40 at the Rap-A-Lot office
Him and Bela cool niggas with the Click that stay drunk
We was gettin Houstin high, they already had the Bay crunk
Straight up old school, wasn't no ProTools
Jack you for your jacket, and they'll jack you for yo shoes
Back then you had friends who had your back
You only had three choices - sports, rap or crack
And ah, it's a blessing to still be part of the game
And I wouldn't change one thing
Lookin back when the days wasn't so easy
(It wasn't easy, mane)
Were either hustlin or strugglin
(Workin, hustlin and strugglin)
Make it or break it, would take all different pieces
(All of the pieces)
And we'll make somethin of nothin
(That's right, mane, we'd make somethin of nothin, mane)
Make somethin out of nothin
Hey Devin
This 40, mane
Let me gas it right quick, bro
Let it tell it from my perspective, you smell me?
Look here
I just wanna spit a few bars
Listen up, family
Listen
Lookin back before YouTube and social networks was founded
A&R's'd go to the hood to find artists with talent
Recording engineers was low-key lightweight crooks
Not all of 'em but some of 'em'd take all day to fly hooks
That's how they did it back then, based on a hourly rate
The longer they make, the mo' money they make
All we wanted to do was rap, young and enthusiastic
Hopin that one day our tapes would be in stores shrinkwrapped and packaged
We used to beg the promoters to do us a favor
Let us perform for free, pimpin, mane, the money gon' come later
We knew the money was gon' come later
We was just tryina get our name out there
And it ended up workin, mane, for real though
Rehearse and practise, practise and rehearse
Me and Too \$hort, Bun and Pimp C wouldn't charge each other to spit a verse

We all knew what we was worth, future legends up in the game
RIP Pimp C, way ahead of his time
Everybody wanna be that guy, everybody wanna be that dude
But everybody don't wanna pay dues like 40 and Devin The Dude
Two good dudes, old school but new school
Meet 'em in person, you gon' say, "Them some cool fools"
Good music still around, just gotta know where to find it
The seasoned entrepreneur independently grindin
20 plus 3 years deep in this music
People always be askin me, "40, how the fuck is you still doin it?"
Lookin back when the days wasn't so easy
(It wasn't easy, mane)
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(Workin, hustlin and strugglin)
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(All of the pieces)
And we'll make somethin of nothin
(That's right, mane, we'd make somethin of nothin, mane)