

## Just Beginning (Where I'm From)

The Game

Sometimes I wonder

Man, how long is it gon' be for my people to come out

Man we strugglin, it's hard sometimes, but

Tomorrow's better than yesterday, uhh

I was, born in the slums, struggled from day one

Ray Charles vision, blinded by the light from the sun

No navigation, no sense of direction, darker complexion

made it hard to live; dad, how you fathered your kids?

Stranded on the highway of life, left us out to die, left us out to dry

Shhhh, I'm still here, my mother's cries

Nigga no father figures make harder niggaz

Through the years, went to war with niggaz from what I saw in the picture

Now your son is bigger, 13, but just like you

Moms said I would grow up and be just like you

From what you did to my sister she disliked you

Sixteen, eleventh grade, look at me just like you

Gunnin for riches, runnin hoppin project fences

Street corners to Arizona, how I earn my digits

And I'm far from finished, gamin 'til my coffee diminish

Why pray for the afterlife when mines just beginnin, huh

Only son by our mother, no brothers, only sisters by this one

Every time I kissed one I missed one, let me explain

Eight years before the game, everything came with pain

Watch the fate of my family slain would never see good times again

Cursed with pain by a nigga with no shame

My father, that have the same name as his father

My grandfather wouldn't believe, he pulled up our family tree

I can see him rollin over in his coffin

I'm left with often, thoughts of how could you molest your daughter

They say that's ten times worse than manslaughter

Man you oughta, be dead in a grave

But it wasn't my call, so instead you sat in a cage

High-powered, two-hundred and fifty pound, six-five coward

Woulda been dead in an hour

Heard you was scared to take a shower, scared of the yard

Your end is near, you shoulda been scared of God, motherfucker