

Big Pokey, That's All We Had

(Lil' O talking)

Uh, put out the struggle, put out the struggle, for those that hustle
I reminisce when

(Chorus - 2x)

That's all we had, five on a dime, two on some gas
Couldn't get no hoes cause we didn't have no cash
But still we was alive, so still we was glad
Cause that's all we had

[Lil' O]

I remember scoring fifty pack wrapping my rocks and plastic
Slanging this up to dopefiends when times got drastic
Just a young nigga trying to shine and have shit
And turn my chump change into a million like magic
My situation tragic, my pockets was hurting
And player ain't nothing worse than a broke nigga flirting
I can't forget the day, Karen till he pulled up swerving
My mouth, dropped when I seen Corey blunt suburban
I said it got to be a feeling man
To ride on 20's, screens hanging from the ceiling man
Crawling turning hoes heads like a ceiling fan
A youngster wishing he was balling got to feel my pain
But still I said, hold your head nigga
Cause one day you gone shine and roll red nigga
Just keep your business on the low and don't full fled nigga
Real g's, pay they dues, so thank god
For your life and grind to get there fool

(Chorus - 2x)

[Big Pokey]

I remember 'fore, trust me, no bus fee
Not even a hot dollar to my M-A and me
It ain't no joke g, when a nigga broke see
Seem like nobody know me, so I stay low key
Riding it out, like a O.G.
Mash and put it up, like a nigga told me
By all means, I'ma mash to get it
And I'ma mash for my cash till I mash and hit it
Got to stash to stay with it, keep you a bang
'Fore you make a move, think, stay sharp as a shank
And the room display, we got dues to pay
If we don't live for tomorrow, we gone lose today
Who's to say, that you can't succeed
Set your mind to achieve, with the knowledge you retrieve
Always believe and have faith in the man
Everything will go according to plan, knowl'msaying

(Chorus - 2x)

[Lil' O]

See when you broke, hoes act funny
That's why most niggas grind hard to stack money
We was skinny niggas, trying to get fat tummies
All I wanted was a cadillac and bad honies
But still a player had to take his time
Cause young niggas go to the penn for trying to shine
I've seen boys get twenty years for slanging dimes
Out here thinking it's a game, boy you out of line
And now you doing time

[Big Pokey]

But I got to grind

And mash for this paper cause I got to shine
And watch theses hating ass niggas so I cock the nine
And keep my business on the low, cause they drop the dime
And for real nigga I ain't lying, that fast money, shoe box stash money
One way street, cause you really a crash dummy
Cash money, it's M-O-E
And nigga, I'm just glad to be free

(Chorus - 2x)