

# 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, know I'm saying

(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)