

## Yung Berg "Interlude"

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Yeah  
You know, always been a starter yung'un don't do  
beach  
Home grind derby, I'm headed for the feets  
But instead of niggaz standin up and cheer for me  
Wanna see my momma cry, homies pour beer for me  
I mean, once again I'm a product what you made me  
Solid as a Roc I couldn't sign with Jay-Z  
See first Infrared, and then Bloodline  
Now I'm a young boss and shorty it's grill time  
Back tatted for my niggaz cause I love mine  
And now this real talk, is no punchline  
Yeah, and I ain't speakin no riddles  
My bro had squares with stamps in the middle  
He used to take trips they would pack up the rental  
Pop was at the crib, still workin on a demo  
Yung livin reckless, blowin on chronic  
Momma sent me off to school, said her son was  
demonic  
Secluded from the world, I couldn't see trees  
But it gave me time to grow a little, time to do me  
Writin raps in my head no beat  
Fucked up bed, one pillow, no sheet  
And my pops wrote a letter in about a month it reads  
"Your time's comin soon you'll be out in a week"  
I moved out to Cali with my big sister Eve  
She had faith in a yung'un she just told me BELIEVE~!  
Believe

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