

Ice Berg

"Be Great"

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At a point in time I was like fuck rap
Fuck the labels, fuck the radio
I can go back to the streets and dub with that
Start a trucking company and hire my dogs
But I heard the longer you wait to quit, the higher you
fall

And I was chest deep in this shit
With an army of people depending on me
Now how you gonna quit this here? You got a fam, you
got a team
Most of all, you got your son
Nigga, you say you want that Bentley, that ain't no
regular ass car
I fuck nobody with no regular ass job
No, and that Rolly ain't no regular ass watch
You know just what you do to get it, go, young nigga,
go
And on your least concurrent goals you need to go for
even more
Be great, young nigga, be great
I swear to God I told myself this shit when I was at my
lowest one day
We niggas never quit, we adjust and adapt
And you would say that I know magic, I made
something from scratch
I'm tryina Bill Gate the base, Warren Buffet the crack
Basquiat my art but I'm loving my cash
Rose, say he watch me all the way up the hill
No matter if you the greatest, nigga, they gonna hate
you still
So be great, young nigga, be great
Get your paper, fuck them hoes, you selling bitches the
weight
I'm pulling papers with these flows, you tryina open the
safe
I swear to God you on my way bitch, I'mma open this
cake
I tried to talk to my lil' brother, tell him get his shit
straight
But that young nigga living wild and that's a whole

other case
And I believe a product of a distant dad should have a
little more drive
Especially if mama strong minded with a little more
pride
And it bother me every day 'cause I wanna do more
But a nigga gotta want it and that's my homie LeBron
Be great, young nigga, be great
I'mma back you on whatever with whatever it take
So many niggas from my own home town went broke
To the point if I name them all I couldn't finish this song
I just watch like a proud brother rooting them boys
And they ain't dropping like hell, I went to school with
them boys
On the other hand, I got a lot of niggas doing time and
shit
Some kinda mad 'cause I've been busy you know
grinding and shit
I'm talking 12 hours a day studio time in this shit
Sacrificing everything, barely vibing with you
So if I missed a few phone calls, dog, I ain't tripping
Really I'm probably out here stressing harder than you
tryina get it
Hoping when they let you out you on some chill out shit
So you can stay out them crackers face and raise your
kids
And be great, tell them shorties, be great
'Cause they the only true thing that's gonna carry your
name
And from my heart I got love for you nigga, I do
And you gonna have me in your corner as long as you
keep it true
Just keep your faith, homie

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