

Los

"Moment 4 Life"

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[Los]

I go super hard,
nothing less than devoted,
I put knowledge in every bar,
Take a second and note it,
I know that things aint what they seem,
It's like blessings is coded,
I knew this would be my moment for life the second I
wrote it,
And yea I struggled every day, I got used to the hope,
Playing tug-of-war with the world, I was losing my rope,
But contrary to what haters would usually hope,
When you talk about me now, tell them I used to be
broke,
Bad for your health with a raw flow,
N-ggas can't mention rap in my presence,
Unless you're and elf in the North Pole,
You don't get that, you so unprepared,
Snap back flow, adjust to me being over your head,
Damn! I'm bigger, stronger and faster than them,
Put my life behind bars, that's how I mastered the pen
Ten, nine eight, seven six five four three, two one,
Motherf-cker it's my time,
I could write it in the script and sell it,
This kind of story many n-ggas don't live to tell it,
I put my life in this sentence, like a convicted felon,
Victory is mine, climb a mountain raise my fists and
yell it,
I wish that I could have this moment a bit longer,
In the midst of the moment, the moment gonn' get
stronger,
But shit hunger, make friends switch to opponents
Then take the tone of a bitch on ya,
Keep your chrome on your hip,
When you boning them chicks, homie,
They be blowing your cut, man these hoes is a bit
phony,
I move out like O's in the drought,
The day I trick on a bitch you see snow in the south,
Way back when I had the goals in my mouth,

N-gga I was pimping like Jerome in the house,

Thinking back to my Martin years,
Now the Aston Martin doors open like Martin's ears,
White top black shoes on the drop,
Martin got it looking like a skin head and some Doc
Martens,
It all started with a dream like Doc Martin, Luther King,
Do your thing n-gga stop talking,
Back when they dropped the dirt on my pops coffin,
Left a hard spot on my heart that will not soften,
I'm lost in this beautiful thing,
So even in my nightmares I'm still pursuing my
dreams,
Got the shooter on the roof, clear view to king,
They tell me bring the crown back and make the
funeral clean,
It's no chance for the bow, I romance with the war,
And these n-ggas too clean to slow dance with the
poor,
Ten seconds on the clock, I take a glance at the score,
We down by two so I advance with the ball,
Too fast for your forward no need to rewind,
I shake him out his 2 shoes, I got this 3 on my mind,
4 seconds left, and it's like 5 n-ggas pressing me,
I need 6 rings like Jordan in my legacy,
7 n-ggas on the bench watching me in slow mo,
I ate (8) the press up too easy, no homo,
Straight down the middle to the top of the line,
And pulled that motherfucker back like I was cocking a
9,
And let it fly they thinking 'Los did it again',
Damn ya'll n-ggas need heart, I'm the wizard you tin
man,
It take 10 men to get the heart of this one man,
Cuz no ten men would go as hard as this one man,
Damn, who would've thought that I was this thorough,
Put a ribbon on the moon, my gift out this world n-gga

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