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"Used To Be"

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I use to be a use to
I use to be a use to
I use to be a use to
I used to grind in the dirty
I used to cry to 'til it hurt
I will look up to the heavens
When is my time gonna come
I use to be a use to
But I never got use to
Being what I use to, be
Said I use to be a use to
But I never got use to
Being what I use to be

I was never use to niggas that was use to
Being broke so I started selling coke
Times got hard was selling soap
Scheming just like the preacher in church he selling
hope
Now I'm getting older, heart getting colder
Looking at my son while his head lay on my shoulder
Thinking in my head will I make it to see him grow up
Or will I catch a bullet from something these niggas
throwing
Trying to take me out, in the hood trying to make it out
Niggas plotting on me cops all staking out
Trying to get a couple bricks so I can make a house
Close friends hating on me really trying to play me out
Damn, but niggas couldn't deal with me
If they had blackjack my shooters would still hit them
North side of philly where it's real gritty
And dirty at where everyday they murder at

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When I was young I started planning it out
My daddy got killed I was the man of the house
By the age of 16 man them hammers was out
So when niggas trying to hit me I'm just handing them
out
Cause I ain't trying to see my mom crying, and my sis
mourning
So I'mma let this little mac 11 rip on them
Louis vuitton sneaks watch the blood drip on them
For all the times I bled the tears I she'd
Every time I made money it was here I said
And if my niggas asked for it it was yeah I said
Selling butter just to get the fam bread I spread
I got married to the streets and it was here I wed
Cause I was never use to being what I use to
Started off walking now the rolls royce a coup too
I'mma let the top down every time I shoot through
To give them motivation even though I know they
hating

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The man with the gold makes the rules
And one who makes the rules break the rules
Some niggas make it alive, some make the news
It's either family or money, I hate to choose
Cause you need money just to feed the fam, the family
keep you cool
Got a nigga on the papers still I keep the tool
Niggas heard I'm getting money so they creeping
though
I keep my hand up on that hammer what's for me to
do?

Let these niggas kill me?
Try to line me up so they can rail me?
I'm just giving you the real me
Started with a dollar now I got it and I'm filthy

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