

## **Hit-Boy** **"HITstory"**

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When you up they answer quick  
When you down they got a broken phone  
Some shit you just can't forget  
When you comin' from a broken home  
With one mom, no dad, two sisters goin' through it  
Smile on, pretend you good, but you really hurt and no  
one knew it  
School, class, I knew it was somethin' that wouldn't last  
Cause I didn't need a lecture to pass  
And me making beats would never require math  
I knew what I wanted before I had it  
But I always had it, I was an addict  
And this room is feelin' just like an attic  
Making ten beats a day and goin' at it  
When my ex-girl tellin' me she missed her cycle  
Feelin' like I got shot with a pistol, rifle  
Gauge, wishin' we was on the same page  
But she don't understand I wanna be like Michael  
But not up on the ho shit, yeah I used to be up on the ho  
shit  
Til I realized I wasn't tall enough  
And then I Jump Maned to the music  
Got with a couple niggas I was cool with, T-dub tryin' to  
make a movement  
Had the same drive, same passion  
I never thought that we would ever lose it  
And we could never get back, right?  
What was done in the dark did hit that light  
Tears in your eyes, can't forget that night  
Then you stabbed me in the back, I wish I'd hit that  
knife  
But it didn't stop me though  
Hollered at my uncle Rodney though  
He said that he been through the same shit  
And the real ties you make could not be broke  
So I went back to my place and I logged into Myspace  
Heard a couple beats from a nigga from New Orleans  
I'm thinkin' to myself, man this guy's grea  
Then we built a brand, right from home  
Moved to the A, joined the zone  
Learned a lot, moved alone, next thing I knew I was  
back at home

Now I gotta focus on me, cause shit got a little bit shifty  
Bills got a little too deep, I'm on iChat hollerin' at Ricky  
While he's sittin' in sessions with Keys  
Tellin' me that I could be the next thing  
Tellin' me that he believed in my dreams  
It's all a matter of time and definitely  
Keep working, Hit you gon' get to the start-up  
Next thing I know it's Christmas in Harlem  
Right after that I'm workin' in a palace  
Overseas suites, they wonderin' like Alice  
Goddamn I was just at home,  
now I'm number three on the throne  
I got so many emotions, that I had to make it into a  
song  
Man this is what you're gettin' after  
Read the index, skip a chapter  
Either way you're gonna see me gettin' glory  
I wanna welcome y'all to HITstory

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