

AI-D

"I'm Reaching"

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[AI-D:]

I lost everything I had y'all, before all the fame
So I remain the same, cause real niggaz don't change
I shedded tears through the years, who said G's don't
cry
Cause it was times that I, felt I wanted to die
No lie I've seen hard times, I know how it feels
To have mo' than the next, and less than the next man
on the real
I don't care, cause ain't no telling what might happen
Thank God for the fact, that I'm blessed in this rap
black
And ain't no turning back, I got my foot in the do'
Watch my back and stay strapped, cause haters hate
me much mo'
I don't know why it's like this, but I'ma get mine
Cause plexing only leads to poverty, death and jail time
From the yay to the hay, from the way to the Bay
From tight cribs to Cadillacs, to no place to stay
From O-Z's to fifty packs, from steaks to dickie snacks
From G's to empty pockets, from jacking to kicking
raps

[Hook:]

I'm reaching, to the top nonstop
Eyes on the prize, till I fold a bigger knot
I'm reaching, leaving haters behind
Balling with my nigs', grinding at the same time
I'm reaching, to the top nonstop
Forever representing, till my casket drop
I'm reaching, leaving haters behind
Cracking up the ground, in my houpe smoking pine

[AI-D:]

They said I wouldn't make it, they said I was better off
dead
They said, a nigga would end up in the FEDs
They said fool, even with an album out you're no one
They smiled inside my face, behind my back they said
I'm so dumb
They sent evil to stop me, and sprinkle dirt to hurt me

Their words were smooth as butter, but their aim was to
curse me
They said a lot of thangs, but I chilled and maintained
Knowing one day, I'll play like superstars in the game
X myself from them haters, now I'm blind no mo'
X myself from doing dirt, now it's time to flow
Since '92 fool, brothers recognize me
Just a black G, peace to G.P. and Gotti
Slanging stones like two smooth, brick homes
Caps and loc's, kept my identity unknown
Stuck on probation, with my mind on time
I put my mind on rhyme, on the one but I'm

[Hook]

[Al-D:]

Get the green 'fore I fuck up, smoking fat sacks
reminiscing
With my niggaz from the hood, way back in the days
when we use to trip in
The jungle, survival was the only thing we knew
Late nights in the Cadillino, rolling deep with my crew
Slanging rocks on the blocks, fat sacks to the playas
Steady dodging the cops, busting shots at them haters
Living my life as a hustler G, it wasn't easy
Cause wild times left this nigga buck wild, laying em
down with my nine
Plus I got a baby on the way, what could I do
I tried to get a job, but none of them hoes came
through
So I'm reaching for my ski mask, loading up my twelve
gauge
Looking for a lick to hit, in my younger days
Cause ways in the ghetto life, had a playa sunk in the
streets
Sorrow was my me, man teal was my bed sheets
Frustrated aggravated, what the fuck was sent to me
The ghetto is hell, the only free Penitentiary

[Hook x2]

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