

Skillz "Imagine"

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[Skillz:]

Uhh

This goes out to my brother E

Damn, uhh

We had it all baby, y'know?

Uhh... yo

Imagine you and your big brother, in a Southern town

All it took to lock down was some grams and a fo'-
pound

Millions, we both tryin to see that much

So we found some young bucks that wanna be like us

Put 'em on to the game, showed 'em how to do it

All they wanted was sneakers, me and my brother knew
it

After six months of this, we done moved ahead

Now I sleep with 300 G's under my bed

Imagine, livin life how you 'sposed to live

Gave my brother a buck fifty cause I'm 'sposed to give

But he wanted all of it like Sosa did

That put tears in my eyes, we was close as kids

Imagine, puttin your toast to your brother's ribs

I had to walk past his casket and close the lid

Imagine the guilt I felt, when I hid my gun

I'm the reason that my mom lost her oldest son, damn

(POP!)

[Chorus: Skillz]

Can you (imagine) how my nephew would look at me

If he knew I was the reason him and his daddy won't
leave (together)

And now I feel alone

Cause it's my fault that my brother is gone and it's
(forever)

And that's what happens

When money takes you and it leaves you (imagine)

[Skillz:]

Imagine, a year passin, I'm holdin my ground

Plus I got a new homey, he holdin me down

And my guilt won't let me go near my mother

Cats still say, "I'm sorry to hear 'bout your brother"

Man the lust for this dough is startin to run me
So I started a record company to clean my money
And my young boys think that they the only ones
needin
They look at me, like I'm the only one eatin
They used to call me king, now they call me whack
And it's a drought, and papi ain't callin me back
This the hustler's test, and I made my vow
Next time I'm broke, broke'll be in style
So I got on my feet after takin a hit
The Jake made my homey rich after they made him a
snitch
When they rushed my crib, I thought I was done
Cause they ain't found my coke, they found my gun -
damn
[DOOR KICKED IN] ("Freeze! Get down!")

[Chorus: Skillz]

Can you (imagine) the time you gon' see
You and that money you made, y'all'll never be
(together)
And your mom knows the facts
You took her firstborn and she got to live with that
(forever)
And that's what happens
When life takes you and it leaves you (imagine)

[Skillz:]

Uhh, yo
Imagine, watchin your mom cry several tears
And I'm cryin over 7 years, can you (imagine)
How the snitch livin his life
And I'm in a 6 by 6 tonight, can you (imagine)
Why this dude grillin you
He a killer and he probably wanna kill you too
I think back to how the hustle game spoiled my life
Now I'm in somebody's kitchen, boilin rice
I started writin rhymes cause my time was free
Then I finally got paroled in ninety-three
So I moved to V-A after doin my bid
And half these rappers is rappin 'bout what I lived
Entertainment? It's just that for real
And a lot of cats lie after gettin a deal
Most of 'em tell lies and make it sound true
I oughta know, I just told one to you
•short pause•

[Chorus: Skillz]

Can you (imagine) if you had some proof
That your favorite rapper wasn't tellin the truth
(together)

Him and his label decide
They gon' base his career on lies (forever)
And that's what happens
When money takes you and it leaves you (imagine)

[Skillz:]

Think about that, when you buy your next CD and just
(imagine)

What I could do with a pad and a pen
But I choose to tell the truth at the end

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