

Half-A-Mill f/ Quintay Soul

"Go On"

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[Intro: Half-A-Mill]

uh yea, yo, dedicate this one
to all my dawgs and all my chicks that came
up in the struggle, yaknawmean?
In the hole, in the ghetto, poverty, yaknawmean?
word!, broken homes, no moms, no pops
abusive step-parents, ya'mean?, foster parents, go on

**Quintay Soul singing in the background througout
the whole song**

Go On

[Verse 1]

I remember my younger years, lil snotty nose nigga
Peasy head whip behind the ears
My grandma placed Stevey Wonder and drunk Colt 45
beers
Cause my moms out she was neva there
Grandma sell all she did was run the streets
Shootin up drugs, what 'bout our two sons that had to
eat
What 'bout my father?, he aint' wanna be bothered
Too busy 'nortin off heroin, use to take me up to
Yonkers
And stick niggaz up while I was wit 'em
Then come back to Harlem, buyin grams of boy
He was sniffin, leanin back his nose drippin
One day he was so high -- he forgot I was wit 'em
I was 5 when he left me in the streets
On the hump, 45th and Lennox
Imagine that, he was weak, but his son was stronger
I took the A-train to Brooklyn
First thing a lil nigga did was call Grandma
And told her what happened, she was mad as hell
Said "when she saw that motherfucker she was gonna
stab 'em"
If it wasn't for Grandma Duke where will I be at?
Another dead kid in the alley eatin by street rats
Grandma was so strong told me to be stronger
Said "don't slow down for nuttin or no one just move on
son

you'll livin in the world of wrong son
One day you'll be older and understand but for now
just Go On son"

[Chorus: Half-A-Mill] **repeat 2X**

Go On -- live your life, follow your dreams
One day your gonna see the light
Go On -- young man follow your plans
Put this whole wide world in your palm of your hands

[Verse 2]

I'm from a broken home, everybody was broken home
I've been to projects black and white tv's, no phones
We use hangers for antennas, been through cold as
winters
Kool-Aid and cheese sandwich for dinner, and school
days was iller
I had one shoe lace in my Playboys I got off Medicaid
for realer
While other kids played wit toys, I was tryin play to get
paid
to change the life for this lil boy
Growin up for hard times it became part of my mind
I was tryin to see money, I was partially blind
But at times I became focused, from adolescence in
teen
Cursed from birth, now I'm blessed wit cream
Hustler gettin stressed by fiends
They say my boy stronger then Meth
Dunn I play the corner wit tec's
Nobody gave it to me, I had to take my respect
Shootout couple of doors, rob a couple of stores
Keep five bundles in my draws
I'm tryin to sling mine, how you gonna sling yours
Your goin to war, for rich or poor
Gats spit for bricks of that raw, quick on the draw
So long you hittin the floor, I'mma Go On

[Chorus: Half-A-Mill] **repeat 2X**

[Verse 3]

The streets is callin a nigga
They tried to drop a ball on a nigga
Seems like this world is too small for a nigga
Came from a shortage of figures
Now every thought is a figures
Step in my shoes you'll prolly walk a bit quicker
I'm from quartz of malt liquor
Street corners thats sicker
Basketball courts, ghetto sports figures
Dogs that'll stick ya, brawls that'll trick ya

This world is trife, its life I see it all through the pictures
All through the scriptures
Blood n crips, thug love hugs and kisses
In a instance you'll get mugged for riches
Tucked in the ditches
layed in the dirt mud in your britches
Sumthin religious, sumthin suspicious, 100 of stitches
Its a cold world, you stuck in the Blizzard?
Went from Chuckers to Lizard
Gators to exquisites, major digits
Go On -- son handle your business
Scrabblin flippin, life is a gamble
I got my hand on my winners, I'm goin on

[Chorus: Half-A-Mill] **repeat 4X**

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