

To The Top

Jay Rock

South Central, home of the warzone where the great thugs roam
Where we ain't promised nothing but shell-bullet wounds and tombstones
Every man for himself in this concrete jungle, jungle
Only the strong survive and the weak perish and crumble
Yeah, niggas' pockets hurting, work day and night in them dope spots
In the kitchen with them razors where the water boiling hot
Blood plus crip plus wrong sign equals a shoot-out
Then the Glock's pop then the block's smoking like a motherfucking Luau
In the projects, watched a lot of niggas, seen a lot of niggas moved out
Then mom said ''back dreaming of big ass, new house''
Then it's back to reality, smokers out back getting so high
Watching niggas kill for a salary, watched a lot of great niggas die
Colder the streets, never ever talk to the motherfucking police
If you do better have a bullet-proof vest, better guard your mouth piece
Yeah, I don't really care about what a nigga may say about me
I'mma let you speak dollars into my pockets, watch them increase

Look at you - came from ground zero to the top
Made something from nothing on that project block
Switch your hustle, no more working that dope spot
Middle finger to cops, tell 'em that we're legal now
Yes, we legal now, do it for our people now
Finally we eating now, make sure our belly's stay full

We made nothing out of something, man
You know, all the way to the top
Make sure our belly's stay full
Make sure our belly's stay full

Yeah, I got some, but I'm still on the block like a nigga never left
Still on the grind all the time, gotta get mine doing what's best
Yeah, I came up, but I never changed up on my niggas, no sir
Let bygones be bygones, let it burn like Usher
No chauffeur, I'm wheeling myself in a big '64
Rims poking, three wheel motion, my lungs full of that herb
My niggas still on the curb posted up like junkies at a liquor store
For all my niggas that died in the war, yeah dawg, let the liquor pour
Just Ciroc's, baby, hood shit is all I know
Live life to the fullest, never know when a nigga gotta go
That's how it is out here, dawg, really can't show no feel
I've never seen a man cry 'til a man dies, then you see them tears
Rest in peace, Nini, your grandson still looking handsome
Still gotta keep canons cause them haters out there still can't stand us
You said I got power, all I gotta do is grab hold to my pen
Yeah, I loved you to my last breath, grandma, 'til we meet again

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We're like a train with no breaks
Who gon' stop us?
Make sure our belly's stay full
Make sure our belly's stay full

Kendrick Lamar:

Yo, Rock - let me get it, let me breathe on it for a minute
Speak for a minute, put my 2 cent in it for a second
Let them get a view of my mind, backpack tucked with a nine
Went to school with it, didn't play with it
Didn't tell nobody it was mine
It was my weapon, had it for my protection
I didn't blink, not for a second
Didn't pour my heart and soul to a reverend
They're hypocrite anyway, rather put my full faith in God
Had to stay on my grind something like when I was sumping
Had to maintain my function back against the wall, they fronting
Played the background like a movie extra
Extra activities, no remedy for the crime going on, same old song
Bet ya couldn't make it out here if you wasn't wasn't that strong
Not mentally, but physically, had to get my psychology on
Mama said I gotta come home, but I didn't, stayed out real late
My excuse was ''how we gon' eat if it's no food on the plate?''
Now wait - think back, yeah yeah nigga, far far back
Came from the bottom to the-the top, now tell me how you love that?

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