

**VON
VARGAS**



etropolis  BINOCULAR

The Last Shall be First

Produced and Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC All Instruments and Drum Programing by Von Vargas Piano/String Introduction and Throughout by Quincy Phillips | Additional Trumpet by Geoff Burroughs | Rap Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC | Chorus Written by Tierra Vinson and Performed by Marijah, Additional Background Vocals by Tameka Harris | Recorded and Mixed by Von Vargas at C.D.Studios Baltimore Md.

Penned Pola

Produced and Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC All Instruments and Drum Programing by Von Vargas Additional Bass by Duane Harris | Rap & Chorus Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC | Chorus Performed by Ronika | Recorded and Mixed by Von Vargas at C.D.Studios Baltimore Md.

Cry A Tear

Produced and Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC All Instruments and Drum Programing by Von Vargas Intro Strings by Quincy Phillips | Rap & Chorus Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC | Chorus Also Written by SHO (D.Hawkins) BMI | Chorus Performed by SHO, Additional Background Vocals by Ronika | Cry A Tear Vocal Intro Contains a Sample of "Away" from Function Loops: Vocals with Lokka 3 Used by Permission Recorded and Mixed by Von Vargas at C.D.Studios Baltimore Md. | Vocal Tuning for Chorus tuned at Stinkiface Music Studios by Maurice Carroll.

Red Lips

Produced and Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC All Instruments and Drum Programing by Von Vargas and Duane Harris | Brass/Trombone by Rufus Roundtree (D.Miller) | Rap & Chorus Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC | Additional Vocals Performed by Ronika | Recorded and Mixed by Von Vargas at C.D.Studios Baltimore Md.

My Metropolis

Produced and Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC All Instruments and Drum Programing by Von Vargas Additional Piano by Vlad Shvets and Brian Davis | Violin by McClean Smith Rap Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC | Chorus Written and Performed by Naimah (N. Muhammad) for Electric Star Publishing/BMI Additional Vocals by Brian Davis | Recorded and Mixed by Von Vargas at C.D.Studios Baltimore Md.

Symphonious Maxim

Produced and Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC All Instruments and Drum Programing by Von Vargas and Duane Harris | Rap Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC | Chorus Performed by Ronika Additional Background Vocals by Tameka Harris Recorded and Mixed by Von Vargas at C.D.Studios Baltimore Md.



Fit Out

Produced and Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC All Instruments and Drum Programing by Von Vargas and Duane Harris | Rap Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC | Additional Vocals by Ronika | Recorded and Mixed by Von Vargas at C.D.Studios Baltimore Md.

One Thing ft. Hurricane The King

Produced and Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC All Instruments and Drum Programing by Von Vargas Synth Flutes by Quincy Phillips | Rap Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC | Featuring Rap Written and Performed by Hurricane The King (R. Hawkins) BMI | Recorded and Mixed by Von Vargas at C.D.Studios Baltimore Md.

Good Day ft. Dre Thompson

Produced and Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC All Drum Programing by Von Vargas | Rap Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC | Chorus Written and Performed by Dre Thompson (D.Robinson) for Dre Thompson Publishing/BMI | Recorded and Mixed by Von Vargas at C.D.Studios Baltimore Md.

No Wins

Produced and Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC All Instruments and Drum Programing by Von Vargas Additional Piano by Quincy Phillips, Brass/ Trombone by Rufus Roundtree (D.Miller) | Rap Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC | Intro & Outro Talk by D.Smith | Recorded and Mixed by Von Vargas at C.D.Studios Baltimore Md.

Look Up

Produced and Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC All Instruments and Drum Programing by Von Vargas Rap Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC | Recorded and Mixed by Von Vargas at C.D.Studios Baltimore Md.

Concrete (I Still Rise)

Produced and Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC All Instruments and Drum Programing by Von Vargas Additional Piano by Quincy Phillips | Rap Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC | Chorus Written by Michael J.R. (D.Davis) and Fairin (F.Hightower), BMI | Chorus Performed by Michael J.R. and Fairin Moon | Recorded and Mixed by Von Vargas at C.D.Studios Baltimore Md. Michael J.R. Chorus Recorded at Center for Arts and Media Recording Studios Laurel, Md.

Frozen Cupz

Produced and Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC All instruments and Drum Programing by Von Vargas Additional Chorus Piano by Duane Harris | Rap & Chorus Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC Chorus Performed by Naimah | Recorded and Mixed by Von Vargas at C.D.Studios Baltimore Md.

Oceans Fade

Produced and Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC All Instruments and Drum Programing by Von Vargas Additional Bass Synth by Duane Harris Contains Samples from the Black Octopus Sound Vocal Sessions By Cory Friesenhan Used by Permission | Intro Talk by D.Smith | Rap Written by Von Vargas (L.Smith) for Von Vargas Music/SESAC | Recorded and Mixed by Von Vargas at C.D.Studios Baltimore Md.

Album Mastered by Mike Cervantes at The Foxboro Mastering Studios Grand Rapids, MI | **Design & Layout** : Creative Development Studios | **Photography**: Cvon Photography & Creative Development Studios



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ALBUM THANKS:

I want to thank those involved in making this album DJ Soul, Quincy Phillips, Rufus, Ronika, Tameka Harris, SHO, Fairin, Marijah, Tierra, Dre, Naimah, Michael J.R., HTK, Vlad, McClean, B. Davis, Crystal Le'ne and Jocelyn Faro. Your efforts and creative talents were a great addition to my canvas. I truly appreciate you guys one hunnid percent. Let's continue to push barriers creatively.

Thank You to my number 1...The Holy Trinity...who, what and where would I be without You! You're my Everything! Period. To my number 2...Shuna, I love you and appreciate you. All of your support, talent, time and treasure is sure to reap a great reward. Thanks for supporting my vision.

Mom & Pops, I Salute All My Fam: Dr. Damon, Dion, Scoobie, Tehran, Nel Stroman, David Alcindor, Fat Cat, Skullie, DJ Crock, Charles Bond, The Boy Blesst, Big Joe, Pos, Craig B, P-Nut, Larry Brown, Def Will, E-Dotta, Seth, Preme, Fish, Carlana, Tyra, Violesia, Crissy, Shawne Scott, Rashaan, Charonda, Theresa, Krystal, LaSaunda, Kellie, Grasshopper, Big Bryant, Qoop, Rod, Gooburger, Gwen, Missy, Suki, Taja, Ronald, Sophia, La-La, Nikia & Mon, Lenzy, LJ, Larry Jones, Mike, Meecho, the entire 95' and the whole City College.

The Recording Academy/ NARAS and entire Grammy Washington DC Chapter, The talented and strong Board of Governors and Trustees I serve with, I learn so much from you guys. S/O to Grammy Philadelphia New York, LA, Atl, and Miami Chapters. The DMV Music Community, Will Rap 4 Food, MadeinDMV, Station North, Bmore Beat Club, Organic Soul, Creative Nomads, Kayenecha, Nate Middleman, DJ Lil Mic, Leesa Ashley, Mic Terror, B.I.T.C Dj's, Reds, Phaze, Benjamin Banger, Brandon Lackey, Kariz, Yudu, Jake Vicious, House DC, Blackstarr & Mia, Chase Flow, J. Johnson, TK, Japhia, Kid Classic, Sean Blu, S.O.P, Chase Ultra, Greenspan, Eze Jackson, Profitt, Dante Ross, Femi, Jahiti, SaveADopeBoy, SESAC NY, Trevor Gale & Olivia, Rob & CityFam,

The Baltimore City College Alumni Association, Howard University (EPP), Georgetown University, GWU, Morgan, Coppin, UMBC, Grammy U, My Fashion & Blogging fam: Keisha, Taliah, Christopher Schafer Clothiers,

My Nieces & Nephews: Aniya, Deja, Ananda, Caleb, Lil Rick, Shontae, Rick & Mika, Mama V, All My Cuzzos: Bunny & Peedie, Pepa, Maria, Keshia, Cherie, Taavon, Jeff, Chris, Dwight, Brandon, Darnell, Rick, Pam & Pushing The Vision, Kari, April, All my Bmore family, My VA family, My NY family, My Uncles, Aunts, Ma Ruby, Grandma, Daddy Chick. I apologize but I know too many people. This space cannot fit everyone's name. Know that u are still in my heart.

RIP: Tyree, Grandpa, Uncle Chick, Uncle Tony, Roy, James, Eric, Bud, Aunt Marj, Geneva, Earnestine, Millard, Ma Esther, Grandma Hill, Francis, Damon Baker, you guys will always be in my heart and remembrance.

To: Dion, Mitch, Dean, Davon, Andre, Sean, Greasy and many more of my peeps locked down hold ya head!



Last Shall Be First

Said I wouldn't be nothing
 Some said I wouldn't even make it
 Told my lady not to tie the knot and take me
 They was hating Oooohhh they was hating
 Some said that I wasn't worth it
 Said I couldn't even do it
 Some been looked down on me
 Wanted me to stop but I stuck to it
 Stuck through it
 Tough through it Ducked through it shots fired
 Still I rise
 Still I Still fly still high I don't even smoke n#%*
 I don't pop pills or do coke I don't drink
 I don't get wet I ain't even soaked n#%*
 I'm wealthy I ain't even broke n#%*
 But this is my hope n#%* this my cloak
 To see us do it when they said we couldn't
 Here a note that I wrote for every single
 oppressed thought had us thinking that we wouldn't or
 couldn't

Naw tell em yo:
 Put away the hurst we reverse the curse
 We goin work through hurts
 We disperse the work we was birthed from worst
 When they chirped us dirt
 We was hurt then hurt
 But us, the last shall be first
 I promise you these truthful words

Chorus:
 Trouble Hurt Pain Work I ain't gotta worry bout it imma be
 first
 Oh no- you ain't gotta tell me nuthin
 An I ain't gotta tell u nuthin

Yo Said u wouldn't be nothing
 Some even said u wouldn't even make it
 They hated when u graduated when they shoulda just
 congratulated
 Ohh they mistaken
 Shaken Ya Identity was Mistaken
 Esteem mixed up in a misplacement
 Dwell in Underprivileged places
 Yeah Raping tryna trap my face adjacent
 The Lesser than the lowest of the low here
 No fear So here dirty skin nappy head
 Oh yeah we was in the slow rear making noise couldn't
 hear going on
 For years
 From the youngins to the old heads
 Poverty mentality across the fore head

I love my people love my hood peers cheers
 But we deserve better then what's really is really this
 What we live where we live women kids
 The family was torn apart by them jail bids
 We turned on each other hated one another started
 taking what was others
 Then we devalued what was valued so I un- hid
 The home broke gone now the child lost long
 Scrounging for some one to see em scrunching all along
 I see u fam know I bless u with this song
 Due time we goin see the mountain that's my word
 And reverse what was meant make us burst
 Evil works that was vivid and rehearsed
 We in the light now yeah we all submerged
 We made it through the hurts and the worst
 We was counted last even counted dirt
 Ashamed but we all across the earth
 Hear me yall the last will be first
 Yeah yo the last will be first

Penned Pola'

V1
 Coming up with the wolves
 Looking for direction
 To know a bit That I was great
 Been defeated so I kept it in
 Stepping just to find a better way
 The ghetto up in labor pains birth everyday
 We Geniuses eat free lunch & spam every now & then
 steak-ums
 or filet
 Cuz when we went to play sip a soda
 Sip a soda Or a huggie ...
 And the candy sugar got the brain racing had us running
 round sumthin lovely
 Creative we was on the block
 Had big wheels now & later was the Guap
 Bmx's w/ the pogo sticks yurp better bounce dawg 4 u
 drop
 Yeah here he go Snotty nose suck a thumb snagger tooth
 was Von
 Middle son here he come got my own lane yeah I'm born
 fly been a don
 The Past Lessons
 We was young and innocent seeing transgressions
 Young & Witness Narcotic obsessions
 LT'll school u to a hard knock freshman
 Use Ya eyes u ain't gotta ask hard questions
 Look through em hard bet u see the oppression
 See the tears see the eyes see the guilt See the lies
 See the pain hear the cries reaching for better skies
 A crack baby moms just died

A crack baby momma od'd why
 Her crack baby now got a crack baby
 This is dedicated to that ghetto child

Chorus A & B
 Light -camera-point it flash
 See it-focus-hold it-flash
 Hold it-scope it-photograph
 Flip it-turn it over
 (This is dedicated to the ghetto child
 I'm giving you a Penned Pola'
 You can make it out the wild
 So turn the Penned Pola' over)?

V2
 Now I know the struggle Make u better huh,
 That's only if u let it huh
 Going Through the worst even when it hurts
 Know The last will first bet u could bet it huh
 If only u could rewind time
 Nope but u blessed just to set it though
 I hope u understood that this environment here'll bring
 things tryna get u deaded yo
 It's saturated with that hard white
 And many dudes locked behind bars
 While U Getting teased u just wanna pop off- tell em step
 Back At home the gas & elec's off
 Tied of living poor tied of living broke
 Contemplate for a minute how it be to sell dope
 Then u started thinking bout the lives that it choked
 Then u hold on to your hope to make it out and round the
 globe
 That's real life it can happen
 This real life it ain't rappin
 I'll die for the vision
 If I go best believe it be on my back scrapping
 Cuz I got a new Polaroid
 All I did was turn the old one over boy
 Now imagine what I'm looking at and holding boy
 Can't give now I'mma make it over boy
 Can't forget my ghetto queen party
 Grew up Yall playing with the Barbie
 Now u jack Barbie for blue contacts
 And a blonde weave way gnarly
 That the role model she took
 U see her cuz she made it out that's a good look
 While u stuck with the criminals and crooks
 You ain't gotta copy that write a new book

Chorus A & B

Cry a Tear

2 tears on my mind
 And 3 tears I'll shed
 2 of those still alive
 But one of those is dead
 I don't know where to start
 I don't how to begin
 I guess I'll be the first
 First to confess my sin
 You was the one who u was
 You was the one u my cuz
 My pops n ya mom was siblings
 We shared the same blood
 But u ain't have ya father
 A stupid n@#% sweat it
 He wasn't there for his blood n@#%
 He don't get no credit
 Instead u raised round granny
 She the fam nanny
 U in her shoes in her clothes
 It was weird but u was family
 But then your wrist ended bent
 Switch in ya walk
 Cross dress in the dark
 Esses with ya talk in ya talk
 Yrs went by I see u on that #20
 Turn my head I don't see my Cuzin
 I'm Embarrassed so I'm bugging
 How could I not even speak
 hid my face discreet
 Then next time I saw u
 U was stretched out in the street
 R. I. P golly me cram to understand
 No uncles to never taught my man how to be a man
 Ya pops died early crap
 Yeah that was that
 They found his body stiff in the vacants
 Eaten by the rats
 As I ponder on life
 And how this world we live
 I ask ya mama can she find it in
 Heart to forgive
 Tear

Chorus:
 Moment of Silence
 My bad for wildin'
 I regret it more
 I done put a wall up
 Automatic door
 For all this time kept silent
 So I decide to let it out and
 Times I wasn't sure novacane

With the pain when I couldn't
 So can u Cry A Tear for me
 Go head cry a tear for me tear me

Now I'm Standing in trauma
 Contemplating this drama
 Looking at ya cold body
 Laying up on that iron
 Eyes half open n#@%
 Like u looking at me
 Like u swearing & crying
 Like why u ain't never help me
 Regret up on my face
 In my face it's too late
 I ain't have to treat u like a step
 Feed my n@#% from a dogs plate
 The fam all around wait some calm
 Some in panic
 U can hear the weeping
 Man! In my head on repeat saying it
 Thinking bout revenge
 You was far from right
 But that ain't give no permission
 For no n%#@ to take ya life
 Talents all in ya blood
 Fashion designer u was
 Probably the reason why they hating
 Yeah they ain't show no love
 Homicide was it
 Diced u like an onion
 Went back around that block
 Like Ain't nobody see nothing?
 That's The heart of the city
 No justice round here
 None So I put my trust in the God of justice round here
 Let it go and live on
 Couldn't change what was dealt u
 But knowing the way u went
 In my heart I'm un settled
 Cuz the way I did u whenever I saw u I ain't have no words
 Took u laying in a box for me to
 Pour out all these words
 Tear

Chorus

Red Lips

Paint the town red
 For that blood that was shed from a innocent lady who
 took a hallow to the head
 Now dead cuz her ex pumped her brains up with lead
 He was fed left her body lying inches from the bed

Red
 For that girl forced to give fellatio should be playing
 with her dolls lost her innocence instead
 No telling what I would've did if I was her Dad
 It's heartbreaking this is what the evils done bread
 Paint the town red matter fact Paint the Lips Red for
 that girl who abused with her heart torn apart
 Paint The Lips Red
 For that girl who was raped or molested and she never
 even knew what love was
 Paint The Lips Red
 For that girl running round and she sexing other girls
 cuz a N@#% did her wrong
 Yeah Paint The Lips Red
 Yo This is for that girl who about to end her world till
 she heard this song
 She was gone on meds psychologically was harmed
 All because she been abused many nights and dawns
 Paint the Lips Red
 As a sign of the times speaking out and up against
 these sexual crimes
 This is for Latresha, Kesha, LaQuisha,
 Tamika, Violesia, Ronika, Latisha
 It's for Sandra, Tina, Trina, Kelsey, and Rita, Sarah and
 Necha
 RED

Chorus:

If I was a girl I would red my lips
 For the girl forced to give her thighs & hips
 If I was a girl I would red my lips
 For that girl manipulated like a trick
 If I was girl I would red my lips
 For that girl who violated and was stripped
 But since I'm not a girl if u a girl then lipstick em red
 For the girl who rising up from being dead
 Paint the lips red

Verse 2

Paint the lips red
 For that chick getting pimped smacked
 Cuz her pimp want the money and he want it in a fast
 Red
 She fearing for her life now
 Live the roll of dice now her legs for a price now
 Red
 She get high give her sexual life now
 And this n@#% keep threats put to her throat a knife
 now
 Red
 For that chick called a ? and
 A-I-d-s H-I-V up in her spit and
 Still living in her trauma and she sick and
 When She walking she be switching for a stick and
 For that lil lady was abandoned

She in a foster home now with foster family
 And her foster keep touching her body randomly
 She hoping someone get the memorandum see
 See yourself painted here?
 Take a minute (Your) still beautiful so paint Ya lips red

Chorus:

If I was a girl I would red my lips
 For the girl forced to give her thighs & hips
 If I was a girl I would red my lips
 For that girl manipulated like a trick
 If I was girl I would red my lips
 For that girl who violated and was stripped
 But since I'm not a girl if u a girl then lipstick em red
 For the girl who rising up from being dead
 Paint the lips red

My Metropolis

V1

No (oil in the furnace) it's cold turn on the stove
 Use the heat from a popped burner to melt the frozen toes
 Or u can sleep with a skullie scarf Coat & gloves
 Nuthin can get u through this episode but hope & love
 Yo It's a symphonious fable of our trials & woes
 To make it greater we adapt to what the life in the hood
 bestows
 Corners propose living photos of moving O's
 Expose u to expensive clothes w/ logos now u young and
 decomposed
 Ya moms did the best to supply the home with steady
 provision listen
 But as a Youngin once u see u don't want to feed on fish u
 wanna go fishin
 But going fishing could get u sent straight to juvenile
 detention
 Tryna give it how It be these polaroids from juvenile
 retention
 Single mothers push the stroller till the baby's older
 Father with the baking soda rubber band the knots he fold
 the paper over
 That's about sums up the story titled adolescence
 Daddy in the streets mommy working supporting home
 stressing

Chorus: Its all around me like a dream
 Visions of my history
 Down the roads that I have roamed
 People places things I've known
 There all around me like a dream
 And our stories fatal

Verse 2

Yo now U 8 yrs of age out on the steps young
 Here 20 dollars shor let me know if and when the cops
 come
 That's what the hustler told the Youngin Here u go some-
 thing for something.
 For u know it the Youngin got a shoe box wit a couple
 Hunnid
 Cop kicks hid from his moms cuz he the one that bought
 em
 On his way to school sport em on his toes rocking new
 Jordan's
 But when he get home hide em if moms find em she hot
 You got employment now now u eyes watching out for the
 dope spot
 Some kids graduate to dealers that's life others kids
 ignored
 Went to school got their education thought that was more
 important
 Some found hobbies like football bball tag freeze
 Some picked up music played records tapes played
 drums, keys
 The streets grimey hoods crazy projects piss poor
 Everything that's wrong some homies got it Fell to that
 allure
 Some now dead and gone some locked down some
 homies still struggling
 Some became fiends from hustling
 and their families straight busted
 I salute whoever made it out the trap of the metropolis
 I Guess I picked the right choice I'm careful with my
 options
 A musician and a writer poverty mentality fighter
 Lyric reciter composer of these electrolyte excitors
 An advocate for justice plus I love where I'm from
 While I'm on the verge of great some had some fatal
 outcomes
 My hypothesis from my metropolis through my binocular
 Overlook what's typically popular
 Pressing to get our posture up

Chorus

Symphonious Maxim

Chorus- I been waiting for sometime for the world to hear
 me
 I wanted to quit sometimes cuz it was looking bleary
 Cuz when u growing in the ghetto u ain't looking past a
 week
 It's just a dream is what they tell u
 Wake up fella out Ya sleep

V1

Growing up in the ghetto struggle life and hard times
 I ain't never want what I seen of yours homie I just wanted
 mines
 Waking up to no alarm clock
 We just wanna get it poppin
 When u straight up in the hood look
 -
 See my n@#% hug blocks
 hustle hustle non stop
 They just wanna move weight they just want to get Guap
 I ain't even gonna knock cause if you knew what they
 lacked
 You would be in straight shock a roach mice and rats
 House filthy like streets might as well be in the gutta
 Filthy mattress pissy sheets Fam oh so disgusting
 Caved in at the bottom Man I hate it at the bottom
 Took the dream off replay in the mind real life at full
 throttle
 Hoping up for a break hoping just for an inch
 But can't show them that u hoping cuz they don't wanna
 see u flinch
 I was told u get a season but you don't even really care
 Cuz it's hard to keep believing through this weed fog up
 in the air

Chorus

V2

It's hard not to have a dream
 Hard not to believe for sumthin
 Hard not to run for life
 When the oowee Get to thumping
 Hard not to have a goal
 Hard to not have vision
 But it's easy to get sucked in
 A poor stricken condition
 The lesser than and have nots
 We was counted straight out
 Made us close to greatness
 While others settled out for the clout
 They said we wouldn't ever be
 Told us we straight nothing's
 I couldn't let it sink & stop my muscle
 So I put the pedal to the metal
 100 on the dash
 Life be moving fast
 Lord forbid it if we crash
 With the pedal on the floor
 We let off the brakes
 We just wanna soar
 Till its time for undertake
 I was wanting more
 Hoping to be great
 But the hood be caving in

So I had to raise the stake
 Like never before
 I just couldn't shake
 This thing up out my cor
 Now I'm heading for the take

Chorus

Fit Out

Chorus-Wit a plan to make it out
 An any fear of man bet I shake it out
 If the mind was canned had to break it out
 I Take it out
 I ain't tryna fit in
 I just wanna fit out
 I just wanna Fit out
 Im just gonna fit out
 U can keep Ya clout
 I don't wanna fit in
 Yeah I bet I fit out

V1

Yo I Couldn't let the jungle get the best of me
 Believe me it was times it started pressing me
 So I turned to music as recipe
 With hopes that I would build a better legacy
 I couldn't help it it was in my pedigree
 It started with some tapes and a melody
 Then I was on the 1s & 2s regularly
 While my close n#%? was posted up allegedly
 Selling, using weaponry, and getting felonies
 Definitely N#%!? living fast recklessly
 But I was on my chill and my pleasantry
 Even had my N#%!? respectively was telling me
 Whenever choppin on the block his integrity
 He would warn me said don't "stand to long next to
 me"
 Cuz if it was some beef and discrepancy
 He ain't wanna see me caught up in an open sesame

Chorus

V2

It's funny how the lessons be
 Cuz I ain't puffin wit em they was pesting me
 And cuz I stayed different some was testing me
 But keeping the composure was a specialty
 And come to find that it was all because of jealousy
 Some even wanted to spray my top tryna measure
 me
 And though I understand life so respectively
 Had me hand pick my fam so selectively
 One of my old close mans disrespected me

Behind my back even tried to cuff my Ebony
 Then lied to me in my face so exceptionally
 But then it changed to a look of perplexity
 Cuz any other dude wouldn't even sweat it be
 But I ain't like them N#%!? I'm different man I better
 be
 I ain't budge I could see deception see deceit
 But that's the in crowd full of treachery
 Treachery

Chorus

One Thing

So I'm looking in this mirror like like
 Could this mirror be any clearer
 Could it magnify a fearer that I dealt with in the rearer
 Or to wipe away a tear from a former former year
 I hear -a Psalm in my ear calming my my ear longing
 Can I rearrange all this tarnish
 If I could put my ears in a lil bit
 Take them spots off my face
 Smooth out the lil grit
 Straighten up this over bite
 That could deal with my lip
 Fill my side gaps with caps
 With a lil fit
 Bump it I ain't smiling on no pics
 Till I get it fixed then this smile'll be what's it so lit
 Just for no reason show it off
 When I look into the mirror on the wall I see my flaws
 All
 Like I hit the gym hard still small
 The nerve of Von still I got the gull
 Yup

If I could only change one thing
 If I could only change one thing
 If I could only change one thing
 It'll be that I could change one thing

So this mirror hanging and I'm looking like
 Coming up I just wanna be a shader light
 Picture my sincere plight my life
 Hear my fight I might wanna change a little height a slight
 My flaws my cause my wrongs say em make em right
 My paws my heart my wants later say goodnight
 Riffing Listen I'm Wishing I could have broader shoulders
 The Hair on my face grey ooh and plus I'm older
 Made in the Image of The Awesome
 Awe I expose these flaws and so flawsome
 Tip of my hair thinning so I shave it bald some
 I'm Not the only one I know u think about it often
 Changing of yourself at no cost an'

Take my uncles Chick & Tony from a coffin
 Wishing I could simply change the whole me
 From past to present that be the now and the old me
 Can't so I sip this lemonade
 With these flaws I'm still God's and still I got it made arrayed
 If I had a chance at this thing here
 Every dislike I would make em disappear yeah

If I could only change one thing
 If I could only change one thing
 If I could only change one thing
 It'll be that I could change one thing

Good Day

V1

Wake up in the morning thank my Pop
 That I live to see another day in my metrop
 Cuz somebody got hit up yesterday body shots
 Lay up in a puddle blood leaking get the mop
 So I Hop off the bed shower up ready to rock
 Step up out the crib see my n on his spot
 Waiting for them fiends to come around and do that wop
 So he can add another rubber band up around that knot
 Thats a dope boy dope boy dope boy
 Save a dope boy, right up in that scope boy
 Pills of dope boy, tucked w/ what he tote boy
 I play Pope boy, sprinkle on him soap boy
 Then I keep it moving so I bounce
 Got too many dreams that I gotta get em out
 Cuz I ain't bout a route that'll take a n##@ out
 So No matter what the obstacle I'm finna win this bout
 Hurry hurry I see Kesha right across the street
 Nod my head and yell out peace then I hop the 23
 To Charlie's Barbershop first I stop
 Lexington Market just to cop a chicken box
 Hot sauce Western fries and 5 wings lemonade ice tea
 Salt Pepa lightly- sprinkle slightly
 Chill don't want to get no ketchup on my white tee or Nike
 Icy..call me Ice V or Kool V stay cooling Cuz I might be
 Just fly smell me n'
 I'm from westside westside Westside down the hill LT
 Looking at a junkie looking at me kinda sour
 So I copped him a juice and 4 twisters for a dollar Holla
 Now I'm on my way to Equinox
 Can't wait to get a drop fade tapered fresh and cropped

Chorus - Say It's just another day living round the way
 If you make a lil change that's a good day/ Whether legal
 Or u doing it the hood way, just hope & pray that today be
 a good day/ Woke up Good, Clean Up Good, Money in
 My Pocket so that mean I'm good- Fit mean, and I mean it
 in a good way / I know today goin be a good day

V2
 Now I'm waiting for my time to hit the chair
 In the barbershop mad jokes in the air everywhere
 Ill topics no stopping ahh I'm just vibing listen
 Finished all my chicken so I'm chillin
 Fast forward out the chair freshly lined up
 Shined up with taped tailored dope kind cut
 What's my unction tonight I got a function
 Conjunction junction what's Ya function
 Shine naturally no skunk and me no stunting me no fronting
 On my way bk uptown hitch a ride wit
 Fat Cat but he goin make his rounds
 first he cool like that
 Always stopping just to holla at his crew like that
 Cat been about a dollar he just move like that
 So I'm wit him though wit him so wit him yo
 Shotgun laid back down the window go
 Now we glide we ride cruising through the Eastside the
 Eastside
 22nd Street and Barclay
 Introducing me to killas so I smartly
 Play position so I listen could be costly
 Now we dap it up and part
 Back into the whip cuz it started getting dark
 So he dropped me to my address
 I clean up getting mad dressed
 I Thank God that I'm mad blessed
 Do U know what I access
 I'm ready now waiting Cuz I have guest
 To scoop me up a good day I assess
 And I still gotta half left..Good Day

No Wins

V1
 No wins in the trap
 No wins in the trap
 This be a different type war
 No rules it ain't Iraq n#%*
 Fought so much on their back
 So they strapped
 Bust a gat
 Bet we never overlap
 Bet we never overlap
 Cuz a hammer blast
 Fast than camera flash
 Slugs wit no names
 Make my young fella famous
 Don't u ever wish me that
 Don't u ever wish me that
 I be one of the few
 Tryna help a n#%* out
 So before u ice grill a n#%*
 See what I'm about

Cuz I took another route
 Sometime to figure it out
 Bet I'm down to conquer
 Anything tryna hinder my bout
 So listen riddle me dat
 And if u riddle me dat
 They say u gotta a I'll jump shot
 Or u sell crack
 Either pedal w/ them grams or u plot to sell rap
 Naw I disagree and Imma keep it a stack
 It's so much greatness to become before u lying on Ya
 back
 I defy facts and i diffract and before (I comply to that
 Won't let the trap side track (my life)
 The hood could be a blessing thinking hindsight
 If the eyes right we can board another track
 Now you know
 Ain't no wins in trap
 No wins in the trap

V2
 No wins in the trap
 No wins in the trap
 This be a different type war
 No rules it ain't Iraq n#%*
 Fought so much on their back
 So they strapped
 Bust a gat
 Bet we never overlap
 Bet we never overlap
 Cuz a hammer blast
 Fast than camera flash
 Slugs wit no names
 Make my young fella famous
 Don't u ever wish me that
 Don't u ever wish me that
 I be one of the few
 Tryna help a n#%* out
 So before u ice grill a n#%*
 See what I'm about
 Cuz I took another route
 Sometime to figure it out
 Bet I'm down to conquer
 Anything tryna hinder my bout
 So listen riddle me dat
 And if u riddle me dat
 They say u gotta a I'll jump shot
 Or u sell crack
 Either pedal w/ them grams or u plot to sell rap
 Succumb to the lack of that dollar on ya book
 Jux whatever for the sqalla that's a trap n%#@ hook
 N%#@ murk u with hammers disperse shots for a
 stack
 Put in work for the glamour it's the Guap that attracts
 Ratchet habits murder rate got a brother numb

Incarcerated stat some become
 Now U know ain't no wins in the Trap
 Dead ends in the trap
 Facts..gotta dodge all the roaches rats
 Hammers on the strip in the dip cocked back
 Shells make a landing burning candles & Wax
 Just a heart scarred
 It's either jail bars or the grave yards
 Never seen none retire from them 8balls
 Lose fam lose lems to collect calls seeing greats fall
 Think u immune to the same ole mistakes
 When U spoon fed a mandful of grace
 Man I'm so sick of seeing Same ole tricks
 Homies got clipped wit the same ole wit
 See my people brick in a game so fixed
 Same fam hit with them L's no Vic's
 Same fam hit with them L's no spliff
 Up north trips to a cell in the Stix
 Whips at the auction get sold under list
 Mother loss a child so she reminisce

That's word from a O.G. half his time gone
 and he can't get it back
 I learned from a O.G. His whole life gone...
 we'll never get him bk

(Aint No Wins, Dead or in Jail
 When it's All said and done...Don Dada...Done!!!)

Look Up

V1
 On ya box steady singing Free The...
 Still I'm giving u something with meaning
 Different like I'm Tim & Missy Misdemeanor
 For torn hearts broke and they be screaming
 Looking for Wisdom tell me have u seen her
 And she here to rescue similar to FEMA
 I done peeped ya look and ya whole demeanor
 Wit eyes u can see
 U can see a lil keener
 That chopper looking over top a murder scene
 Them homicide deals on the real obscene
 This ghetto is nothing mellow but a smoke screen
 Face behind the mask on that figurine
 Cut the giant top off this that guiltine
 Keep the jewel till we reconvene
 Sound the alarm let it ring-a-ling a'

Chorus

(Them) deals man I ain't see nuthin
 (Somebody) killed a man I ain't see nuthin

(tryna) scare me fam I don't see bluffing
Lookin down & around don't amount to nuthin

(So) I just look look
Lookie lookie look look
Lookie lookie look look
Lookie lookie look look up

V2
Thugs bumpin something w/ some meaning
Ladies chillin really ain't no scheming
u got them felonies or misdemeaning
New found sobriety or attics fiening
Welfare peeps on the system leaning
Young thugs sippin on that lean and leanin'
Chicks on pole really for convenience
Thinking that's the only
Think that's the only way for cash streaming
For the hood burning Kush beamin
Wreckless n#%^ s running round planting semen
Diggin up a hole falling deep and sinkin
Lie straight to ya eye an ain't no blinking
Shorty preggo now she crazy thinkin
To kill a baby who a future dreaming
See the clinic then hit the bar to drink it
Drink away the pain getting wet the least is
Couldn't keep composure now she straight in
pieces
While the donor clown her something like face-
tious
It's like a dark cloud in these slickem streets is
With a war cocked back pieces
Ain't no deuce dueces rocking up the peaces
But a Light in the dark here to piece it
So In-exhale so come on in breathe it

Chorus

Concrete (Still I Rise)

V1
The thief got em all at odds
Over achievers minimal the stars
This time, time got me on them bars
It's nothing like them audemars
Clowns shoot darts but I love to dodge
Keep me on the ball got me straight body hard
Stay up in the arm of God got me on that armor all
Mirage floss lighters lighting from afar
In the dark we the squad straight imposing on them
frauds
Crazy fugazis let em know that maybe they be off
And this the sound of a champ here

I be like I'm Rostien-Champion-The Tangiers
Cuz I survived through the drained tears
Then I got my victory the same year
Better know that its a champ here bout to put my stamp
here
In my royal stance yeeeah
With something to gain Cuz through my sanity and pain
and the game
I remain Conquering my lane
Aim- While Some' ll lose their focus for the fame
And vanity i blame but I reign sane Champ

Chorus:
You can see my knuckles
I've been through the fights
I done seen the struggle
But I see the light
And I've dealt with sorrow
Distress and sacrifice
And after all that trouble
You know I still rise

V2
Every champ destiny is tested
Either u pass or u just fail
Or prevail through the tough trail
A win I can feel it coming in the air
Trust it I can drink and taste it
I be high on victory this vision got me faded
And my dream keep me wasted
Born for it I won't stop even when I made it
Be a different cost cut from a different cloth
U goin have to stick to it they goin try to take u off
Put u down hope u fail see u give it up huh
Not a chance if I'm giving breath up in my lungs
Get up again even from a lost
Keep ya head to hills peaks and valleys u goin cross
The tears dried ain't another sighing
Only crying cuz im Triumphant in my triumph

Chorus

V3
The sky ain't the limit no
I ain't givin no
Close your eyes see u making history
See the light its more then a epiphany
So Don't be surprised if they coming to u with the worst
U can do it- Still I rise- be influent live your worth
They ain't gonna Like u now
Cuz u breaking out the ground
Here last verse dedicated
To my peeps pressing on Any dream u can make it
U can do it eagle style Wings high aim straighter
I'm believing I can fly aviator

I'm resilient and tough baby
And haters knowing ain't no way they goin faze me
The enemy coming
I'm a scrapper
I won't give fighting I can grab it
I can have it I can taste it
I can dream it I done seen it

FROZEN CUPZ

V1
Shor I tell u I ain't like them other rappers
And Naw I don't claim to be a trap trapper
Shor Times I gotta laugh at young scrappers
I don't care what they rep that's a non factor
Shor I gott-a school them young bulls too
I'm just too smooove
Shor they just some babies with some new drool
Crap Wanna Yap like u crack making fake moves
Shor Shoot somebody gotta clean Ya diapers
It's too dark out here so we need them lighters
On the hill oil in em on the real nor dimming
I ain't even gotta say nothin I stay with scorring in him
Torch in em Force in him so u know im bound to stay lit
No Jewelz but I kick em Jewelz more glistening
Shor I guess I'll be the one to tell u girl
Them n#%^' diss u I say u can make it better girl
Paradise forever girl step into a better world
Your a beauty don't you know it
Keep the ooch ain't gotta throw it
Some n#%^' only want Ya box
Truth if I've ever told it
CUPZ

Chorus:
We have fun candyland
Playground rope box of sand
Play Hopscotch or 4 square
Dance around musical chairs
Or chill on the stoop
That's what's up
We talk bucks with frozen cups
Frozen cups green or blue
Frozen Cups Jewelz 4 u

V2
This ain't no coppin models poppin bottles
This for them round running ground birds wobble
wobble
Gobble gobble
Shor now that's a turkey for u
Know what we do to turkeys cook it carve it murk it for
u
I ain't talkin violence This is non violent
I give em substance so I broke my silence

Shor Id rather warn u bout them double homy's
 Streets is really grimey n#%* straight dying timely
 She don't want u she want Ya money bags
 Put a stake in Ya heart for shoes and a money bag
 Shor Shor

Rappers wanna fit in so they WACK about it
 Shor cop a radiator now u wanna rap about it
 Click clack clap about it hash the clashing out
 N#%* be calling her a trick now she wanna act it out
 Low Drop it drop it low
 Clapping just to cash it out
 Twerk working that pole I tell her She a queen to ask
 about
 CUPZ

Chorus

V3
 Shor for my young kings I hear u callin
 Shor I understand u ain't have a father
 Shor so n#%* on the block took u in and schooled u
 They suiting
 I blame the cycle I don't blame u
 I blame music blame hooters blame judas
 They shooting made u look took u in that same
 confusion
 Innocent n#%* was poor so momma got u sellin crack
 Youngins was bored so they cracked and stole a car for
 that An Idle mind u know the rest of that line
 That playground punching n#%* for an early time
 Shor Product of environments of crime Shor
 I give u Jewelz cuz we can't freeze the time Shor
 CUPZ

Oceans Fade

V1
 Back back back and forward
 Back around this block,
 I'm giving u my blood
 Sweat tears Tears all I got
 Cuz life could have some
 Down down down when u in that slum ,
 Evil got n#^@ trading crowns-
 Crowns and they end up scum
 It's a bum life a done life man you don't see that trap,
 Out took my (fam n@#%) loved ones and I ain't getting
 them back
 The Hood be sellin me crap hood be sellin me crack,
 I ain't even wit that wack turned def to all that yap
 Cuz when the dealers is ya bruvahs an ya cuzins
 And the fiends is ya cuzins it ain't nuthin but destruction
 by the dozens

And the dozens get U sucked in devastating repercussions
 Strip what was u down to nuthin while some other still
 recovering
 Shorty think I'm hating on him that's cuz he don't hear my
 heart,
 Look shorty I ain't hating on u I'm against the shadows in the
 dark
 Cuz the funerals and visits collect calls and visits
 The tv missing, money missing,
 Ripping me apart
 Sticking me up in the heart
 2134
 Took the new school clothes stole the video cam
 Can't forget that bail bonds whenever fam n@#% get
 jammed
 Looked up to the sky's like no vanilla grey sky's
 Fake names making people victims suffering from n@#% lies
 Before it all gets done, before a n@#% grab his gun
 Stop n pause for sec
 Feel the blanket from The Son
 Follow in the footsteps
 For a different outcome

V2

Looking at my Ghetto kids be numb
 in the ghetto having fun
 Backtrack to L.T. (Lexington Terrace)
 Looking up to my Unc
 Diesel out that mob
 Arm tatted with tracks
 In the ? bustin off gats
 In his arm pumpin up smack
 He Loss his life to that war in fact
 Aids to be exact
 How this crap happen
 Sharing ? how he contracted
 Moving Right down the line
 Cuzzo snorting up lines
 He done Set the house on fire
 I see the route Everytime
 One day a dude doing fine
 Then the days move with time
 One drug led to another
 Now a n@#\$ outta his right mine
 How can I glorify that
 Cuz fam it affect me
 Streets'll take a n@#\$ under
 And ability to see
 Whole time we in that trap n@#%
 Trap n@#% could be free
 Ain't no kind like a trap n@#%
 Cuz a trap n@#\$ unique
 I'm -pouring -depth to you
 Truth over this drum

Follow in footsteps
 For a different outcome



Westside

The Last Shall be First
 Penned Pola
 Cry A Tear
 Red Lips
 My Metropolis
 Symphonious Maxim
 FitOut

Eastside

One Thing
 Good Day'
 No Wins

Look Up
 Concrete
 Frozen Cupz
 Oceans Fade

