

# Shine All Gold

## The Underachievers

You're stupid to think the world's small enough to heal all of us  
That's what the teacher say, go to the preacher, pray  
But you gotta pay, gotta fight you a cheaper way  
Look into myself, gotta find me a deeper way  
Chase my dreams, create, made me me today  
As I prosper, no defense, they watch us  
So I'm still obnoxious when I'm in their binoculars  
A nigga just wanna be free  
I was in the same hood and nobody rescued me my nigga  
Could've plead and believed and self achieved  
Nothing with greed, just be yourself  
Realize that your strength is locked inside  
It's the thing that you feel when you open your eyes  
Them feelings alive, go ahead homie and fly  
Someday you'll get high, leaving your mark in the sky  
But till then I got this, fuck your hypothesis  
[?] while I build my conscious up  
But my ganja tryna like prosperous  
It's a [?], I had a dream and I followed it  
Dodging them hollow tips, throw some shots, they missed  
Had to stay optimistic  
But her pharmacist kept me on cloud 9 when the hard times would hit  
All time high, first time I hit fronto kid  
By Eighteen, had the mind of a king  
Gotta learn from mistakes, what it takes to lead  
But of course had a taste of the evil seed  
So I could truly see what I was meant to be  
Who would know much later I would be much greater  
Every parent, teacher, conference, told my mom I was a failure  
Cos they couldn't see the profit in the sky as a player  
Rise on them haters and defied all the labels  
Swear to keep it G till I'm at the crossroads  
And the grim reaper creep tryna [?] my soul  
Used to sin every week, had to let the pain go  
Gotta practice what your preach, but I ain't an angel  
Mob in the streets, but the blue rack know  
But despite all the demons tryna bring me down low  
I just rise like a phoenix and I shine all gold  
Flatbush was my stomping ground

Mother wanted to keep me out  
Tried to put me on a different route  
Sent me to school to smarter crowds  
Problem is when my school was done, would come home to my neighborhood  
Learn the ways of the hood I'm from  
But in my books, I was a gifted one  
My conduct, it was fucked up  
I was the class clown since I started up  
Getting good grades, but that's not enough  
Had a 99, but my behavior sucked  
High school, a nigga found drugs  
Prescription pills, not the good stuff  
Xanax next when I'm waking up  
Percocet just to keep me up  
Nose candy was a favorite  
8-ball for only two of us  
Popping X was another one until we found out the shit was cut  
Ain't it funny when you think about it  
My mother thought that these schools were bound to keep a nigga on the straight end highroad  
Instead they filled me up with problems  
But in the same breathe, I would've changed shit  
Because the pain is what made me become great  
Everything that I go through, because faith  
It was hard but it caused me to change shit  
Addiction lead to depression  
And in depression, you're taught some lessons  
If you listen, they keep on pushing and the solution cause evolution  
Obstacles come inside of your path and make you switch up and step on the gas  
If you look back inside of your path  
You find direction, it's like your own map  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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