

What the Future Holds

M.O.P.

A big city, baby, time to bend on some shit
Y'all people don't understand that shit is real out here
I'ma tell y'all a story, now this story didn't happen too long ago
And it wasn't that far away, it's about some real niggas
Niggas doin' real things aight, so let me get to the first page
And I'll break it down like this, chapter one I was a young child, lost, went to church on Sundays
Walking a narrow road that lead me to gun play
I was a good boy respect my mommy
Looked up to them OG's like Querto, Phil, and Donny Felt good as a young nigga, comin' home from school
Gettin' love from them neighborhood drug dealers
Wrote change, Cadillac Seville's
But spoke real was a tradition, Brownsville That was the first chapter, passin' these stages
But the book is wider and its a lot more pages
The game changed, people got foul
And the same little church boy is buck wild Runnin' wit my homeboys from three three nine
And one five four five, totin' four fives
I kept dreams of being a rap dude
But I know the streets too well so I pack tools I lost a lot of loved ones to these streets
And lost a lot of loved ones over beef
That goes to show these streets haunt ya
Look what society created now, a monsta My day and age was a different role
It's when a slug take a niggas soul
(Slug take a niggas soul)
Follow your dreams and follow your goals
'Cause who knows what the future holds?
(Who knows what the future holds?) Our man died and was left cold
Because a slug took the niggas soul
(Slug took the niggas soul)
Follow your dreams and follow your goals
'Cause who knows what your future holds
(This is what your future holds) I wish somebody would lend a hand
So they could see how I fell inside
I'm on an emotional roller coaster ride, nothing to hide
A long time ago I set aside my pride And used my past as a ghetto guide, a few good men died
Several wept stood beside me so I could smooth
Out the road for those that come behind me
You know where you can find me Out on the back blocks
Grippin' black glocks in front of crack spots
It's just a hobby and since I was a baby

Thuggin', smokin', drinkin, totin' is how the first family raised me
(He who lives as a gangster, will perish in these streets)I know that's deep but I still shed tears for my mother
Two years after shed been laid to rest
And still some things I need to chisel off my chest
My remedy for stress, I conversate wit my oldest brotherTen years after his death, I know there's nothin' left
So I'm forced to take a deep breath before I attempt
To take another step, a lot of brothas slept
A lot of brothas was left cold in the street and told
This is what your future holdsMy day and age was a different role
It's when a slug take a niggas soul
(Slug take a niggas soul)
Follow your dreams and follow your goals
'Cause who knows what the future holds?
(Who knows what the future holds?)Our man died and was left cold
Because a slug took the niggas soul
(Slug took the niggas soul)
Follow your dreams and follow your goals
'Cause who knows what your future holds
(This is what your future holds)So there you have it, you see a lot of niggas
Talk about bullshit, talkin' about cars, jewels, and money
But in all reality, we all come out the same bag of shit
Some of us may never see tomorrow, so my niggas
Don't you never, don't you ever forget where you come from
Salute M.O.P. for life, baby

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>