

# 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 brother  
Ten 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 holds  
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)  
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