The Major Leagues

Atmosphere

[Slug]
He started running down the middle of the street
Bare feet, looking like he needs a little to eat
Broad daylight, the school kids are laughing at him
It doesn't matter, he's battling a traffic jam
A Pacman tryna come up a quarter
Joystick, put your score in the corner
Running from the ghosts till you get that pill
Gotta hit the wall when you wanna stand still
He's used to sell crack, years back
I remember it was him and his weird fat cousin
The last ones that you would've guessed at it
Soundtrack was "Black Planet" and "Sex Packets"
A long time ago in a hood
that is still relatively close as the crow flies
No time to grieve or bleed
Tryna find a way to fulfill those needs[Chorus: 2X]
Such temptation, what's the basis?
Cutthroat rages, tuck the razor
Stuck in a phase of must get paid here
Blood rush, raised up to the majors[Slug]
I was living at my dad's crib
still a kid, when my best friend began to drift
So I guess I was a lame
cause I wasn't with the game, motherfuck cocaine
Yeah I know you didn't want to be broke
It's a common excuse for those that sold dope
If your momma had knew, I know she'd throw blows
Y'all moved here from Chicago to grow
You got a tool up inside of your coat
And you got no clue why you decided to smoke
I never even said goodbye to the bloke
I would see him around but never try to provoke
But here we are two decades later
I'm curious to see what the kingpin's days made of
You never got to be Scarface
Caught between a rock and a hard place
Maybe he got something to say to me
I have to patiently wait and see

Hoping that heaven has a vacancy for dope fiends
Cause I know he never made it to the major leagues[Chorus: 2X]

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