

Nobody Knows

August Alsina

Don't forget about me
Don't forget about me
Don't forget about me

I'll never forget where I come from, I'm from the bottom
The shoes on my feet, remember how I got'em
When I didn't have a car
I was on the bus stop, when I needed cash
I was selling crack rock
Didn't have a lot
But a nigga had enough
Had to keep it moving when the going got tough
It was bad y'all
Lost some niggas on the way, it's sad y'all
They couldn't make it
Here today

Now I do it for my homies
That'll never get to do it
And I do it for the mamas
Trying to make it on they own
Yeah I do it for the thugs
Only your locked up
And I do it for New Orleans
Couldn't do it all alone
Believe it, while I'm out here on the grind
Looking out for me
All my homies saying
Dawg don't forget about me
I'm just trying to shine
And see what I can be
Cause I hear them saying
Aug, don't forget about me

Don't forget about the hard nights
Don't forget about the downtown street lights
Don't forget about your brother
Don't forget about his daughters
Don't forget your little nieces growing up without a father

And son remember mama
Remember all the nights she had to put up with your
Drama
And for anybody else who's saying don't forget you
My advice is that you just be unforgettable

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