# HITstory

## Hit-Boy

When you up they answer quick
When you down they got a broken phone
Some shit you just can't forget
When you comin' from a broken home
With one mom, no dad, two sisters goin' through it
Smile on, pretend you good, but you really hurt and no one knew it
School, class, I knew it was somethin' that wouldn't last
Cause I didn't need a lecture to pass
And me making beats would never require math
I knew what I wanted before I had it
But I always had it, I was an addict
And this room is feelin' just like an attic
Making ten beats a day and goin' at it
When my ex-girl tellin' me she missed her cycle
Feelin' like I got shot with a pistol, rifle
Gauge, wishin' we was on the same page
But she don't understand I wanna be like Michael
But not up on the ho shit, yeah I used to be up on the ho shit
Til I realized I wasn't tall enough
And then I Jump Maned to the music
Got with a couple niggas I was cool with, T-dub tryin' to make a movement
Had the same drive, same passion
I never thought that we would ever lose it
And we could never get back, right?
What was done in the dark did hit that light
Tears in your eyes, can't forget that night
Then you stabbed me in the back, I wish I'd hit that knife
But it didn't stop me though
Hollered at my uncle Rodney though
He said that he been through the same shit
And the real ties you make could not be broke
So I went back to my place and I logged into Myspace
Heard a couple beats from a nigga from New Orleans
I'm thinkin' to myself, man this guy's grea
Then we built a brand, right from home
Moved to the A, joined the zone
Learned a lot, moved alone, next thing I knew I was back at home
Now I gotta focus on me, cause shit got a little bit shifty
Bills got a little too deep, I'm on iChat hollerin' at Ricky

While he's sittin' in sessions with Keys
Tellin' me that I could be the next thing
Tellin' me that he believed in my dreams
It's all a matter of time and definitely
Keep working, Hit you gon' get to the start-up
Next thing I know it's Christmas in Harlem
Right after that I'm workin' in a palace
Overseas suites, they wonderin' like Alice
Goddamn I was just at home,
now I'm number three on the throne
I got so many emotions, that I had to make it into a song
Man this is what you're gettin' after
Read the index, skip a chapter
Either way you're gonna see me gettin' glory
I wanna welcome y'all to HITstory

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