

Loners Blvd

Tory Lanez

You catch my rock, rolling down Loners Boulevard
You've got dreams, keep on dreaming High school teen, never got accepted
Guess it didn't get to go how I expected
Now a nigga pissed, steady lookin' at the bottom of the list
Like where the fuck re my projections?
Nigga's like "Next year Tory
It's all good, you'll be next year's story"
Then I said "Man, you don't even understand
Man, I'm droppin' out now, ain't no next year for me"
So I left, bus route to the bitch down 53
Took the last dollar that I had for this dream
And I spent it on some naughty nonsense, Micky D's
Shit, wasn't doin' too fine
Then I made a call to this nigga named Rhymes
Said he had a little studio and it wasn't top-notch
But could damn near do the whole nine
So I said "Cool" made a few songs in this shit
Stayed too long in this shit
But by the month, I was there so much
Nigga's had to lay futons in this shit
I was in my mom's Susanne
Drove to my first shows in a new Jetta
Always said one day I would be the man
I would just laugh like, who are you tellin'
Me, I'mma go far
I can still dream in this world full of stars
I can still scheme in this world full of narcs
If they can still scheme and I'm on my car show
I'mma dream, I'mma dream, dream
I'mma dream dream like you said to me
Best words that were said to me
Best words that were said to me Ten long miles, from a long way home
I'm headed downtown cause I'm workin' on this lil mixtape
With no fillers, no throwaway songs, hopin' that this shit just go
Sadly for me, this shit didn't
So I make another mixtape and another mixtape and another mixtape
'Til them nigga's start sayin' shit's hidden
Then I meet a guy named Sascha, he tells me he's thinkin' 'bout takin' up management
Say he got a million dollar empire on his mind, he just need an artist to plan it with

He also say he throw shows out in Texas and maybe I should open up for one
Then I say cool man' he books me the next flight out like I'm showin' up for somethin'
I lay down Houston around nine, warehouse live
Was my worst show ever, nigga's damn near got boo'd off stage
I performed my first live show ever
Women in the crowd would scream for a nigga
Nigga's in the crowd they was ? up down
Bad enough nigga's let Bun B watch
But I feel like I let Sascha down, shit was live on stage dawg
That night felt like a nigga had the whole world on my shoulders
Twenty years old tryna find the one spot in this world gettin' colder
Then he came to me like, dawg, I could put money on this, bet a hundred on this
Gives me a few tips for the next night, set list says dawg you can run it on this
And it all works outIt's a big world
The bigger your dream, the bigger you're livin' it
It's all in your mind
Don't let no body fuck up your high
It's a big world
The bigger your dream, the bigger you're livin' it
It's all in your mind
Don't let no body fuck up your highFather, I lift up my son
I lift up anyone that travels with him and by his speed I pray that you go ahead of him
I assign angels right now to this assignment
And I declare Father that they will go before you to make straight his path,
I command that every crooked path would be made straight, every rough place would be made smooth
Every obstacle, every barricade, every blockade
Every conspiracy, every trap, right now is destroyed and removed out of his way in the name of Jesus
And I thank you that it is written that goodness and love and mercy, form all the things of our lifeThat was it, I
had hit rock bottom, lowest point of my life
Just me, the music and a couple quarters in my pocket
Then it hit me, the phone call that would change my lifeHello (Hello)
Hi, hi, is this, is this Tory Lanez?
Yeah, who this?
Hi, yeah this is Mike from Interscope
Uhm, you slid me your music a couple weeks ago when I was leaving the office
Oh yeah, what's up?
Uh, I didn't have a chance to listen to it until recently and
Oh my head is just blown off
Oh thank you so much bro, thank you
Ah we need to talk (For sure)
Uh, do you have time this week to sit down?
Uhm yeah, yeah, when?
Does does Friday work for you?
Yeah that works, that works
Okay, let's lock that in

Aight cool
I, I gotta run okay? Let's talk soon, see ya bye
Okay, perfect, I think we got him
Aye, aye Mike, let me ask you somethin'
You really think this kid could make hit records?
Honestly? The music speaks for itself
Alright
Well go ahead and let's listen, let's see what he's got, let's put it in
Okay, let's do it

Songwriters

DAYSTAR PETERSON, NOAH BERESIN, DACOURY NATCHE SHEERAN, BENJAMIN

FREEDLANDER

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