

# Black Boy Fly

## Syndicate Sound Labs

So I'm saying "What up what up. Nigga you made it."  
So I'm saying "What up what up. Nigga you made it."  
So I'm saying "What up what up. Nigga you made it."  
So I'm saying "What up what up. Nigga I hate it."  
So I'm saying "What up what up. Nigga I hate it." Frustrated and I'm riding down the back streets  
Making my conscious ask me  
"Would I survive to make it up out this hole in time?"  
Black boy fly  
Black boy fly  
Black-black boy fly  
Black boy fly I used to be jealous of Aaron Afflalo  
I used to be jealous of Aaron Afflalo  
He was the one to follow  
He was the only leader foreseeing brighter tomorrows  
He would live in the gym  
We was living in sorrow  
Total envy of him  
He made his dream become a reality  
Actually making it possible to swim  
His way out of Compton with further more to accomplish  
Graduate with honors, a sponsor of basketball scholars  
It's 2004 and I'm watching him score thirty  
Remember vividly how them victory points had hurt me  
'Cause every basket was a reaction or a reminder  
That we was just moving backwards  
The bungalow where you find us  
The art of us ditching classes heading nowhere fast  
Stick my head inside the study hall, he focused on math  
Determination ambition, plus dedication and wisdom  
Qualities he was given was the shit we didn't have  
Dug inside of his book bag and Coach Palmer asked for his finals  
He had his back like a spinal meanwhile  
We singing the same old song spinning the vinyl  
Eleven graders gone wrong  
He focused on the NBA we focused on some Patron  
Now watch that black boy fly Black boy fly  
Watch that black boy fly  
Black boy fly  
Watch that black boy fly

Black boy fly  
Watch that black boy fly  
Black boy I used to be jealous of Jayceon  
I used to be jealous of Jayceon, Taylor when I was young  
Taylor made a career out of music from writing songs  
A Buick had driven past bumping him when I mowed the lawn  
Money laundering hustling, homies pondering up against  
Schemes to make a million even if doing you harm  
War's the case and just in case you wasn't alarmed  
The city had fought with firearms and many had died before dawn  
It's 2004 and I'm hearing the people roar  
For the name of The Game they line in front of the store  
Swap meets selling our mixtapes I'm like oh shit, wait  
Don't wanna be another nigga stuck regretting mistakes  
Mixed feelings was my opinion I was defending my insecurities  
Chillin' my conscience next to a villain  
Compton made you believe success wasn't real  
Be honest, none of us knew of a record deal  
So as I peel through these lottery tickets  
I see a Harley Davidson truck visit the same plaza we shopped  
A tall nigga hopped out with Jordan's and a white tank top  
He was top of the rap game, we was the top of the block  
So watch that black boy fly Black boy fly  
Watch that black boy fly  
Black boy fly  
Watch that black boy fly  
Black boy fly  
Watch that black boy fly  
Black boy My mama didn't raise me up to be jealous hearted  
Like most of the winners call it  
Regardless of where you stay, hold your head and continue marching  
That's what she said but in my head I wanted to be like Jordan  
A boy touring the country with money from mic recording  
The only way out the ghetto, you know the stereotype  
Shooting hoops or live on the stereo like top forty  
And shortly, I got discouraged  
Like every time I walked to the corner had them guns bursting  
Nigga, I was rehearsing in repetition the phrase  
Only one in a million will ever see better days  
Especially when the crime waves was bigger than tsunamis  
Break your boogie boards to pieces you just a typical homie  
All these niggas facetious and they all standing beside me  
They all will buy me a chopper if any one of you try me  
What am I to do when every neighborhood is an obstacle  
When two niggas making it out had never sounded logical

Three niggas making it out, that's mission impossible  
So I never believed the type of performance that I can do  
I wasn't jealous 'cause of the talents they got  
I was terrified they'll be the last black boys to fly  
Out of Compton Thank God  
Black boy fly, watch that black boy fly

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