Future, Permanent Scar

And it's a permanent scar, you can't forget who you are
It don't matter where you go, they say we are who we are
When you cooking the raw and you're bad from the start
You as cold in your heart, you as cold as your heart

And it's a permanent scar, you can't forget who you are
It don't matter where you go, you are who you are
And when you cooking the raw and you're bad from the start
You as cold as your heart, you as cold as your heart

I keep that same mentality when I was facing casualties
Goin' through my tragedies, I practice like a athlete
Wouldn't believe the half of me
Show and prove, don't make believe
I'll make you believe, all my thoughts free
Purer than the rawest coke
This ain't no shit that I wrote
I've been down this road before
And I've been on the rollercoast'
So many ups and downs and turns
Homies droppin' like flies
Buck stabbed forty times
Doin' a life sentence and he died
While I'm on the road, doin' shows, takin' this ride
I just got word my uncle tried to commit suicide
This the second time I'm goin' back in, the second time
You'll get a second chance at life, nigga I ain't lyin'

I gots SOME homies, they can only mean the world to me
And they ain't comin' back home, they in the cemetery (rest in peace)
I wish I made this up, it was a fairytale
I know some kingpin's on, they name was Legendary
They smoke crack right now, this ain't a Tyler Perry
This real rap, real life, it's very necessary
For me to go on in, so I went back in
Wish I could stay in this booth and never come out again
My lil' cousin caught a body and he's still fightin'
And I got killaz walkin the yard, future all they recitin'
And I can't forgive you nigga, you did too much bittin
But I ain't gon' hold no grudge, I just know your type

I take a trip a unwrap a gift, run it back like emmit smith
Go to New York with this gift and i come back with a leer
Break bread with my team
Want some money here her
I aint come for this I want my music global
I'm wanna see who bump their fist
I'm wanna change a nigga life
So he ain't gotta go through this
Don't get caught in my fit
Till I'm runnin' 1 0 6
They tracked me 'cross the globe
You can have the fame
Just give me my soul
I could stretch these millions and go back in that boat
Before I lose my respect
I stick to the code
I hold a tol on my shoulder
But I will never fall
No snitches allowed, case closed