

# Loners Blvd

Tory Lanez

You gotcha mind rocked, rolling down Loners Blvd  
You've got dreams, keep on dreaming High school team, 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 is my projections?"  
Niggas like "Next year Tory  
It's all good, you'll be next year's story"  
Then I say "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 bench down 53  
Took the last dollar that I had for this dream  
And I spent it on some 99 cent 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  
Niggas had to lay futons in this shit  
Owe it to my aunt Suzanne  
Drove to my first show in your new Jetta  
Always said one day I would be the man  
I would just laugh like, who are you tellin'  
Me, I'ma go far  
I can still dream in this world full of stars  
I can still scheme in this world full of narcs  
If they could still scheme in these unmarked cars  
So I'ma dream, I'ma dream, dream  
I'ma dream, dream  
Like you said to me  
Best words that was said to me  
Best words that was 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 hittin'  
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  
It was my worst show ever  
Niggas damn near got booed off stage  
I performed like my first show ever  
Women in the crowd wouldn't scream for a nigga  
Nigga's in the crowd they were kotched up down  
Bad enough niggas let Bun B watch  
But I felt like I let Sascha down, this shit was live on stage dog  
That night felt like a nigga had the whole world on my shoulders  
Twenty years old tryna find a warm spot in this world gettin' colder  
Then he came to me like, "Dog, I could put money on this, bet a hundred on this"  
Gives me a few tips for the next night  
Setlist and says, "Dog you gonna run on this" and it all works out  
It's a big world  
The bigger your dream, the bigger you're livin' it  
It's all in your mind  
Don't let nobody fuck up your high  
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Father, 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 life...

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>