

# 297 Parkside - Black Soprano Family, Rick Hyde lyrics

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## “297 Parkside”

[Intro: Elcamino & Ella Andall]

***We are different people, different races***

**Woo**

***Different aspirations, different places***

**Yo, uh, yo**

[Verse 1: Elcamino]

**I made the block on my own**

**Nobody taught me a thing, my house wasn't a home**

**My whip wasn't a Wraith, my kicks wasn't the Js**

**All I had was a gun, I'm still stuck in my ways**

**I'm always smokin' a blunt, I'm always holdin' a gun**

**I've always been the nigga to give the people what they want, uh**

**Bein' broke made me humble, now I got no choice but to stunt (I got no  
choice, nigga)**

**I stayed down on my ten so long, I fucked up my ones**

**I could have had an M but was dumb and was done (Word)**

**Spending more than I made, that's how I fucked up my ones**

**I done stacked up a fortune, I could get up my sons and my daughter**

How could I fall off when I'm walkin' on water and Tims?  
Ridin' around, listening to myself in the Benz (Skrrt)  
I remember when I didn't have a quarter  
Now I'm a six figure nigga, I work out in Diadoras  
Survival of the fittest, I'm a lion in the forest  
Shootin' dice with the killers, from the streets now we corporate  
Still got pounds for the low, but that's just a nail in the coffin  
Still keep one in the head and I leave the rest in the cartridge  
We used to run the streets, now we rich so we be joggin'

[Chorus: Stove God Cooks & *Rick Hyde*]

We been bangin' 'Kiss, screamin' "We gon' make it" (We gon' make it)  
We measure your success by the size of your spaceship (Size of your  
spaceship)

Started with an ounce, now we cookin' like eighty-six (Eighty-six)  
How we go from an ounce to whippin' eighty-six? (Eighty-six)  
Hope they don't come for me, these just wishful thoughts (Wishful  
thoughts)

We had bricks in the door (Bricks in the door)  
We had bricks in the door (We had bricks in the door)  
Now we got skyboxes and seats on the floor  
I hope they don't come for me, no, no, no (*I hope they don't come for me*)  
I pray they don't come knockin' on no door (I pray they don't come, no,  
no)

We had bricks in the door (*Uh, yeah*, bricks in the door)  
(*This is different, Black Soprano Family*)  
I pray they don't come for us (Come for us)

[Verse 2: Rick Hyde]

I'ma be fresh as hell if the feds watchin', cookin in my gallery (Whip,  
whip)

Turnin' what I love into a salary (That money)

Some niggas switched sides (Sides)

In that same moment, would've became casualties (Doot, doot, doot,  
doot, doot, doot, doot, doot)

Lesson learned, you just gotta let it burn like calories (Like calories)

We was young thuggin', dirt pluggin', didn't really earn nothin' (Didn't  
really earn nothin')

My first dozen only got me eight, like Kirk Cousins

Once I figured out my issues, it was numbers for the whole summer  
(Yeah)

Gave this one nigga a tester, he put his whole thumb in (Up)

Ten, eleven shots with the switch on (Brr, brr, brr), I was just so runner

We taggin' shit, but this ain't a pedicure, get your toes done up (Yeah,  
haha)

From the March Jack, make you go zoom, nigga, fuck that (Fuck that,  
nigga)

This rap shit like my bitch when we text fight, all caps (All cap, nigga)

My homies got they spot like an Apple Store, all maps (Doot, doot, doot,  
doot, doot)

I just come collect what I'm askin' for, all stacks (I need mines)

I missed the plug call while recordin', I pray he call back

Black Soprano Family or nothin', nigga, that's all facts (Big BSF, nigga)

[Chorus: Stove God Cooks & Rick Hyde]

We been bangin' 'Kiss, screamin' "We gon' make it" (We gon' make it,  
uh, yeah)

**We measure your success by the size of your spaceship (Size of your  
spaceship)**

**Started with an ounce, now we cookin' like eighty-six (Eighty-six)**

**How we go from an ounce to whippin' eighty-six? (Eighty-six)**

**Hope they don't come for me, these just wishful thoughts (Wishful  
thoughts)**

**We had bricks in the door (Bricks in the door)**

**We had bricks in the door (We had bricks in the door)**

**Now we got skyboxes and seats on the floor**

**I hope they don't come for me, no, no, no (No, no, no)**

**I pray they don't come knockin' on no door (I pray they don't come, no,  
no)**

**We had bricks in the door (Bricks in the door)**

**I pray they don't come for us (Come for us)**

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