

Loners Blvd

Tory Lanez

[Intro]

You gotcha mind rocked, rolling down Loners Blvd
You've got dreams, keep on dreaming

[Verse 1]

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 Rimes
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 shows 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

[Chorus: Instrumental]

[Verse 2]

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

[Chorus: Instrumental]

[Outro]

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
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

[Phone Voicemail]

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 <https://www.songarea.com/>