The caterpillar is a prisoner to the streets that conceived it. Its only job is to eat or consume everything around it, in order to protect itself from this mad city.

While consuming its environment the caterpillar begins to notice ways to survive.

One thing it noticed is how much the world shuns him, but praises the butterfly. The butterfly represents the talent, the thoughtfulness, and the beauty within the caterpillar.

But having a harsh outlook on life the caterpillar sees the butterfly as weak and figures out a way to pimp it to his own benefits.

Already surrounded by this mad city the caterpillar goes to work on the cocoon which institutionalizes him. He can no longer see past his own demons. The pimped becomes the pimp, the slave circle, defeating Uncle Sam, Lucy, and his inner community, not personal profit, Kendrick comes full circle, defeating Uncle Sam, Lucy, and his inner community, not personal profit, Kendrick comes full circle, defeating Uncle Sam, Lucy, and his inner community, not personal profit, Kendrick comes full circle.

When trapped inside these walls certain ideas take roots, such as going home, as weak and figures out a way to pimp it to his own benefits.

But that didn’t stop survivor’s guilt • going back and forth until I came home for answers. The evils of Lucy was all around me • so I went running for answers. Sometimes I did the same • abusing my power, full of resentment. Rejection that turned into a deep depression • found myself screaming in the hotel room.

But while my loved ones was fighting the continuous war back in the city, I was entering a new one. That didn’t stop survivor’s guilt • going back and forth trying to convince myself the stripes I earned or maybe how a-1 my foundation was.

Finally free, the butterfly sheds light on situations that the caterpillar never considered, ending the internal struggle. Although the butterfly and caterpillar are completely different, they are one and the same.

A war that was based on apartheid and discrimination • made me wanna go back to the city and tell the homies what I learned • the word was respect.

Just because you wore a different gang color than mine’s doesn’t mean I can’t respect you as a black man.

Forgetting all the pain and hurt we caused each other in these streets.

If I respect you, we unify and stop the enemy from killing us.

But I don’t know, I’m no mortal man, maybe I’m just another nigga.

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