

My father respected the hustle.  
But he must have seen something  
promising—something greater—in me.  
He knew that Solo was not the real me.

**DON'T LET  
THE WORLD  
CHANGE  
YOU, SON.**

One day in sixth grade he  
pulled me aside. He said,  
"Son, you've got big dreams.  
But you can dream bigger.  
You can change the world."



Pops was a teacher. He  
taught at Compton College  
and Long Beach State. I  
was the youngest of his six  
kids, but I was the one who  
shared his name. I felt like  
I walked in his shadow.

I didn't want to follow his  
path. I didn't want to be a  
teacher. Who would want  
to be a poor teacher when  
they could be a rich and  
famous rapper?

After college, I started working as a teaching assistant. Then I taught math, history, and special ed. I loved working with the kids.



Over time I noticed something, though—not every kid learns the same. Kids who got labeled as troubled, special, or bad weren't getting the help they needed.

"IF THEY DON'T GIVE YOU A SEAT AT THE TABLE, BRING A FOLDING CHAIR."  
-Shirley Chisholm

