

# Poor Fool

2 Chainz

Poor fool, streets don't love you like I do  
(My Momma always said)  
I said close your mouth and eat  
You make some paper, than you make your own rules  
(My Momma always said aye, damn)  
Poor fool, streets don't love you like I do  
I said close your mouth and eat  
You make some paper, than you make your own rules

I'm from the hood, it's evident  
Used to sell drugs at my residence  
Stayed in section 8 with relatives  
Opportunity knockin' I let them in  
I don put voices on everything  
I left them all like Ginobili  
And if I'm not successful, ain't nobody gon come console me  
I pray my momma quit smokin'  
And my dad gotta get focused  
I gotta table full of ace of spades  
I don't fuck around with you jokers (ooh)  
Ain't heard a word from my old friends  
Heard they wanna kick my doors in  
I done load up the 2-2-3  
I'm so high they might call the goaltend, yeah  
Lord knows, stash work in the console  
So many autos in my garage, I can't open my car door  
Ball on me like the Sun on me  
Gettin' this bread she said dropped crumbs on me  
Walked in the club and got ones only  
Need a tat on my stomach that say prawns only  
Raised by single parent Black Women  
They call me Tity Boi cause she used to spoil me  
She always told me

Poor fool, streets don't love you like I do  
(My Momma always said)  
I said close your mouth and eat  
You make some paper, than you make your own rules  
(My Momma always said aye, damn)  
Poor fool, streets don't love you like I do  
I said close your mouth and eat  
You make some paper, than you make your own rules

Smoking on a yacht, call me Ricky Steamboat  
Bags full of gas, used to serve them through the screen door  
Tryna flip a brick, Shaq at the free throw  
Taught by Scarface, Brad Jordan, Al Pacino, wooh  
No rules, most of my partnas homeschooled  
Most of my partnas got charges  
And I ain't talking about no mothafuckin' dodges  
Trappin' up outta the college  
I'm addicted to the rice at Benihana  
Raised by a single parent black woman  
They call me Tity Boi 'cause she used to spoil me  
She always told me

Poor fool, streets don't love you like I do

(Yeah)  
I said close your mouth and eat  
You make some paper, than you make your own rules  
(My Momma always said aye, damn)  
Poor fool, streets don't love you like I do  
I said close your mouth and eat  
You make some paper, than you make your own rules