

## Have Nots

B.o.B

We are the have-nots who never had nothing  
But learned to make something, out of never having nothing at all  
And you could have it all and feel you never need nothing  
But he who loves nothing will never have nothing at all

And you could be a superstar  
But still feel like an outlaw  
And never need nothing at all  
But still have an empty heart

When me and my sister was literally playin' in dirt  
I can still see the smile on her face, in my head I can still see the mud on my shirt  
Fuckin' freezing my ass off at night with this match, tryna get this lil' fire to work  
And my mom just got fired from work, and meanwhile we was gettin' evicted  
Our living condition was not ideal but some kinda way we learned  
That growing up poor don't make you real  
They don't want to see us happy, they just sell us Happy-Meals  
So we throw these records on, it's the only thing that has appeal  
And the sadness disappears, so what's up with us  
What to do with us, they don't know what to do  
All they can do is call us thugs till they need they problem solve  
Need someone to run they club  
He who doesn't love what he has will never have enough

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