

Lemme tell y'all a lil story about myself  
This right here is a true story, check it out though  
Ulcers hurt my salary, alter my personality  
Give it to you real, I can't feed my culture no fallacy  
You know my attitude, arrogant, cocky rude  
Eatin off papi food, used to be a stocky dude  
Weighed two-twenty, wit two honies, I move monie  
It's true dummy, dunny need a new tummy  
I become berserk, it was no fun to work  
Everyday my stomach hurt, rippin off my undershirt  
The pain was no comparison, stomach started cherishin  
Throwin up in public, yo fuck it, it was embarrassin  
Regurgitatin, green, yellow, burgundy, Boom  
But came my urgency soon, (what) the emergency room (oh)  
In there, no salvage, treated like a cold savage  
They said pimpin symptoms, huh, a dope addicts  
There you have it, but they ain't find no heroin  
Coke, crack, dope, just weed, but that's my medicine  
My baby mama, mama, and my grandma  
Say that I'm too gordy (too gordy), word to my blue maurys  
This is a true story  
I got stomach pain, don't matter sun or rain  
Thought that it went away, uh oh, here it come again  
Never mind stuntin, dime puffin, doc spent his time frontin  
He like a bad detective, he ain't find nuttin  
Besides that though, I can't enjoy a movie, dinner (why is that?)  
My son growin up, I'm lookin like the movie thinner  
I'm thinkin suicide, do or die, sit and cry (oh)  
What hurt my baby moms askin if I'm gettin high (what the fuck you talkin ab  
out?)  
She gonna play me a thug, I told the lady I love  
If it ain't hustlin ma, please don't relate me to drugs (at all)  
I'm loosin weight though, everyday pounds and muscles  
Gotta get off my ass, hit some towns and hustle  
Bein sick, huh, it get sickenin you know  
I was too sick to do shows, but still equipped to move O's  
You know my attitude, get it how I get it  
If I can shoot, I turn around (then) I'm off my pivot  
And oops, I thought I had it mapped  
Weight started to gain again, it was just a game my friend  
Dame mane I pained again  
Ay yo, god body, I'm hard bodied, word mommy, vanishin  
Hadda go low, the male clinic, Minnesota  
I couldn't get cake, a rock in a hard place  
For me, that's a odd place, I'm only here by God's grace  
Like a lab rat, them tests dishonor Cam  
Ultrasound, MIR, CAT scan, sonogram  
Laparoscopy, inoscopy, I be stressed (I be stressed)  
The prognosis, diagnosed, IBS  
And that's irritable bowel child, I hadda spit it y'all  
Kick to y'all, so it ain't my fault if I shit on y'all  
Get it, get it, get it, get it?  
[Chorus x2]