[Chorus] I'm bout to roll my weed... but I'm rolling skimps... I still been on my job... tryna, take care of my kid & Ive been on my grind & on my shit I never thought that I would ever see the world like this but... hey My niqqa life goes on, hey, my niqqa life goes on [Verse 1] I'm sick of my day job & my dumbass co-workers Who always saying something smart with an attitude You wake up & you be mad at who? You drag your attitude to work & give it to everyone after you Bitch, we work the same job that you do Don't come fuck up my day cuz you focused on tryna do you I'm tired too & I don't wanna be here either You need to sit down & take a breather You ain't the only one paying bills I learned that stress is a bitch & guess what? We all gotta meet her Shit gets a little deeper, I ain't coming at you rude But I came to do my job & you fucking up my mood & now I wanna leave & thats money I know I lose Money I know I need but I don't need this from you Uhh... So if I spaz Don't act like I ain't warned your lil selfish ass So Imma relax cuz [Chorus] Break it down, break it down [Chorus] [Verse 2] See, I wake up to the same shit Brush my teeth, smoke a blunt & give my dame a kiss Back into the world I go niqqa Its getting harder, yeah I know niqqa You couldn't stand to take a close picture I'm at this bus stop, hot as fuck Givin it my all but its not enough I got all of this shit thats poppin up Losing control of my balance Spending more on my habits Tryna establish my talent I think I'm ready but... you will never understand me I wanna chase a dream but shit, I gotta feed a family I gotta voice niqqa... but it don't mean shit If you ain't talking about a hundred hoes up on your dick So shit, I'm at the point where I feel that I gotta pick & at the end of the day, I'm picking this

Ain't that about a bitch?
But fuck it, I guess thats how life goes
My life is the Wright Road but on the low
I'm bout to go & let em know

[Chorus]

Break it down, break it down

[Chorus]