

They turned our lights off and they stayed off
We all stressed out, my granny laid off
Some of my partners got years, can't take a day off
I stayed on my grind and it paid off

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Taking advantage of their time on earth
Where they ask questions last and blast first
Ain't never prayed or went to church
Hecka confusing to the old heads, scratchin' their heads
Like "who the fuck raised these motha fuckin' kids?"
"Where their daddys and their uncles at?"
Aunties too active, her booty fat
Hella youngstas from the trap already hit that
'Cause she on dope, she'll suck you up for a hubba sack
The streets are his family, he had to raise himself
After his granny passed, there was no one else
It's barbaric out here, you gotta watch your eyes
Where I reside, you gotta have six eyes
Two on the sides, two on the front and back
In case they sneak attack, keep a gat so you can bust back
I don't like too many people, people evil
I'm tryin' to go legit, I'm tired of livin' illegal

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From being stuck in quicksand, to making money in my sleep
That's how we trying to eat, me and my fleet
Bought a microphone and start producin' beats
One day I'm a be at the Warriors game on the front seat
Like E-40, "The Ambassador"
Thousand dollar shoes on the hardwood floor
Until then, I'm a grind 'til I can't no more
Continue rappin', snappin' off like a Labrador
Suckas hatin' I'm gettin' famous
I don't want 'em jealous of me, that's hella dangerous
I just want to drink and blow tree, I pack my stainless
I can't let 'em spaghetti me, and leave me brainless
Just got the sonogram back, I'm hella glad
Good news, I'm a be a dad
The doctor suggest that we go to Lamaze class
Life is a test, so I'm hoping that I pass

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Built a loyal fan base and I'm livin' the dream
Physical sales is down, so I'm a get paid from streamin'
I'm a human just like you, every other day, I learn somethin' new
It come with the package, look what I do
Taught my own self how to tie my shoe
Brothers be outta pocket when they be wishin' down on their brothers
But they don't do that to the others
Twenty-four-seven-three-sixty-five
Gotta thank God that I'm alive
Put hands on The Devil, I'll black his eye
Tell him in his face he a liar
(Biatch)

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