

[Verse 1:]

Mom said I'm crazy and then she kicked me out
I used that motivation for shit to spit about
Two thousand watt amp, three thousand dollar lamp
I'm coming from the ghetto, now where my food stamps?
I smell the scent of college, now where's my fucking grants?
No money in the bank, only in my pants
Counting up dollars like the pole when the strippers dance
Take your day serious cause some niggas don't get the chance
I consider me lucky
Got these haters all hushed like the puppy, stuffing
Goes inside their chickens that are clucking
I'll be like an iPhone, your girl wanna touch me

[Hook:]

I got it, I got it, I got it, you got it?
I got it, I got it, I got it, you got it?

[Verse 2:]

Man they put me out, man they put me out
And a man is in the man if you gotta pussy out
Whooshin' on the couch and bushin' at the mouth
Slut want comfort and them cushions on the couch
I'm a get up, and chase that money
A bumblebee with pollen feeling make that honey
I can't be tall and shrink like a midget
She can't give me her number and I not call them digits
He lives in anxiety, he twitches and he fidgets
If he don't tell you his story, ask this homie Bridget
And Bridget is like a down-ass ho
But a woman that knows his story won't tell a soul
Cause once you reap you a soul, karma only grows
Carmen only knows when she's riding in the gear
Mercedes come around with money, throw like a cheer
Visa for Mona Lisa with a C cup, drink up

[Hook]