

Oh, what up hoe? Oh, what up?
I said, oh, what up hoe? Oh, what up?
I said, oh, what up hoe? Oh, what up?
Well alright

I'm going through something with life
Where pussy and Patron make you feel alright
Pussy and Patron make you feel alright
Pussy and Patron, that's some great advice
(2x)

Welcome to my diary, stressing got me gray hairs
Something to inspire me, rather than society's
Woes, let me go, let me shine a lil' bit love
I want diamonds too, Ronnie on Player's Club
I used to have a nine-to-five, fresh out of school, that was '05
That bitch was racist, got me fired, ever since then, I had no job
Pushing in my mama van, stop for gas on Rosecrans
Trust me, these niggas rushed me for something my cousin probably did
Guilty by association, story of my life nigga!
You gon' make me flip, then split yo' shit, judge give me life nigga!
Pain since my grandma's death, uncle killed at Louie's Burgers
Hold my tears, I tried my best, let it go, drench my pullover
Cycles of a starving artist tryna go beyond the margin-margin
Maintaining my modest-modest as I dream
So while I go through all-this-all-this, bullshit what you call it
Life itself, I know it helps, let me scroll through my Blackberry

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I said, keep reading my diary when my life's entirely
Surrounded by the irony of living in the city
I said they wouldn't hire me, I said I got my ass beat
And the only thing can help is ass and some titties
So what's up baby? I said what's up?
I had a long day and I really wanna fuck
See I ain't tryna think about no phone bills, credit card late fees
Capital One popping up on my caller I.D.
Pawning my chain in the shop, watching for hollow tip shots
Watching my vehicle break down on another man's block
Man, that's my worst fear, ain't that your worst fear?
You know when your transmission go out and can't switch gears
Or run through a pothole at two in the morning
Scared to hit your emergencies, cause then they'll be on it
See I know, when the harsh reality takes toll
Open up your contacts, then scroll ("hey what's up daddy? ")

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Welcome to my diary, hmm, where should I begin?
Finna get a swisher and fill it with at least a gram
Crackers watch my every step, better yet they work my every nerve
Cutting me this worthless check, the concept is so absurd
Like a church in debt, a turtle in a turtleneck
Convertibles with turbo jets fueled by 7 Up and Prometh'
I feel like death's around the corner like the quickest wide receiver
So I took another shot, tequila hit me like a nina (blaow!)
My sky's gray, my bitch is brighter
Always saying "Lights Please", J. Cole's her ghostwriter
And I'm the God MC, join my diocese
Free ya mind, don't mind so-ciety
And finally, everyone got their own problems
Everything's subject to change like broken dollars
I'm a, drown in my drink and swim in woman's vagina
Like a Pirahna fin, it gets harder than Rihanna when

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