Hey mazel tov and all that good stuff man This is for all my folks who got legal jobs We beat the odds, you feel me?

We ain't supposed to be here, never thought we see it Now we living proof, tell the world to believe it yeah Congratulations, thank God we made it They told us we was nothing, now I know they hate it Round of applause, round of applause Congratulations, we beat them odds Round of applause, round of applause Congratulations, we beat them odds

I ain't supposed to be nothing but a dope dealer, but a hope killer Supposed to brag on the guns and the coke kilo's Dropping molly's in a coke zero Ashamed of my education, then I'm finally off probation Then I quit smoking, got a wife and kids and I'm a real father no faking See I'm a black man who beat them odds Supposed to be locked up with no job Never should of went to college or learned who God is You add it up it's all odd See I never knew my pop I been abused, ran from the cops I went to school high on them crops Wasn't a thug, never been shot Running from God man turning my back Never would of made it, Marvin Sapp But He opened up my eyes and I can't look back While they look surprised, I just took my cap Yeah he did it, he did it He changed me and I'm with it He made me what I'm supposed to be You get close to me, you might get it

We ain't supposed to be here, never thought we see it Now we living proof, tell the world to believe it yeah Congratulations, thank God we made it They told us we was nothing, now I know they hate it Round of applause, round of applause Congratulations, we beat them odds Round of applause, round of applause Congratulations, we beat them odds

I'm supposed to be dead or in jail right now But instead, I'm sharing my gift with the world

Now she used to strip at Onyx
Working her way through college
Tryna put food in her son's mouth
On a pole for them dollars
She was looking for some solace
Told the Lord, I promise... I'm heading to the hills with my heels on
Where the feels ain't a touch to the billfolds
No copping feels from no Uncle Phil's, just Phil Jackson coach her
And get her out that game where they losing they dignity for a Coach purse
No skirts just "skrr", found another way around a real worth

And left that fine establishment
It's like her whole life is having a growth spurt
She out the game and they hate it, mad at her she made it
They ain't nothing but some shellfish in a bucket
Probably get crabs if you touch it
Now she graduated from college — scratch that — graduated with honors
Little man got a little cap and gown, look at him matching his mama, yeah!

We ain't supposed to be here, never thought we see it Now we living proof, tell the world to believe it yeah Congratulations, thank God we made it They told us we was nothing, now I know they hate it Round of applause, round of applause Congratulations, we beat them odds Round of applause, round of applause Congratulations, we beat them odds