

Giving Up

Lil B

Yes,
Sometimes I feel like giving up
It's that real hip hop

I sell dope everyday just to make a cut,
Police in the hood say, "Try your luck",
Metaphor to my life
I'm not grinding enough
I feel like giving up

Man, there's time in my life I feel like giving up
All this hate that I hear
Man I heard enough
Mom told that should get a job
Drug dealer in the hood tryna get me to rob
I really feel like the pressure of money
People live five cars, big houses
That ain't me
I'm tryna figure out how I'm goin' eat
I was shopping Whole Foods,
But that shit ain't cheap
So I'm buying cheeseburgers four times a week
Drinking Hennessy right before I sleep
People don't understand cause I don't tell no one
Sometimes I really feel like getting a gun
We was born into a gang
Old rules, old news
Written the books people think we supposed to
I ain't goin' lie, don't compare me to those dudes
Who say the rap game, everybody eating they head
If you ain't gotta cut then it's try your luck
Sometimes I really wonder if my time is up
Cool people die for the strangest things
I understand the game and I play for free
My head hurt, walking around all this damn debris
I feel like sitting back and just pushing weed
The feds on my back wanna catch the cat
I need green eggs and ham, bitch,
And a sandwich
The world gone
The shit bigger
It's my family, some people say I'm insane
Albert Eistein
Way too blessed with the hearing and hindsight
It's way more than rap
It's the pain
Niggas see it, put em' to shame
And you see me cry, but I never complain
I'll build your house or I'll a drive plane
Niggas come in my house
You gotta respect the game
The gun make you feel like the Jetsons came
Oakland, what it do?
Berkley, what it do?
Richmond, what it do?
I'm still depressed
And I drive Bentley coups

Still in the hood
With the 9s in the roof, you feel me?
I ain't goin' lie
Niggas lying, I'm the truth
Fuck what you heard, I'm a tell you what I know
This that word from God, I'm a tell you from my soul
If I lied everyday than I wouldn't grow
I'm not no pimp
I'm not no corporate ass ho
That pimp with a suit and a mask on
Them fake motherfuckers wanna lay on the asphalt
But nonviolence is the best protest
Niggas, fuck your guns and fuck your vest
If you love Lil B than I love you to death
Niggas, life good
Motherfucker I'm stressed
I'm a turn that stress into some motherfucking pressure
Pressure make diamonds,
Lay em' on the dresser
Shout out to Casey, don't go back to jail
You say, "Fuck the police, " but the police love you
They wear a suit and they looking for your suit
I love earth and I'm happy
Pray we all survive, you feel me?
Most people in the hood only talk with knives
Short tempers and them bullshit lies
Putting kids through hell
I don't respect those guys, you feel me?
Suckers at the top, haters at the bottom
And you goin' stay right there
I don't lie nigga, I stay right here

We won't give up
We won't give up
We won't give up
We goin' make it
We won't give up
We won't give up
We won't give up
We goin' make it
We won't give up
We won't give up
We won't give up
Lil B, you goin' make it