

See I done been discriminated against  
Talked about by my friends  
Played a fool by women  
And had a daddy with no feelings  
I lived in ghettos with my momma  
Used the stove to heat our water  
and had to share clothes with my brothers  
Three of us one bed one cover oh

And those were the happiest days of my lyfe  
If it aint rough it aint right  
Street lights are coming on  
Better get home, better get home  
Those were the happiest days of my lyfe  
If it aint rough it aint right  
While we're reminiscing Christopher Reeves  
you're still Superman to me

See I done been mistreated and discouraged  
felt like I was worthless  
Lonely scared and nervous  
In a world without no purpose  
Cried out to God I didn't deserve this  
But he said in time I would  
See it's the bad times that make the good times feel so good

Yo I done changed dirty diapers  
Cooked food with lighters  
Shot so much game chicks nicknamed me sniper  
Famous ghostwriter  
Bank account retired  
too many zeros  
poppy still illegal  
Chain look like nickels mixed with icicles  
Stretching from the neck area to the genitals  
I got a parrot on my shoulder that talk for me  
And he don't say shit but nigga back off of me  
Yea I'm a hood nigga  
But I'm still a good nigga  
Bought a couple kids new bikes, Just cause I could nigga  
And I aint one who be lookin for thanks  
I just ball cause I like the Yanks