## **For You**

I know we wasn't what you looking for But when you see us it's like how much is y'all booking for Guess we ain't turn out as corny as you took us for You probably want us begging pennies out the liquor store It's been a long time, feel like a slow grind But sure enough the label stumbled on this gold mine Was either that or sit up in the unemployed line Now we on and everybody want a joy ride Damn homie, you told me don't rhyme You see a nigga in the magazine you cosign You say we too soft We tell you screw off We'll pick that Grammy up in no time

I feel like I need to be congratulated For all the bullshit that I've been through I feels good knowing that you hate it That's why I wrote this song for you For you, For you, For you, For you That's why I wrote this song for you For you, For you, For you, For you That's why I wrote this song

Guess what I did? (what's that?) I told my boss I quit When my check comes you better have my shit (Ooo!) I stood atop my desk blew the officer kisses Told Bret from accounting you can suck my dick Congratulations, that's right people, yes I did Waited my whole life for a day like this So next time you see me I'll be on my shit I got a whole lot of folks to scribble off my list Like hoes that did me wrong Niggas that dissed my songs And other miscellaneous shit I don't condone In the Hollywood zone where everybody's a clone Pac Div stands alone, It's on!

Congratulations I heard you got a new man and county job Still at your parents house plus you drive his Audi car Went from K-Mart to Vicky Secret catalogs V.I.P. everywhere you go the cameras are. Yup I heard you treat the market like the red carpet Next to the eggs and the high heels with your hair parted Polluted minds just die getting fed garbage You take pride and drive niggas off the edge darling And yet still we ain't mad at ya It's clear to see that your ass backwards Auctioned off when these niggas throw their cash at you Yor brain gone, but your ass fatter

## Pac Div