

Doing Fine

S.A.S

Yo Haze, who they better than
I'm a veteran
Now they say "Yo, he tryna be American"
That's a joke, you a wanker with no skills
May is dope, and his gangster is so real
Plus, who run the town like we
I have New York writers tryna sound like me
From a what to a where
A clap to a grin
Hot to this shit, feds of a Loc to a Crip
Hid the game, I'm here now, the blitzers came
Glist the chain, driveby with the Range
See back in New York I would flip the 'caine
And hit the strip with bricks 'til them chips exchanged
See Funk Flex to Dame, Cam'ron and Jimmy, yes
Fred and E, the whole gang is with me
If you didn't listen then, understand me now
Dipset, Roc-A-Fella, we family now, ow

Ma, just a little letter from your son
Just to let you know I'm doing fi-ine
Everyday on the block
Whether rain or snow I'm stuck on my gri-ind
Ma, you ain't gotta pay no bills (no bills)
You know that your sons heart is real (so real)
So stick with me, I'ma get those mils
And make sure that success is sealed
You hear me holla at ya

We G-A-N-G-S-T-E-R
I never had a dream of being a rock star
I'm a block star
Flip yay, get paid errday
Hoppin' in and out of hot cars, come on
That's why I say to the hoes
"Let's roll 'round town, so hop in my six and roll
around, come on"
And we can take it to the hills, we can chill
I work with the piff, you working my dick
Now neck, neck, yeah, yeah
That's how I get wit' 'em, neck in 'em
Leave a little me's a little vex in 'em
Yeah I'm disrespectin' 'em
Now I'm with R-O-C, they wanna F wit' him
When I was broke, didn't want sex wit' him
No interest in him
Wouldn't invest in him
Now my pinky, wrist, and neck blingin'
They drink kids, cheers, that was excellent

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Yo this is heartfelt, it's what my heart felt
I spit heat to the beat, make your heart melt
I'm the author, like cancer I'm so I'll
I've been grindin' and rhyming with no deal
Tryna be me, I ain't into TT
What you thinkin' I'm flossin' cuz you see me on TV
We been rappin' for life, now rap is my life
So I give you incite when I rap about life
Ay yo, straight from the beginning
We make it and win it
It's great how I be feeling that faith like it's
religion
My destiny's to shine, deep up on my grind
You just speakin' through the rhymes
Need to read between the lines
I was born to do it, beyond the music
My foundation at home was strong, you knew it
My moms been through it
Year and out, May and Mega gon' make hits
Straight flip then bring the chaddar home, I'm gone
Haha, bitch

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