

Blessed

ScHoolboy Q

What it's like for a nigga like me
Livin' out his backpack every night needed a new place to sleep
But this is now, nigga!

Ones for the money, two for the bitches
Three to get ready cause I feel I finally did it
Four's for the jealous rapper mad because he finished
Turn that motherfucker to a critic
Man, I got so much shit up on my plate dawg
I was hangin' on them corners late
Pockets wasn't straight, bitch
I ain't gon' make it at this rate, dawg
Know what I'm sayin'?
Nigga prayin' up to God just hopin' that he hear a nigga
I know the world got more problems and it's much bigger
But I figured, I'd get some shit up off my chest
To all my niggas I would die for
Load my pistol up, go out and war for
To all my niggas that'll never make it out the streets
Fuck it, keep goin' hard, don't let 'em see you weak
To all my niggas first time steppin' in the pen
Read a book and exercise, keep your spirit in
To all my niggas that's gon' fuck around and die today
Take our hats off, bow our heads and let us pray
Just wanna say

Stay blessed my nigga, blessed my nigga
Really think about it, could be worse my nigga
Don't stress my nigga, yes my nigga
We all blessed my nigga

Now how the fuck I'm 'posed to say this?
You see, my nigga just lost his son while I'm here huggin' on my daughter
I grip her harder
Kiss her on the head as I cry for a bit
Thinkin' of some bullshit to tell him, like
"It'll be okay. You'll be straight, it'll be aight."
Well, fuck that shit, whatever you need, yo, I got it!
Whether it's money or some weed or puttin' in work, fuck it, then I'm ridin'
!
You know wassup, but now a nigga couldn't stick around
Told myself that after y'all moved that I'd be a fuckin' fool
To be livin' by the street rules
Fuck police tattoos, that happens when you ditch school
But anyway, keep the faith, stay strong brah
Remain' solid brah
Keep playin' ball cause it's the only way up out it, brah
A nigga proud of ya'
Tell Floyd to enjoy his newborn seed, I'll have whatever he needs
We the last of a dyin' breed, live life, smoke trees
See how far we've come, but most, I'm sorry for your son

And you ain't gotta shed no tear
I'll be everywhere
And I'mma always be right here
I ain't forgot those years
I'll be everywhere

But I'mma always be right here

Livin' in a premature place - wait
Never grow to see the pearly gates - break
Every time a bullet detonate - dates
Of obituary carry crates of a scary picture
With a family member that relate to ya
In December you was finna pin another case
On your record in a stolen Expedition, play it safe
As the record spinnin' you was hearin' angels entertain
Every pun intended, that was wicked, comin' from your brain
Recognize you listened and you didn't hit the block again
That's because the minute after you had knew you would be slain
Open up another chapter in the book and read 'gain
Story of a gun-clapper really tryna make a change
Everybody ain't (blessed my nigga)
Yes, my nigga, you're blessed
Take advantage, do your best, my nigga
Don't stress, you was granted everything inside this planet
Anything you imagine, you possess, my nigga
You reject these niggas, that neglect, your respect
For the progress of a baby step, my nigga
Step, step my nigga
One, two, skip, skip
Back, back, look both ways
Pull it off the hip
Blast at anybody say that you can't flip
This crack into rap music every other zip is a track
Get used to it, get it off quick
Come back, give back to the city you've built
That's that, don't trip, see money, fuck niggas, dawg
It ain't nothin' but a bunch of fuck niggas dawg
In a minute everybody gon' be winnin'
Put a little faith in it then recognize that we all