

Success

Stat Quo

Baby nothing in this world oh, oh (not nuttin', not nuttin', yeah)
Can keep me from you, you, you
Nothing in this world oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh (some people love money, that's cool)
Can keep me from you, you, you
We got a special kind of love, baby (some people love drugs, it's aight)
Me and you, you, you (some people love these bitches, that's cool to)
And I'll be coming home tonight, yeah (yeah, yeah)
Back to you, you, you (tell you what I'm gonna love)

I wake up with it, on my mind
Rain, sleet, whatever I gotta get it
Got hip to the grind so I had to ribbit
Hopped in the game jimmy gave me a ticket
Went to the streets to flip it
Gymnastic pimp, walked with a limp I was for the shadows
And though my path was narrow
Haters tried to drown me but the water was shallow, some say I was
I stomped through the puddles (through the puddles)
Now I'm ballin' like niggas in huddles (ha)
See, we live for the hustle
Playin' trainer grain, I were the one they came up to
Runnin' in the race sittin' used to the struggle
They ask me what I'm doin', getting moneys my rebuttal
In this game people hate to love you
Me and success, we make a pretty fine couple, stat quo

Baby nothing in this world oh, oh
Can keep me from you, you, you (yeah)
Nothing in this world oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh (success baby, it's all over)
Can keep me from you, you, you (ahhhh)
We got a special kind of love, baby (I love you success, you love me too?)
Me and you, you, you (I figured that, you're so good to me)
And I'll be coming home tonight, yeah (ahhhh)
Back to you, you, you

Can't stop, won't stop that's what biggie said
Martin had dreams, Pac said he had nightmares
Do the shell toes, dog I'd rather rock Nike Airs
Rollin' up perp and blowin' smoke in the night air
Niggas playin' musical chairs
A lot of rappers losin' their deals and ain't prepared
Some get them back but they unaware (unaware)
That the white boys in the suits ain't playin' fair
So I hide my motors, downplay my love
Playin' checks in my mind to get my paper up (paper up)
Every drop is precious in a half-filled cup
One bottle, thirty niggas, only two drunk as fuck
And I'm a be one of the two (one of the two)
Ridin' underneath the sunshine, it's you know who
I mean us, it's no rush, me and success the only bitch I trust, stat quo

Baby nothing in this world oh, oh
Can keep me from you, you, you (yeah, yeah, haha)
Nothing in this world oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh (not a mothafuckin' thing)
Can keep me from you, you, you

We got a special kind of love, baby (success, till death do us part right?)
Me and you, you, you (yeah, ahhh)
And I'll be coming home tonight, yeah (oh)
Back to you, you, you