

## 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 (ahhh)  
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 (ahhh)  
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