Success

Tela

Give it to me
I don't want to be livin' this way
I'd rather be set makin' money, every day hey
Cause success is the way of life
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I'd rather be set makin' money, every day hey
Cause success is the way of life
Get the vest out cause it's stressed out
And my tech's out, makin' people scream
Seen niggas without two head count doin' push ups
I'm doin' sit ups, we stay like healthy
Cause niggas on my block are tryin' daily to out weigh me
Say we Jesus, help us God, time for harm
I'm gettin' number from the greasin' off in my palm
But I want some harder armor
Change my ways and ways I praise, amazing grace
How sweet the sound but now I'm catchin' evil
They think I'm sequel, ya see them people
Behind the bush, they want to cook us
Four more of them pussies on my pushin'
Against the breeze just like a kite
You got that right, no marchin' with me with cho' butter knife
This fight, don't need to make an effort, promise
Cause it's dark without my lights and they ain't gotta compass
Speed bumps got us slowed, swervin' pot holes
Up they nose, what is man that gains the world and lose his soul
I do a movie with a doobie and some brothers
Then go back to mothers
Have some sour cream smothered and buttered, no onion
I chief on the steps, makin' peace with myself
Can't leave my cheese on the shelf
I know what's gonna be there, believe this
I can see or see this, families and orthopedics
Through the all valley seasons
Through earth, wind, and fires
But still pimps and liars got my family zoned and took us on higher
The scale is off the rim, somebody stole ya meal
How was I to tell, you was chokin high shit
A lot of time was wasted, on hoes in different places
I made the first step away like rehabilitation
I learned something so serious
Life is a game and when you play it's one time period
A lot of my niggas be playin' foul ball
Expect that tech when y'all ass get that last call
Been up for days cause where I stays, I can't blaze
A nap and it's beginning to weigh heavy on my thinkin' cap
I'm gettin' higher but shit I'm tired
I'm bout to pass out, slowly and surely off the wire
Relyin' on the starin' image of pimp shit
Nothin' but a word I see is pity
Now that the rain is gone I maintain killin' prone
Protection if you restin' in my zone
They in my spot, my home see
They want to take a load off my cot when you ain't makin' up ya own bed
Said Fred, that's the wrong leg snapper
You ain't gotta go home but I ain't cha' got damn Jed Clampett
But it's two misses that I miss in my direction

My own niggas in Memphis is cuttin' up my intersection
I did those and shattered lives and the lost souls
Save a prayer for them there table dancin' hoes
[Ad-libs to fade]

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