I wake up tryin' to dodge the cops just like my momma did Came home from school soon as I seen she was up out the crib Criminal Minded, mind your business if you wanna live Them niggas fiendin' for them luxuries they'll never get I took a couple women's love for me and hit a lick If she can't help me get up out the struggle, why I need the bitch?

I need a million dollars for starters, been sick of sleepin' on the couch

In this crowded apartment, them streets been in a fuckin' droug ht

I don't see the narcotics, it ain't no books up in this backpac \boldsymbol{k}

I brought the revolver, I'm asking niggas where the cash at Tappin' they pockets

That pocket rocket make a backpacker as soon as you blockin' You know the block is hot

Wayne tried to tell them, one case away from felon Granny told me stay inside the house, a nigga should've listene

Been punchin' out their faces with the hands that I pray with Money trees blowin' in the wind, I'm feeling the fragrance

Is you feeling amazing? Yeah I'm feeling the love
Hope I get to take it with me when my living is done
Pray to God that he forgive me for the sinning I've done
And I hear you cheering for me when my victory come
Yeah I'm feeling the love

2006 I said I had to get my money right

Shit I refuse to hear my stomach growl another night
Might put that burner right up in your mouth and free your mind
Then run your pockets, I ain't stoppin' 'til my kids is fine
College was a plan of mine until I seen them fees
Everything I ever needed, I done learned out on them streets
Only price was loss of sleepin', homies plottin' so I keep it o
n me

Closely play this game for keeps, I take the shot, you be the g oalie

Goals I gotta reach, but this girl up in my sheets asleep Mom up on her way to work, if she say bye before she leave Then this my last day on this earth, I'm way too young for plan tin' seeds

Is what she used to tell me, shit, but when I ever listen? Played a lot of roles in life but never played the victim
Never paid a toll for stripes, I earned them on them lonely nights

Mac rounds tear the house down like a poltergeist Life is what you make it, just depend on how you roll the dice