I know they don't, give a fuck about me
I promise, I'll be happy alone
Whether you see me on TV, or these streets
My attitude, is leave me the fuck alone
I know they don't, give a fuck about me
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I'm not a rapper homie, I'm just a G

How the fuck can they love me
If they out there in the streets, talking dooown mayn
How they fuck can they love me
If they look at my money, like it's not miliiine yeah
yeah
Homie I come from the street, live my life by the rules
If I owe ya I'm gon' get ya, might be ten years due

Homie I come from the street, live my life by the rules If I owe ya I'm gon' get ya, might be ten years due Guarantee it'll be a visit, if you fuck with my food Smile in my face and stab me in my back, that's what busters do

Me, I go it alone what the fuck is a crew $\mbox{\mbox{\sc A}}$ bunch of people, that want me to do what they want me to do

I don't take orders, if anythang I'ma give them bitches You must of thought by having my child, you guaranteed to get riches

Shit I told you last album, to go on 'head and file on $\ensuremath{\mathsf{me}}$

Hate me so bad, I know it hurt ya to see a smile on me Bitch I'm a boss, you trying to talk to me like I'm a trick

One hundred and twenty thousand a month, I guess I am that bitch $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) +\left(1\right) +\left$

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Trying to make it to heaven, is hard as hell
They out to get me baby mamas, and my boys as well
They say they love me but do they love me, it's hard to
tell

They love his freedom, but forget him when their boy's in jail

I was driving, but the shit was where the passenger ride

So now-a-days it ain't nobody, on my passenger side Eating bullshit, wearing white and passing the time I swear it wasn't no cotton, up in that mattress of mine

So use to mean mugging, I swear I gotta practice to smile $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) \left(1\right) +\left(1\right) \left(1\right) \left(1\right) +\left(1\right) \left(1\right)$

But I got that Hercules hustle, you can't challenge my

grind

My partnas had money, but got mad when I had to get mine

That's why I took the time to tell em, to kiss my ass in this rhyme

They said I didn't even rap good enough, to go get a stack

But now I'm headlining a long way, from the opening act They wanted to burn my dreams, I still smell the smoke in the back

Even if they kill me I'll come back homie, to go and get that that's right

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White boy Jimmy, he the reaslest nigga I know
It's because of him I'm walking the streets a free man,
and I appreciate that bro

God damn, I don't wanna go to prison no mo' Beside T. Ferris and bitches, don't nobody visit no mo' I'm not complaining my nigga, just saying how it is They say it's lonely at the top, I guess that's how it is

I swear I ain't seen nobody, in the last thirty days Ro must of fell off, that's what them haters that can't stand me say

But I ain't never been a bitch, don't know how to be a

Only thang I know how to do, is collect that dough If you owe me money, pay me on time And 7 tre fo' 2-4, death before dishonor on mine Me be a punk, I would have to leave this world for that Matter fact, my mama could of had a girl for that I'm cool as a popsicle, in the freezer in the winter time

But I'm a damn fool, and I have about respect so give me mine

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