

Have Nots

B.o.B

We are the have-nots who never had nothing
But learned to make something, out of never having nothing at all
And you could have it all and feel you never need nothing
But he who loves nothing will never have nothing at all

And you could be a superstar
But still feel like an outlaw
And never need nothing at all
But still have an empty heart

When me and my sister was literally playin' in dirt
I can still see the smile on her face, in my head I can still see the mud on my shirt
Fuckin' freezing my ass off at night with this match, tryna get this lil' fire to work
And my mom just got fired from work, and meanwhile we was gettin' evicted
Our living condition was not ideal but some kinda way we learned
That growing up poor don't make you real
They don't want to see us happy, they just sell us Happy-Meals
So we throw these records on, it's the only thing that has appeal
And the sadness disappears, so what's up with us
What to do with us, they don't know what to do
All they can do is call us thugs till they need they problem solve
Need someone to run they club
He who doesn't love what he has will never have enough

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