

It Iz What It Iz

Lil' O

Whoa, so you niggaz think you know me huh

As a child I was told, that I had to bubble
I'm the son of a African, I had to hustle
Even though my dad had bread, man I had to struggle
He told me son the pain'll make you a man, I understand
Cause now that I'm grown, executing my plan
Sitting on my balcony, overlooking my land
I realized, why he never put it all in my hand
Cause if I grew up thinking life was easy, I would be damned
Now it's big body Benz, 22 inch fan
Looking in the mirror, screaming god damn I'm the man
Kinda like a running back, man I rush for them yards
If I ain't slanging soft, then I'm shuffling hard
Imagine young nigga smoking weed, guzzling barre
With a bad lil' bopper bitch, up in the car
Ever since 15, I been thugging this hard
If they say sky's the limit, then I'm touching the stars
Man it kinda remind ya, a black Scarface
Man that boy is a grinder, you punks don't understand how I did it

[Chorus:]

See it is what it is, and I am what I am
Everything I went through, made me a man
Look how far a nigga came from, back in the grams
It is what it is, and I am what I am
It is what it is, and I am what I am
Everything I went through, made me a man

I'm a don, Fat Rat with the cheese I'm the one
Ten minus nine, man I stay on the grind
You ain't gotta ask, I'm doing fine
I'ma keep my lights on, nigga bottom line
If I itch then I scratch, go get it come back with it
Bring it back, boys talking down saying this nigga that
But fuck what they talking man, I'm six figgas flat
Seventeen years old scoring bricks, this a fact
Nigga, you can ask about me
Like the time I swallowed dope, they pumped the crack up out me
Shootouts, boys tried to blow the back up out me
I'm a stand up nigga gotta kill me, if you wanna get some stacks up out me

[Chorus]

Nigga Braeswood was hell
Nigga we addicted to the pyrex and scale, the boys moved yale
I'm one of the last, to live and tell
Cause most of the O.G.'s, dead or in jail
It was real on the West, jump out of line we put the steel on your chest
The game brought me pain, but yet I still feel I'm blessed
Cause I lived to talk about it
When I stepped in my cell, I knew I'd walk up out it
Never knew that one day, I'd write a song about it
Seeing boys turn snitch, like nothing wrong about it
To all my dogs in the feds, yelling Southside man only rolling red
Lil' O love you, man you boys hold ya head

[Chorus]

I'm a don...