

(Sool, we got one, nigga)

Still don't care about my attitude 'cause my racks large
I'm just tryna put another foreign in my backyard
Man, I know that nigga pussy, he just act hard
Trust me, you don't wanna see them boys in all-black
Hop out the whip and turn a shooter to a track star
I'm from where they hustle, kill niggas, and they crack cars
Keep a pistol on me, it's too soon to spit my last bars
I know some niggas who left early but they had heart

White folks starin' like I don't belong
What about them nights I had to suffer?
Like they tryna make me feel insecure about my color
Ever since I made a play, been to educate my brothers
Heaven ain't the only way we can escape up out the gutter
And I been through so much that I be hard to say I love her
Poppin' all that ecstasy, I'm still trying to recover
War ready, I got lethal weapons like I'm Danny Glover
Designer match my racks, yeah, I'm one stuntin' motherfucker
I'm getting money but still hurting, that's why I'm bipolar
I never gave up on my team, put 'em on my shoulders
Got PTSD from that battlefield, I'm a soldier
In section 8, was going through it, and them nights got colder

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Call up the plug just to help me with my challenges
Keep tryna fight off all this depression that I'm battling
Stressing while I'm dreaming, I keep getting sleep paralysis
G.O.A.T.-ed like I'm Pac, go from a gangster to an activist
All this medication, shit might leave me on dialysis
Keep my hand firm on this grip, this how we handle shit
Got me sipping D'USSE, it hurt to see them candles lit
Screaming, "Fuck the system," swear I'm missin' all my challenges
I was brought up on that block but I hopped off the porch late
You would think it's basketball season all these court dates
V12 engine, push-to-start, make the floors shake
Hit bad bitches in my top ten like a sports play

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