

Bout Mine

Problem

[Verse 1]

Yeah, I'm on my shit - did it big for the town I rep
Daddy came real big, takin' no half-steps
Seen my nigga Bird and those pull up in that Lex
And I thought to myself: "fuck that, I'm next"
I've gotta get out of here and just move
No matter your thoughts on a nigga, just play it smooth
The perks of getting it, getting it - big win
Supersedes a gang of things that you could lose
Fuck it, you gotta do it - ridin' with packets up in the Buick
Real when I talk, you feel it all in the music
She pop it in my face, she do it for my amusement
Fall in drunk, wake up my girl to get to accusing
I hate y'all niggas, Tommy Hilfiger
This the life and the times of a real nigga
Tours, no layover, baby, I ain't lying
Pussy, I'm canining
Been through too much to stay silent, fuck it

[Hook]

I'm about mine...
I'mma get mines off, for real..
Yeah, I'm about mine...
So let me get mines off, for real...

[Verse 2]

I was taught to keep it real, nigga
But in this game, real don't get to win
So fuck havin' fits, nigga
And stop worrying about drowning before you get to swim
Life lesson: money's a daily cycle, get your bike lesson
Don't know how good you are 'til you apply pressure
Word to that other Rollie sittin' in my dresser
Where the ratchets...
That love to cum to my songs on their mattress?
Where the D-Boys...
That got off on their ma'fuckin' tinfoil
Come on, yeah...

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Nigga, I made it with my own two hands
Took a step back for a sec to see what I created
Nigga, you hatin' 'cause my car cost more than your car
And I've got more parked where my estate is
Shake hands with rich niggas and they all call me fam'
'Cause when you rich, then you all related
It's like organized crime, I get more than sky high
You wanna smoke? I can orchestrate it
Just a couple years back, niggas said I wasn't rap
'Cause they thought that I was dressing funny
Fast forward up to now, I've got money by the pound
Uncle Ice, you can smell the money...

[Hook]