

Poor Fool

2 Chainz

Poor fool, streets don't love you like I do
(My Momma always said)
I said close your mouth and eat
You make some paper, than you make your own rules
(My Momma always said aye, damn)
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I'm from the hood, it's evident
Used to sell drugs at my residence
Stayed in section 8 with relatives
Opportunity knockin' I let them in
I don put voices on everything
I left them all like Ginobili
And if I'm not successful, ain't nobody gon come console me
I pray my momma quit smokin'
And my dad gotta get focused
I gotta table full of ace of spades
I don't fuck around with you jokers (ooh)
Ain't heard a word from my old friends
Heard they wanna kick my doors in
I done load up the 2-2-3
I'm so high they might call the goaltend, yeah
Lord knows, stash work in the console
So many autos in my garage, I can't open my car door
Ball on me like the Sun on me
Gettin' this bread she said dropped crumbs on me
Walked in the club and got ones only
Need a tat on my stomach that say prawns only
Raised by single parent Black Women
They call me Tity Boi cause she used to spoil me
She always told me

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Smoking on a yacht, call me Ricky Steamboat
Bags full of gas, used to serve them through the screen door
Tryna flip a brick, Shaq at the free throw
Taught by Scarface, Brad Jordan, Al Pacino, wooh
No rules, most of my partnas homeschooled
Most of my partnas got charges
And I ain't talking about no mothafuckin' dodges
Trappin' up outta the college
I'm addicted to the rice at Benihana
Raised by a single parent black woman
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(Yeah)
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