

Clearly got me fucked up
Taking out the trash on your ass
I get rid of bad friends like a dump truck
Everything I been through is everything I am
What the fuck you think this is, think I lucked up
Still down to earth, never stuck up
Ridding all my extra weight like a tum tuck
I sacrifice most of my time
So my daughter can take vacations in bumfuck

I'm what? Come for mines and guns up
Wanna talk, better run your funds up
I'm from the five, middle finger like I'm Nudy
It's Mr Turn-The-Tabernacle-To-A-Movie, ooo-wee
Keep it moving, nothing to see
I grew up eating hot wings and bumping Gucci
On the block ain't have no OG to school me
We just yelling wassup like Skooly
We hit the mall and we ball all day
I really know a drought, so it's blue hundreds in the safe
My nigga ain't a Jake, but he running with that K
And you might take a L just for running out your face
I'm still the Love Doc, hood therapist
My life is VVS, I practice clarity
I practice what I preach
I'm living what I teach
Was looking down now they looking up to me

Clearly got me fucked up
Taking out the trash on your ass
I get rid of bad friends like a dump truck
Everything I been through, is everything I am
What the fuck you think this is, think I lucked up
Still down to earth, never stuck up
Ridding all my extra weight like a tum tuck
I sacrifice most of my time
So my daughter can take vacations in bumfuck

Riding through Atlanta on a off day
Hoping that nobody double-cross me
Hit up Keisha, "Have you seen Parlay?"
'Cause he ain't make it to the after-party, aye
Spin the block 'cause it's hot, keeping watch
Six o'clock time for Greg Street to rock
(Hmm, mmm, aye, okay)
I used to walk around that corner right in Kirkwood
Ann's Snack Bar, where the food real good
I was living like a fool, breaking all the rules
Best of both worlds 'cause a nigga went to school
I was rapping like a bitch, singing to your girl
Might be quiet, baby, but I'm ready to rock your world, yeah
(Hmm, okay, yeah, yeah, aye)