

I grew up all alone
My mom and dad fighting
I moved around a lot
I did a lot of fighting
I met my friend Ian
I seen a lot of cyphers
I did a lot of writing

Watch my uncles duck indictments
I'm used to ramen noodles
Victims of mental illness
Products of neighborhoods with broken souls and wounded spirits
Don't judge me by appearance
(I moved to California Started getting paid) {look what you bought}
Shit's already boring

Dance to the money like a high fifth
Fuck a pipe dream man
Had to sing when I was in my diapers
Burnin' through my diapers, hot shit
It was hot shit
Back when niggas looking for the Loch Ness

Stuck 'round dip spittin' assholes
Make they mamas bashful
Got holes in my pockets
So my shoes full of cash though
Cigar, Fidel Castro
Car full of Castrol

See the sunset when I backstroke
Can't swim but I could act though

I was playing rock paper scissors with imaginary friends
Imagine having no friends man
I was playing rock paper scissors with imaginary friends
Imagine having no friends man
I was playing rock paper scissors with imaginary friends
Imagine having no friends man
Imagine having no friends man