

Susan's Son

ChillinIT

Who would've thought forever would be forever
Family is for life, I learnt that shit real talk
I'm content, what can I say
I'm living good homie what can I say
Imma just keep it simple

Check

In brutal times I would crucial provide
Daddy told me turn my Nikes to suits and to tie
And now if jobs are out of line I make Lupi go slide
'Cause he can make my pieces fit the part till it's music for life (Yeah, ye ah)
If management my leg, my Sus' is the spine
I frolic 'round in wallet, was stupid at times
I leave my ma to fuck with the booty and wine (Uh)
Then I'd come back home and cuss and she'd soothe every cry
That's no lie, bad pains from the bad days
Mumma carried Chill so long, I gave the woman back pains
But now I've rapped so long, I run the fuckin' rap game
Ma give me a year or two I'll probably push this pack strain and get rich
Hundred racks that I made in Japan
Shoutout my brother Ben, he's back and he's blazin' the gram
I ain't really got no strap and that made me a man
I told my label, "Keep the cash, I can pay the advance"
It's 420 fuckin' fam, we don't fuck around
Call Nate, Lupi, Boe (Brothers double down)
Badraper or my brothers on the buttons now
I built it from the bottom up and real fans are fuckin' proud, that's real talk

I can't even explain it man, like the real fans would be proud, like
My mum, my bro, my dad we smilin', we wealthy, we healthy
For the rest of my life
It's all for my fuckin' mum, that's the craziest shit
I'm always gon' be Susan's son
Let me talk about these fuckin' facts

Ever since this thirty cap was double sized
I lived in brick veneers but hung in dirty traps
Let me keep it real, I would light the Bernie Mac
Was laughin' till I'm high and then I'd die, I go and burn the pack
But fuck drugs (Real talk), 'cause now we tryna burn her back
Now I want my broski up in uni doin' learnin' stats
And now my broski's on the deck and he can burn your track
And he ain't gonna play your clubbin' set unless it's thirty racks (So fuckin' pay)
Lobster's on the table now (Yeah)
Went from mobsters to some doctors at the cable house
Dropped a body bag and started up a label now
And told Virgin, "Fuck all of these virgin rappers, pay me now, I'm blowin' up" (Mmh)
My family's legit with biz
I called some whores I once adored and now I hit and miss
I need a little more, dishes, chores, little kids I adore
Lord, need a family and bigger crib, like dad does
Super smart, stupid dumb
Poppa said, "Fuck 'em all, son, you're still the one"

And I know your group is big and all your groupies fuck
But come back home and get reminded that you're Susan's son
You're Susan's son

And this music, is music man
Go drive in this whip you deserve it man
I want you to know I'm high as fuck in this studio
Smilin my ass off
And I hope if you are listening you are too

Forever motherfucker