

# Badu

Cozz

Yeaahh...

I smell my pride, push the bullshit aside

Baby I'm sitting high  
Make sure that my fans survive  
I got a plan to thank God  
I'm really feeling blessed now  
I close my hands to thank God  
Close my eyes, slow my pride, I don't mind... I don't mind

Yeah a nigga back, I ain't done yet baby  
I ain't stopping till I'm balling like enough said baby  
If I fall then I'm crawling, then I'm straight back to the walking  
You niggas talking like stopping really ever was an option  
Always was an artist, how I put together my garments  
Hustle 200 dollars, spend it all at the Slauson  
They still was calling them flawless, don't matter how much it's costing  
You can shop at a Target and rock it like its Versace  
Cause you can buy clothes, you can hire a stylist, but you can't buy sauce,  
can't even make a deposit  
Either don't got it or you got it, had it before my pockets had anything dee  
p inside it  
But that's ok, now I'm whipping  
My engine foreign, my windows is tinted, dipping in women that's with it  
Bills and my gas is expensive, don't you go ever forget it  
Pray for it that's why I get  
Fuck all the fame and the bitches, just making sure that we living

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I smoke and pray at the same time, hoping God don't mind, the fact that I'm  
high  
I'm sure he know I'm speaking through my clearest mind  
Hoes enticed by what I drive  
She said that she respect my grind, I know she lyin'  
She just been researching and scheming online  
Underground bosses with mainstream shine  
This here 'bout rhymes, we just preservin' the game, or at least we tryin'  
My Ferrari caught my younger homie eyes, quicker than his teachers could pul  
l him aside to guide  
I guess the responsibility is mine or as eyes, Andretti and Cozz  
Cold champagne bottles for reluctant role-models  
You can follow if you can keep up with my Impala  
Leadership qualities, lavender and violet, while a bitch complete my cypher  
properly  
I gotta keep a bad one in the ride with me  
Got a bitch who known for toting pistols right along side of me  
Keeping an eye on all these niggas who say they'll die for me

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