

My nigga, they know me
I ain't have to sell my soul
To tell 'em who I am (For real)
Been a lot of things, but I won't be broke again
I gotta thank God for the way he let me live
Swimmin' pool with a crib, shit, it is what it is
They mad I got it out the mud
I kept it player from the jump
It ain't on me, bitch, it's in me, oh
It's always somethin' up my sleeve
Keep some hoes on a leash
If you know, then you know, oh

I ain't got shit to prove, no, no
Energy the same in a group when I'm solo
Look, they don't make 'em like this no more
Shit, I been ten toes and your bitch been chose
Better recognize a nigga like me (Me)
'Cause it ain't likely (Nah)
For me to ever let you slight me
I been down and bounced back nicely
The six-pack, white t, buss down, ice sheets
Ooh, they big mad (Big mad)
I ain't have to sell my soul to get that big bag (Check)
I made my presence known, nigga, quick fast (Fast)
I never press the issue, I'ma kickback (Chillin')
But you best believe I'm comin' for that kickback

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Uh, them bus rides from the East to the Westside (West)
Couldn't get this quality on-screen at a Best Buy
I let them jets fly, use to crush on Left Eye
Life was just too good to be true and then my Chef died
RIP my cousin B, that was my road dog (RIP)
Now he ain't gon' be present when we at roll call (Roll call)
I shed tears, but I know he watchin' above me (He watchin')
Words was always hittin' the spot for me, it was ugly (Ah-hum)
How they speakin', seen 'em cryin'
When I bite back (Bite back)
Where I grew up, if they swing
You better fight back (You better fight back)
Shots fired kept me up and ain't no nightcaps (No night)
Don't judge a book by the cover, y'all know me like that

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