

Hé bien peut-être l'oiseau
L'oiseau qui dormait en chacun de nous
S'élèvera

Hipster by heart but I can tell you how the streets feel
Everybody thirsty and they looking for a refill
If the gang eat you guns barking at your doggie bag
Get took out for your take out now you carry out
Murder by delivery, married at the paramount
I just coughed up a fair amount
Of niggas might air it out
Judge a book by cover so we never educated
It ain't about racists poor and rich segregated
Just to get the bacon dawg, you gotta go HAM
Use to be lost til I found who I am
But it took the hook to eat the palm on my hands
Locked tryna get real creative with the spam
Locked in a jam cause a nigga serve butter
Just to get a little bread had to keep tomato smothered
All I really wanted was to overdub my vocals
But no one ever thought that I would take it past local
High a'top a totem man somebody shoulda' told 'em
That if money grow on trees being rich is dime a dozen

So I'm smoking by my lonely
By my goddamn self
I don't need your help homie
Cause don't nobody really know me
Said nobody really know me

See that's going on a limb
And I used to sell trees, and I used to rock Timbs
Radiohead shit, fiends with The Bends
Back when Granny used to tell me "Stay Out of In"
Blaming cold air out, tryna know my whereabouts
Gone for three days and nobody ever heard about
How I got these Jordans, but that ain't too important
When I got a bitch pregnant and I'm stacking for abortion
And all I really wanted was to give myself a portion
Lit up off the Henney got a nigga self absorbing
Smoking on a bogie, no bud style, who can I trust now?
Lady snitch and got the whole block down
Now we gon' eat now, no rebound, when your boxed out
Belly of the beast now
Now you got me feeling trapped and I can't look back
When the roller head is out and the Pabst is made of ash
And I'm going through the trash tryna' find a little treasure
Living for the better tryna get myself together