

# Granted

Dope D.O.D.

Let me tell you my story...

What's up kids  
You may know me as the craziest  
The one with the amazin' flamin' gift  
I'm Jay Reaper came to save this shit  
Mr. I-Don't-Know-Who-Jay-Z-Is  
The crew is Dope D.O.D. motherfucker  
And now you know the name all this niggas start to suck up  
I forgot your name cause I'm not listening  
And I won't pop yo CD into my sound system  
Cause I'm still broke as fuck  
Now give me one good reason I shouldn't stick yo ass up  
Thinkin' I'm famous I would give a fuck  
They say in life its all about the lil' stuff nigga give it up  
I been around the world seen a lot of pretty places  
Big bootys and shitty faces  
Masons handshaking  
My blood on the paper cause I'm more than impatient  
When I'm signing with satan  
And I'm breakin'  
Feelin' like them apemen I'm caged in  
My shitty life's been a lil' frustrating  
And I'm ageing  
It's like the whole foundation of my fuckin' life caved in  
But fuck it  
I got a million ways to tell ya'll niggas "suck it"  
Like more skills, more attitude and more power to bust it  
You probably lookin' at Da Roach and actin' all disgusted  
Guess what, I love it, fuckers

You spending all your time on some random bitches  
Watch me and my fam go from rags to riches  
You wanna stay broke than that's your business  
I roll with the giants fuck ya'll midgets  
You're living a lie but still you won't admit it  
I'm not in the mood everyone is gonna get it  
I used to respect shit ya lost all credit  
Now ya get disrespected and tested ya dumb prick  
Watch the clock tick it goes to quick  
Shit is serious no taking the piss  
The team move slick and we stay so sick  
You don't stack no bricks now you losing grip  
You walk with a limp and a walking stick  
Cause you fucked with a click and got brutally kicked  
No life ain't a flick you played out like card tricks  
Open up ya eyes and see reality bitch

I hear people say "nowadays he got real cocky"  
"He's stuck in a cycle of tour, fame and money"  
That's funny buddy ya think you know the facts now  
Think again or drop by I'm still in the crackhouse  
Still without heat and the occasional blackout  
The ratmonkey's still in my yard he can't get out  
I pull the hash out and think for a minute  
But that ain't enough if ya livin' with a time limit  
Da clocks tickin' I'm still spittin' real hip hop

I fall down daily but learned how to get up  
I roll with the Reaper, Diggles and Rotten  
Chu, P, Mulz and a handfull a blood kin  
Backstabbin' trash ends up in a dustgin  
Or under the dark dirt slowly forgotten  
So watch what you wish for and try understand it  
The way I grew up I don't take shit for granted

Yeah, try to understand it  
The way I grew up I don't take shit for granted  
Ya betta, try to understand it  
The way we grew up we don't take shit for granted  
Dope D.O.D. 2012 and beyond!  
Until the next time the world ends, peace