

I was made this way, I was made this way  
I was made this way, I was made this way

When I was younger OG's used to let me come around  
And soak up game like a sponge, or should I say 'beach towel'  
They woke my game up when I was a little child, when I was broke  
But now I'm up and I ain't never coming down

I wasn't a knock, I was the server  
My street was like drive-thru service like In-N-Out Burger  
We was havin' our digits, no woof tickets  
Me, Caveo, D-Shot, B-legit, my cousins and siblings  
In my region, in my district, on my land  
They got more 'K's than the Klan  
In my city they got more guns than Corbis Cristie  
Gotta keep your head above choppy water and quick sand  
Give you a thirty second check-up for disrespecting a pillar  
For disrespecting a staple you'll get disabled and able  
Let me breathe on you for a minute, let me game you up  
When I was growin' up we went from the shoulders and knuckled up  
We had to square up and squabble, swing 'em and chuck 'em  
And even if you got your ass beat, at least you stood for somethin'  
I don't condone sucka shit, that's not how the game was designed  
I don't tape conversations, I don't record FaceTime  
I'm the last of my make, so therefore it won't be no more  
It's stormin' suckas, it's thunderin', when it rains it pours  
40 Water what it do? You still dribble? Nope  
Oh, I was gonna say, if you do, you got a pickle?  
A pickle, a P, a Pound, let me call one of my folks, they still get down  
Life is a gamble but this ain't Caesars  
This a Hail Mary, a jump ball, a buzzer beater

Ain't been home in a month, ain't been sleep in a week  
I'm in love with the road, I'm addicted to cheese  
Jumped off the porch, landed straight in the streets  
I played the hand that was given to me  
Bitch, I was made this way  
I was made this way  
And we were made this way  
I was made this way, aye

I might mix Amiri with some Alexander Wang drip  
Tryna see how many hoes can the plane fit  
How the fuck you driving that on earth? That's a spaceship  
Domestic violence on my neck, that's how the chain hit, bitch  
Under pressure, I'ma shoot the 3 like Jordan in his prime  
Ruler on this Glock, nigga measure up your odds  
Diamonds in Roley face like nigga fuck the time (Fuck it)  
Blow your brains out, then we gon' see what's on your mind  
Nigga hatin' on me, take his bitch on a vacation  
When your crib get lit up, don't make no Christmas decorations  
Wake up, pick my clothes, I'll jump in the shower (What else nigga?)  
Then go kick it with my uncle who used to sell powder  
You joined a gang, but don't know nothing about it  
That's how we know you only did it for survival  
You better pray that you ain't click up with the rivals  
'Cause every night we hunting with extensions on them rifles

Big Glock on my hip look like a blow dryer (Big Glizzy)  
Smoke a Backwood, take my soul higher  
These rappers ain't even talented, they got ghostwriters  
Set your head on fire, turn you to Ghost Rider

Ain't been home in a month, ain't been sleep in a week  
I'm in love with the road, I'm addicted to cheese  
Jumped off the porch, landed straight in the streets  
I played the hand that was given to me  
See, I was made this way  
I was made this way  
And we were made this way  
I was made this way, yeah