

## Sacrifices

Fabulous

Yeah, you know the crazy thing is  
They gon' talk about you when you ain't got shit  
But then they gon' talk about you when you got shit  
And see they gon' talk even when they don't know  
What you had to do or what you go through  
Sacrifices

Seeing your family scrambling, that sanity damaging  
Gotta, make a move can't just stand and be mannequin  
Have a man who be managing, randomly standing in places he shouldn't  
Trying to move that Pamela Anderson under  
Stand and beat hammers and grandma keep paneling  
Cause them niggas from the other side are fans of me vanishing  
New day, new funeral, my grandma be panicking  
But I gotta eat, she just handing me sandwiches  
And an appetite like mine, got me scamming and scandelng  
Riding shotty with my homie, but I plan to be phantom and  
Bumping something I can feel, fam, I need sampling  
Not no Bieber on the hook, I need Anthony Hamilton  
I got molly, I got white, I be Hannah Montana and  
Like a Migo it's illegal, but it's grams in my hand again  
So it probably ain't right, but this the land of the scandalous  
Til your own friend a snake you probably can't understand it then  
When you go you're just gone, all we missing is payments  
Dr. King fought for my freedom that I risked just to pay rent  
Ain't no love for these streets, ain't no kissing the pavement  
Yeah, I'm sick and tired of shit, but they insist on being patient  
But for what? To wait on that eviction note?  
I wake up to some real shit, them dreams I have is fictional  
Unless I go and get it, don't stop, get it, get it  
2 Live Crew money and the Luke dancers with it

Jesus died on that cross, that's a sacrifice  
Niggas dying for their cross, that's a sacrifice  
Rosa Parks took a charge, that's a sacrifice  
If shorty took that charge for you, that's a sacrifice  
Just do what you gotta do, baby  
Just do what you gotta do, baby  
Just do what you gotta do, baby  
You gotta do what you gotta do, baby

Baby gotta do what a baby gotta do  
Baby mama ain't got it, but her baby father do  
Never pick up baby boy, but his Mercedes Powder blue  
Now mommy sick of daddy and baby got a flu  
And what's crazy about it too  
Is all she sees is lies when she look him in his eyes  
And her baby got them too  
Pay a little child support, but what's so shady about him too  
Is in the club he pop Rozay, but won't bring baby bottles through  
I know things fell part, I ain't saying we gotta glue  
But if you walking around in Prada, buy your baby Prada too  
Telling hoes "yes", we can't get a "maybe" outta you  
Shit is fucked up, and I don't think the baby gotta clue  
What's a lady gotta do? Bend over for dollar tips?  
Cause ain't nobody giving young, single mothers scholarships  
Mama just got diagnosed, breast cancer

So when they ask what she's gonna do, her best answer  
Is "I don't know, gotta do what I gotta do"  
And I don't know about your bills, but the ones I got are due  
People always wanna try and tell you what you gotta do  
But there's a difference in what those who don't and those who gotta do  
It's called sacrifices, hate to see my man gone  
Bail was like a pop fly just to bring my man home  
Can't just leave him out there  
Gotta believe in yourself even when there's doubt there, yeah