

Be careful, they knockin' at your doorstep  
But they cannot walk in  
And if you invite them in  
Biting is what they do best

Hmm, speaking of knocking  
Beat was so off and out of the pocket  
But somehow they lined them by lyin'  
And we ain't impressed

Is it really that bad?  
Or is it just that  
They're afraid we'll take it all back?  
That's a fact  
We got a bad hand  
We still gamble and bet it on black

Yes, Lord, let me bless 'em  
Let me bless 'em, yeah, one more time again  
I said one mo' 'gain

See the truth is-  
You ain't shit and never be shit  
Wouldn't have them hits if you we ain't give you them shits, bitch

Is it really that bad?  
Or is it just that  
They're afraid we'll take it all back?  
That's a fact  
We got a bad hand  
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Even if I don't get it  
The homie gon' take from  
The hands of those indebted  
To your favorite song  
Oh, oh, let go of everything you think you know 'cause  
Behind everything that you love is a history of hate  
I know this shit is hard to hear, but yo, it's really that-

Bad  
We realize that  
They don't care about giving it back  
Don't be sad  
That black magic we have  
Won't vanish by slight of white hands  
Of course, they're calling it voodoo  
They could never do what you do

I'm not sad  
I ain't not mad  
I just have some demands