I'm startin' out my day, with a chopper
Then pick up my daughter from my baby mama's
Then I shrimp and steak, Benihana's
Like my birthday, I want cake and a box of condoms
And turn up with my niggas like I never saw them
And pull up on my niggas like I never saw them
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Jimmy home, start checkin' your bitch's phone again Feel like 2010, all these honkies callin' my phone again I'm in your backyard again, nigga, no Nickelodeon Pockets on a hungry chick, niggas is Ethiopians Left the door cracked for you niggas who still ain't open it Took the cookie jar out the stove, it got the coke in it The fans got me showin' my ass, so inappropriate The Xans got me losin' my stance, no more controllin' it So I might forget who I smashed or niggas' ho I hit Still skinny Jimmy, what I look like on some bulky shit? Still Pretty Ricky, I blow your ho the emoji kiss Ain't another nigga in my city I need to go against Now I'm focusin', tryna give lanes and G's hope again I wrote this shit two weeks in, with no pad or pen Now who gon' pay rap boy lawyer if I go broke again? My mama, Mo, and them, Baby Jace, Aubrey you need a win

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Just yesterday I woke up in a jail cell Came a long way from bustin' down them dope sales I pray every day we make it off them food stamps I just wanna watch my lil' brother go to training camp Run the cheddar up, hit shocks and let the cheese melt You ain't lose lumber with me, you ain't know how it felt I asked myself, "How I win with the hand I was dealt?" It's like I'm puntin' on the court, tryna dunk on the field Damn, and I got hit with probation violation You ask me, shit I just think my probation was hatin' Ride in the city with the calculator calculatin' 19.5 for one, two for the Walter Payton Free my nigga True, he don't shoot, he fightin' that home invasion Feds wanna kill me, say I'm guilty by association VVS' in my charm, chain the color as the Penguins City gettin' shitted on 'til they treat me like I'm famous

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