

I wake up feeling different, back stiffened, joints cracking, snapping I mean listen...

Some days I don't wanna get out my bed at all...

They got me on a statin, I'm rapping wit high cholesterol

I would fuck bitches on the edge of the bed and fall

Off then keep fucking on the floor, but not anymore

Nowadays just the smell of Henny and my head is sore

A night out is dinner with the wife and Pinot Noir

Got a nice little crib out in Jerz, I'm in the burbs

No more roaches... Deers and birds

Sitting in my backyard while I write this shit

Pool cover over the water til it get nice and shit

Thinkin bout them project nights I'd ignite the fifth

Now I gotta Glock 48 that I fire legit

Think twice before you run up wit that okey doke

Cause My wife got the Sig case you want the smoke ...

I member when home was looking through the peephole hoping the police don't Kick in my do' reach fo

They weapon and use lethal force on me and my people

Now I'm in Home Depot looking for a Gazebo

I was in them streets like Rico

But the boy from Puerto Rico ain't get caught up in the Rico

It was OD package anytime I moved the diesel

Not it's O.G status, new ways to move the needle ...

A Young one in the slums

Where you ain't posed to live beyond 21

They look at us as just numbers

On our way to being 6 feet under

But every now and then one of us escapes

And gets to live a life from outside the gates

God had big plans for lil old me

Salute to those who get to be a OG

I buried friends when they was lil kids

Too young to fully comprehend just what living is...

Where I'm from we celebrate those who did a bid

Stripes get earned when fire burns and you split a wig

We ain't born evil, just is what it is

When it's nothing in the fridge to stick to ya ribs

I member my clique sitting in the crib

Drawing straws to do sticks and get bricks like 3 Little Pigs

Some a call that surviving but hey...

If one of those went wrong I ain't rhyming today

I don't get to save somebody else that's finding they way

Out the place u never get to live but you dying to stay...

This Azad on my wrist is tough

I wear it over the scar where my wrist was cuffed

All my real niggas listen up
You'll always love ya hood, but when you leave you won't miss it much...

A Young one in the slums
Where you ain't posed to live beyond 21
They look at us as just numbers
On our way to being 6 feet under

But every now and then one of us escapes
And gets to live a life from outside the gates
God had big plans for lil old me
Salute to those who get to be a OG