

Rap been working, that is certain  
Tracks I'm merking, cash disperssion on the daily  
Imagine working back is hurting rap's your purpose  
Lack the urge but you're amazing  
Does that determine cash, deserve it  
Back to serving at the nursing home to pay me  
I snatch my shirt off, I had to work in the trash and sort it  
Now back to verses (Boy you're crazy!)  
I know it may seem back a worse kid  
The more I think about it, yo it's actually perfect  
'Cause I don't really see myself having worth in a job  
I'm mad at 'cause that is worthless  
So I pick up another pen and pad and purses  
Plus I'm a producer I practice per kit  
I had it mastered, I was that determined  
My drive was massive before I had a permit  
Hair was nappy I had to perm it  
Pants saggin' like niggas had the word flipped  
I could have been a stat like thermos  
Instead I push the needle like the thermostat and had you burning  
They used to point and laugh when I rapped at first and  
I snuck in shows and body bagged their verses  
Now I trek with the stars on some Captain Kirk shit  
And they all on my team from the back like Hermit  
And that barely scratched the surface  
Homeless, jail, to war back to back plus  
Searching for a break fast 9-to-5 can't take that  
In other words, fuck flipping flapjacks at Perkins  
J's on, Levis', snapback, my shirt crisp  
I'm going on tour with a bag of merch prints  
My dreams came true and I just had to work with  
I had and honestly I'm glad it's working because...

I'm a boss I ain't working for nobody B.Y.O.B  
I'm getting faded finna have a celebration B.Y.O.B  
I got a few bad chicks right here B.Y.O.B  
Blowing on the kush counting up a bag B.Y.O.B (B.Y.O.B!)  
I'm a boss I ain't working for nobody B.Y.O.B (B.Y.O.B!)  
I'm getting faded finna have a celebration B.Y.O.B (B.Y.O.B!)  
I got a few bad chicks right here B.Y.O.B (B.Y.O.B!)  
Blowing on the kush counting up a bag B.Y.O.B

I remember nothing wasn't working for me  
Forget about somebody raw working for me  
I was sick of living check to check  
Becoming neck to neck with debt collectors searching for me  
Breaking down a herb and serving perfect poorly  
Getting mad at baby mama giving birth to shorty  
And I didn't have a dollar to my name  
So I got to make a change  
It was 'bout to be a murder story  
I vividly remember sitting inside the whip  
As a delivery drive, percs was on me  
Sipping on the Sudaf' they thought I was perc-ing homie  
Trying to get a pack of dollars and a Gerber homie  
Furthermore the outcome I would get laid off  
Never took a day off, it hurt me homie

Fast forward I'm getting rap money  
So the chick that fired me inside the restaurant now serving for me  
Funny how the tables start turning towards the  
Opposite directions, certainly  
Enemies wanna be cool  
Women with the double D boobs looking steady searching for me  
Twerk it slowly  
The way the ladies looking at me now, I bet you I can make a virgin horny  
Could've been purging in purgatory  
Your pussy like Persian, purring on me  
Yeah, perfect homie  
All the late nights and early mornings  
Finally paid off truly, now to view me gotta have an observatory  
Personally, purple rolling  
I'm so high now, Earth, I'm soaring  
Never be average, you're so boring  
Glad I made it, perfect story  
Because

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I'm a boss I ain't working for nobody B.Y.O.B (B.Y.O.B!)  
I'm getting faded finna have a celebration B.Y.O.B (B.Y.O.B!)  
I got a few bad chicks right here B.Y.O.B (B.Y.O.B!)  
Blowing on the kush counting up a bag B.Y.O.B

I ain't had no bank account  
I used to cash my check at Citgo  
I ain't try'na get no gas  
I kept my shit right above E  
I used to be tired working doubles  
Picking up my girl we had to split the tips in half  
'Cause that's all we had to spend  
I'm like a rat in this kitchen, the traps was set  
I break my back for scraps, went back and swept this floor twice  
Then the health inspector saying we ain't pass the test  
He's 'bout to fire me, I had to kiss so much ass  
Feet hurt, kneecaps are red  
I keep scratching tickets hoping they match the winning numbers  
I hit the bottom ain't nobody grabbed a net  
To catch me when I fell  
Real life Spider-man is swinging from the building casting webs  
My girl smacked me, I grabbed her neck and let go  
Dead broke, Us both cryin' on sheets on our mattress wet  
A screaming match begins so now I'm cursin' at her mom  
Worryin on hand me down furniture I'm on  
Might be sittin on the curb and not come home  
If I see the neighbors searching through my shit  
I end up murdering someone  
I was certain to become rich and famous making music  
I was immature and young  
It occurred to me, I won't ever make it  
When you finally heard me on a song Box Chevy  
Shit I had to work to get it on, now I'm ready  
Twelve years later on a tour bus, I was making more but I'm balling hardly  
Of course I be on a tour bus that was filled with roaches  
At night I felt 'em crawling on me  
Praying someone sign me, all of a sudden finally  
Tech N9ne put me on, ever since I've been  
Shining with the Snake and Bat  
Soaking up game from Trav

And try'na be like them, B.Y.O.B

I'm a boss I ain't working for nobody B.Y.O.B

(Yeah, it's Rittz, bitch)

I'm getting faded finna have a celebration B.Y.O.B

(Sure as shit)

I got a few bad chicks right here B.Y.O.B

Blowing on the kush counting up a bag B.Y.O.B (B.Y.O.B!)

I'm a boss I ain't working for nobody B.Y.O.B (B.Y.O.B!)

I'm getting faded finna have a celebration B.Y.O.B (B.Y.O.B!)

I got a few bad chicks right here B.Y.O.B (B.Y.O.B!)

Blowing on the kush counting up a bag B.Y.O.B