

Came up from the bottom it ain't nothin' bout my hood sweet
You can stop this ballin' darlin' hope you got some good seats
They be on they bullshit, so I be on my cold shit
I live it up and you ain't slick enough to fuck my old bitch
Haters should salute Los I made it through the loop holes
Looked off by all of you folks but still took off like Badu's clothes
Never lost my cool though, I stack every dollar up
Pull that cherry impala up with my burberry collar up
Lost my pops, lost my cause, lost my deal, lost my mind
I lost marty, he lost his girl, God damn I jus feel lost sometime
Everything that challenge me in some weird way jus balance me
Going through the trenches, I'll show you who your friends is

Niggas ain't real and bitches be a nuisance
And I don't give em time I jus give em dueces
And I'm rollin with my top down on them haters (dueces)
Pockets full of paper (dueces)
I don't see these niggas I just, I just see em later
Niggas ain't real and bitches me a nuisance
And I don't give em money I just give em dueces
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No matter how they view a nigga they gon see my cool side
I ain't trippin my shoes tied, catcha nigga pool side
Better check my resume the homies that I move with
Push a lot of eight balls and never touched a pool stick
Better keep your new chick on a chain and muzzed up
We walk up in that club I bet them bitches gon' huddle up
Come up with a game plan to be around this fame damn
Now she tellin stories about how she got a lame man
My circle never penetrated, swagga never been de-faded
Niggas get intimidated, bitches get eliminated
I ain't got no problem long as figures gettin genrated
Rumors don't offend me homie can't you see I'm finna make it
Wishin well of wisdom I could take you through the drought
If you gps success it prolly take you to my house
Yea, better learn my swagga everything about me live
Haters suck a dick and die, dueces bitch I'm outty 5

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