

Round of Applause

Lecrae

Hey mazel tov and all that good stuff man
This is for all my folks who got legal jobs
We beat the odds, you feel me?

We ain't supposed to be here, never thought we see it
Now we living proof, tell the world to believe it yeah
Congratulations, thank God we made it
They told us we was nothing, now I know they hate it
Round of applause, round of applause
Congratulations, we beat them odds
Round of applause, round of applause
Congratulations, we beat them odds

I ain't supposed to be nothing but a dope dealer, but a hope killer
Supposed to brag on the guns and the coke kilo's
Dropping molly's in a coke zero
Ashamed of my education, then I'm finally off probation
Then I quit smoking, got a wife and kids and I'm a real father no faking
See I'm a black man who beat them odds
Supposed to be locked up with no
Job
Never should of went to college or learned who God is
You add it up it's all odd
See I never knew my pops
I been abused, ran from the cops
I went to school
High on them crops
Wasn't a thug, never been shot
Running from God man turning my back
Never would of made it, Marvin Sapp
But He opened up my eyes and I can't look back
While they look surprised, I just tip my cap
Yeah he did it, he did it
He changed me and I'm with it
He made me what I'm supposed to be
You get close to me, you might get it

I ain't even spos' to be here
I ain't even spos' to be livin'
The world is set up for me to
Be dead broke and somewhere locked up in prison
Yeah, I know they be watchin'
Yeah, I know they be listenin'
Yeah, I know that hip-hop police is probably plotting for me
To be missing
And cover it up with the cliché okey doke
And blame it on the pain pill overdose
From the city where they love to hate
But I still got love for my homies tho
They don't want to see us ball out
But we do it anyway
Got a mil' in the bank
Another two up in the safe
Cause' I do it everyday
Know, know me ain't no roomies in the A
All they say that is I could've fool in the A

Don't assume anything
I'm a fool with the pay
I'll be goon till your day

I'm supposed to be dead or in jail right now
But instead, I'm sharing my gift with the world

Now she used to strip at Onyx
Working her way through college
Tryna put food in her son's mouth
On a pole for them dollars
She was looking for some solace
Told the Lord, I promise... I'm heading to the hills with my heels on
Where the feels ain't a touch to the billfolds
No copping feels from no Uncle Phil's, just Phil Jackson coach her
And get her out that game where they losing they dignity for a Coach purse
No skirts just "skrr", found another way around a real worth
And left that fine establishment
It's like her whole life is having a growth
Spurt
She out the game and they hate it, mad at her she made it (haters)
They ain't nothing but some shellfish in a bucket
Probably get crabs if you touch it
Now she graduated from college - scratch that - graduated with honors
Little man got a little cap and gown, look at him matching his mama, yeah!