

## Ambitions

Lute

I'd much rather rap or sell drugs than to do this shit forever  
We either playing ball or land a job  
Come to playing to ball, my shot off like Cheddar Bob  
And I'd much rather have rap or sell drugs than work two to twelve  
just to miss the number twelve bus cause I overslept  
Due to the double I just worked, tryna' get this work  
Made it out the mud, now we in the dirt, like McGurt  
See me on squirt, nigga, where the work?  
Came across these jugs 'cause my pockets hurt  
And see I'm far from the trap rapper, but I'm strapped like an  
Eastpak on a backpacker  
And oh, how I wish I really wish it wasn't that way  
And this the life we live when we come up on the forward  
And rob a nigga blind, niggas pose with your Michael Kors in the  
latest source with the Porsche like its fast Ford  
Fast forward, we ain't on no block no more  
Now fast forward, Lord, we don't punch no clock no more

Shit, what time is it?  
Damn, I'm late for work