

My momma tried to raise a good kid, but look at what the hood did
Grew up with the bad guys, now I'm doing good shit
Blacks on blacks, there's no way I ever could miss
Look, my momma tried to raise a, look

I know she really tried her best at it
Had a glimpse of the streets and that was when I got obsessed with it
Look inside my mind and you can see the stress I wrestle with
My big homies did a couple favors, like don't mention it
Got my first etch-a-sketch and all I drew was dollar signs
Got my first Rolex and I felt like I was Father Time
On the grind, didn't give a fuck and never swallowed pride
Make money, take money, I might leave your pockets dry
This shit is crazy, but I'm looking back
Left that shit alone, now I push tracks
Like I'm cookin' crack
My money green and my gold is white and my hoodie's black
And like a baby in a car seat, we fully strapped
I was a good kid, I guess I just had bad habits
3XLG on a jersey on with my pants saggin'
Back when I used to put chips inside of my ham sandwich
Now there's nine bedrooms and a mansion where you can't stand it

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I finally got a bed frame for that mattress on the floor
I finally got a big bus for when I have to go on tour
And I feel like I'm the plug the way they asking me for more
All these rappers are my sons and soon you'll have to do your chore
My whole team is full of gentlemen, we reaping all the benefits
I'll battle y'all at once just to see what your potential is
This rap shit is a breeze to me, you see it seems so effortless
Old school like Snoop D-O-double G and Sega Genesis
I got money, but I cook my macaroni with the hot dogs still
They want smoke, that's how the hotbox feel
It's like the fridge don't work, the way I got no chill
And just like some fake titties, y'all are not that real
Back then you couldn't get a sip if you don't chip in
It was only seven bucks for that 40 or bolding
A pack of smokes and a zip of weed, we're always on the side
Murk mobbin', that's for life, what can I say?

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