

Dear God, I've had my fair share of bad luck  
Now I think it's only right you send me some good luck  
My brother's in jail for a murder  
His trials next week and I'm tellin' him good luck  
We don't want no smoke but don't push us  
Or test our patience, you get yourself jooked up  
Look bruv, them boys soft but they look tough  
The gang Mobb Deep, but they're all on Shook Ones  
I beef with the same hood I rep  
But it ain't nuttin' personal I still show the hood love  
A leng one let me grow weed in her house  
So I paid for the BBL job on her bunda  
I don't wanna hear no coulda, woulda, shoulda  
Just get off your arse and do it  
Making excuses won't pay no bills  
But this pack will so get off your arse and move it  
Big man, get off your arse, get active  
Big man, get out your yard, get out here  
Big man, get in your car get travellin'  
And go build a Cali line in Barking & Dagenham  
Or go build a bouj line on Stoke-on-Trent  
Or go set a crop up and grow some peng  
Stop telling everybody all your problems  
'Cause no one ain't listening and no one cares  
Yo, people like the broke me more than the rich me  
Tell me why it's always like this, yo  
And people make ya promises they can't keep  
Tell me, why do they keep on lying? Yo  
And why do all these broke women love talking 'bout  
How they only fuck the man that's got money?  
Cool now darling  
You only exist 'cause your mum let a broke man buss in her tummy

So humble yourself, people need to humble their self  
And be humble  
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And be humble  
Humble yourself, people need to humble their self  
Or be humble

They're shook, ain't no such thing as halfway crooks  
They're scared to death, they're scared to look  
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I got bored in my head and I didn't die  
I got bored in my chest and I didn't die  
Got shot up in the ends and I didn't die  
Had to play dead but I wasn't I was still alive  
I ain't scared of anybody that I beef with

I'm loyal to the death but it's death I keep cheating  
'Cause I'm here for a real reason  
'Cause I got hit like ... and he ain't fucking breathing  
I got another meeting that's another mini pendant  
Us be jumping in my mansions, whilst I'm jumping in my Bentley  
I don't need a label backing blud I blew up independent  
Now I move like Beanie Sigel I got Young Gunz for me steppin'  
I remember going broke it wasn't funny  
'Cause I had it all then lost it all the feeling was disgusting  
I lost cars, I lost jewels, I lost money  
But I never lost my hustle like [?]  
Back like a hustle don I made it back  
Back up in the trap, back to weighing packs  
That's back to doing robberies and staining man  
I got myself back and told that pussy "what you saying now?"  
Went and bought the biggest chain just to make 'em hit a man  
Then I had 'em suicidal when I pulled the AP out  
I seen it all and done it all, there's nothing you can say to man  
And so I picked up all my bros in doubt we're tryna make it out

So humble yourself, people need to humble their self  
We don't own nothing, it's all borrowed  
Our life, our time, our money, our wealth  
The air that we breathe in, our touch and our smells  
Our families, our partners we're fucking as well  
'Cause nothing's forever, forever's a lie  
All we've got is what's inbetween "hello" and "bye"  
We live then we die

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