

Look, I'm a business minded nigga, nigga  
I can sell life and take it  
But I'm just a "stay up out of jail" type  
I'm the type to only let them see my tail lights  
I'm the type to do my shopping through a mailbox  
Poppa sent me a text and told me I'm heaven sent  
I never became a doctor but made me some M and M's  
They tried to keep me on the other side of the fence  
And now my nigga's living on the other side of the lens  
We made it, and made it possible, bitch  
Money long as a gospel song  
It's just the perfect answer when I don't know what's right or wrong  
It's either that or light a bong and write a song  
It's purple rain, purple rain, keep the wipers on  
I work the nights and days, where you think I got my stripes did from?  
Purple rain, purple rain, keep the wipers on  
When Zyne gave me a shot I promised me to keep my snipers on  
(Bitch go!)

Let it go [x3]  
Look.. I got it

And now it's bull's eye bro-bro  
I made my people proud to be a Ngcobo  
You'll understand this shit when you can get to fly solo  
And crack your brain tryna figure out if you want the door suicide or normal  
That's suicide without a pill or rope  
Dude I'm out here looking like I tripped and fell in gold  
Dude my album sounding like it tripped and fell in gold  
These women going platinum how they out here selling souls  
These bitches going platinum how they out here selling pussy  
I was a diamond in the rough and then the right hands took me  
The right hands found me  
Success is like a song on replay everyday  
I like how that shit sounding (Man!)  
Fuck it man I think that shit's a smash  
I jam to that shit until I pass out  
Mom I'm happy that you let my daddy smash  
You know that's my nigga I wouldn't never leave him ass-out  
I got 20k in my pocket  
That's heavy enough to keep me grounded  
I don't let the money leave, no I always keep it grounded  
That's just music to my ears and I keep it at its loudest  
Look how many girls can say they had the time of their life  
When I turned somebody's daughter into a wife for the night  
It's ironic cause I'm so not tryna get cuffed  
But I'm here committing crimes  
With the way I'm killing time with your life  
Won't you let the game changers do the fucking thing  
I'm still going, won't you fill me up another tank  
Besides my niggas I don't know another soul to thank  
We do the victory dance all the way to the fucking bank  
Yeah, yeah, yeah that's some winning shit  
And you get to tell your grandchildren that you witnessed it  
Bad Hair