Ya know, somethings just got to be said Marathon Music, uh

Look u don't a clue, of what u want to do
I'm busy getting rich, you think that I'm gon stop for u?
I built this on my own and everybody know it's true
Still niggas act like they supposed to have control of what I d

But look

They don't have a clue, of what I been through
Nigga ain't have no trust funds or eat off no silver spoons
Nigga ain't have no peace inside my house until I moved
And I damn sure can't recall having no exit route in u
But really, I don't got a clue of what u even do
And what good is a dream if u can't make yo shit come true
What good is a team, when everyone depends on u?
Hope opportunity don't knock what opportunist in yo group
Cause then what u gon do? what u gon do?
Cause if you sharing your success and not your struggle, you's
a fool

Then u start to look like food, the game don't even chew Eat you up and shit u out, and them critics say u thru But look, they don't got a clue what you was tryna do Keepin' it one hunnid, one hunnid don't keep you But I'ma tell you what to do, here is what you do Say 'fuck the middle-

man', get on your marathon and get your loot
I hustle cause I have to, not because it's cool
And overtime became accustomed to the bullshit niggas do
Now I'm numb and it's cool, had to bounce back and regroup
Hope you don't expect shit from me, cause I don't want shit fro
m you

Now we ballin like we s'posed to Livin' life like we s'posed to Fuckin' bitches like we s'posed to Gettin' money like we s'posed to Smokin' kush like we s'posed to