

We gon' do it like this  
Just paid out my mama's mortgage, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, look

Magic City, we was throwin' funds (Yeah)  
Such a pity, we was the only ones (Yeah)  
Conversations on the couch again (Yeah)  
From givin' a dance to givin' a counselin' (Yeah)  
Chrissy, go on and hold this other stack (Yeah)  
And I say "What? Bitch, I'm throwin' bands" (Yeah)  
All this love, I got more of it  
These only crumbs off the wonder bread (Yeah)  
Put up my lung for my better half  
Long as my soul got a dental plan  
Long as I shine like my little man  
They ask me how I look so young and then  
Runnin' a razor 'cross my godly jaw  
A permanent faith in crossin' the line, yes, Lord (Lord, Lord,  
Lord)

Yeah, yeah, ha, and trust me I got more of it (More)  
Women had to take out more of it (More)  
Just paid out my mama mortgage (More)  
But every week, yeah, she need more of it (Sure)  
As long as I got the blessin' (Yeah)  
I can always go get more of it (More)  
Trust me, I got, I got more of it (More)  
Just paid out my mama mortgage (More)

Son, I sense that you're feeling really really down right now  
And, uh, I wish I knew what to say, but, uh  
Do you think you can call me back after the Dodgers game?