

I made it here with endurance  
Nicotine with no insurance  
I'm mixin' molly and liquor for social events  
It's the only way through it  
I overthink, it's a hobby  
I never learned how to copy  
Being yourself isn't all that you thought  
Niggas gon' still put yo' ass in a box  
What the fuck, rap? They love singin' and croonin'  
Most of these hoes is just rapping and moonin'  
Way that we rockin', we had to confuse 'em  
DBZ, look at the way that we fusin'  
Rap with the rock, this the fuck how you do it  
Pussy ass nigga, you goin' out stupid  
We goin' up and I know that you hate it  
After this year, don't you ever debate it, bitch  
Mama just saw me on stage  
Doin' my dance and she love it  
Father been poppin' that Oxy' for pain  
He tryna fix shit 'fore it's over  
My heart is really in London  
I went back home to a woman who needed me  
Just to tell her that it's over  
I never had this attention  
I had to still get adjusted  
Used to get jackets from Justin  
Used to be dirty and dusty  
Shawty 5'1" and she busty  
Shawty 5'1" and she fussy  
My children around, so no cussing  
I'm in the cut where it's pussing

Lighten up the mood, the incense  
I can see the moon in the distance  
I gave niggas art with the first tape  
But I was missin' out on money makin' real shit (Real shit)  
New niggas said they want the old Ken  
The Ken that they don't spin?  
Went to war with a star 'cause a nigga tried to clone Ken  
Came up with the style, niggas say I tried to clone them? Cool  
When yo' check hit, we both split it  
A lot of y'all critics just some gold diggers  
How can I respect any opinion  
When I see you give respect to some ho niggas?  
I wrestled with the industry and folded it  
Into figure four, now I'm a known figure  
Shawty got a figure like 'Yoncé from Goldmember  
Her goals aligned with these gold dentures  
Too hood for the art shit  
Too smart for the hard shit  
Too depressed to be a narcissist  
I just know my shit better than y'all shit  
They gon' try to say a nigga "rock-rap," like it's not rap  
Guess that mean it don't count when they get out-rapped  
Sayin', "It ain't rock" on a rock track  
Guessin' when you Black, it's all trap  
I was tryna solve all the family shit

Same time, gettin' robbed by my management  
Same time, arguin' with shawty, gettin' mad and shit  
Drinkin' all the time, tryna handle it  
No more rappin' 'bout the shit that I done been through  
'Cause when I run into a fan, I feel seen through  
Feel like it gotta die to get the love like I need to  
Can't miss someone 'til they leave you  
R.I.P. Peep, R.I.P. Juice  
R.I.P sleep, I'm tryna see it through  
Workin' on the tape, gotta see it through  
Niggas finishing the album, gotta see it through  
R.I.P. Lito, R.I.P. Phew  
Please watch over yo' dad 'cause he need you  
Wish I could do it but I can't, gotta see it through  
Niggas finishing the tape, gotta see it through

Yo, there's a tumor in my gums  
With my sister at the dentist just to see if he could drain it out  
I still gotta go back to get it taken out  
I think he was saying something 'bout root canals?  
I don't know why it hasn't given me trouble yet  
Maybe 'cause of how often a nigga spittin' now  
Hopefully by the time you hear this, it's taken out  
But anyway, it's more important shit to frown about  
I got a sister who illness stressin' my mama out  
And I still gotta hear the bullshit y'all talk about  
Mm-hmm, mm-hmm, uh-huh, mm-hmm, okay  
It sound dumb, but I'ma let you do it anyway  
You hard-headed, need to learn from falling on your face  
"Mo' money, mo' problems," well, if that's the case  
I'm gettin' bank, more notes than a opera house  
What you think that say about the state my mind in now?  
I could always say that I tried  
You would claim it wasn't my best  
I could spend my whole life on this shit  
And I still wouldn't feel in debt  
Don't forget, when I'm on the mic, yeah, it's war in my pen  
Food for thought, here's somethin' more to digest  
For desert, they might let that eagle soar from the nest