

Look, lately, all the stress been takin' me under
They can stab me in the back & they sayin' we brothers
But it's nothing, nothing to a real nigga like me
Cans in my backpack, I'm lacin' up my Nikes

I don't trust unfimilar faces right besides me
They say I'm paranoid, shit I might be

My own fam tryna fight me
This world's as cold as the blood circulating inside me
This voices in my head won't stop
They say I'll never make it I'll be dead, off top
& I'm not your everyday don't schmoke
I went to job interviews but they say oh no
See I got mad haters but they hate don't show
They wit 10 of they friends so I stay low pro
Tatts all over but don't let it get you confused
I'm a real nice until I get in a fued
If a bum ask my for a dollar, shit I'll give him a few
I don't do shit I don't wanna til I get in the mood

You a playa, or gettin' pimped, know your position
I'm playa, playing to win so I'm pimpin' the system

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