

Look

I graduated from the school of the hard knocks  
All B's - bossed up, bank roll, bad bitch, balling  
Them dope boys I idolized back then, is all fiends  
Ironical, they used to school me never get high on your own supply  
They used to tell me watch them laws, you know them 4's connive  
But, ain't never said that shit you chase could bring your own demise  
But, fuck it I'm still buying gold and puttin' stones around it  
Choppin' top and chrome the tires, driving and getting dome inside it  
And it's still fuck haters, better not come on inside  
And they ain't puttin shit up on the Gram  
We puttin you on the grind  
I'm on it now, this shit ain't just for me I need my bros to shine  
Built this from the ground I swear we'll never let a hoe divide  
Boy cause I don't owe ya, playa like controllers cause I  
Never met a bitch without no motherfuckin motive  
We gon, can until we can't then we gon double up the quota  
Self-made, Forever Trill, until it's over, real talk

My only goal till I die, right now is fill vaults  
Get my daughter straight, have her somewhere in the hills off  
I peel off, drinking on some shit they say could kill cause  
Really from the slums, I swear sometimes this shit could feel false  
Figga nigga, did I do it with a deal, naw  
Black owned bitch, y'all could let them crackers pimp y'all  
But me, imma die a legend, I never been

It's ups and downs, highs and lows  
Smiles and frowns, that's all I know  
You up they around, down it goes  
That's just how it goes, come and goes  
Yeah, I never understand how  
Niggas cool just livin off another man  
You tell em no once he plottin another plan  
Helped his ass for years  
And now he want you stretched like rubber bands  
They ain't real  
Or how we stay in relationships just lackin passion  
Smiling in pictures knowing damn well your ass ain't happy  
#Goals your caption  
Your fears that you come with baggage  
That you won't find another man out here to help you pack it  
So you comfortable and stagnant  
Being alone hurts, you gotta find yourself  
Get out here and soul search, your best friends is not working  
She stoppin your revenue, never satisfied  
Daddy what you better do  
You can't focus cause that ain't your queen, that she want better you  
I'm just tellin truths  
But you ain't gotta listen to Pro words