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Ain't rocked a 9th beat in a minute
I ain't even with niggas
You slight breeze, I'm wife beaters in winter
I'm a product of Reaganomics where the law is a greater problem
Where the niggas is spraying something and they got 'em
Word to Robin, that's Gotham
That was fiction but I'm talking about the district
Where business is booming for bird flippers and morticians
And I understand the plight of Bane
Except we using other drugs just to fight the pain
It's coming apart, I'm hoping to God you niggas ain't playing
Cause I'm more Patrick Bateman and y'all Bruce Wayne
And I do my thing really
Folarin spit pepper, young veteran
You niggas lack season like a torn ACL-a
Level headed, I put this with in yo lady belly
And I bet my digits 'bout as thick as Fat Belly Bella
I'm like the new fella meets (Goodfella)
Good guy turned heel do the crude business
Manute length is a list of niggas that may envy
But I eat danger for lunch, breakfast, and plate empty
And I leave the place with some choice ladies to fellate with me
And I pull hoes like cellos strings, nigga hear my symphony
Of the Opus Mr. Holland ain't got nothing on
Hollerin' at these hollow heads, we both shallow but I am raw
Fly as fuck, who the fuck is y'all to compare me to them peoples
Niggas questioning they outfit like Jim Carrey on the sequel, get me