

I got angels runnin' 'way, I got demons huntin' me
I know 'Pac was 25, I know Jesus 33
I tell Death to keep a distance, I think he obsessed with me
I say, "God, that's a woman," I know she would die for me
They want a barcode on my wrist
To auction off the kids that don't fit their description of a utopia (black)
Like a problem won't exist if I just don't exist
If I grew up without a single pot to piss in, pardon me for ventin'
Congress got the nerve to call itself religious
Rich just gettin' richer, we just tryna live our-

-life-Momma mixed the vodka with the Sprite
They killed my cousin with a pocket knife
While my uncle on the phone
He was gone for more than half my life
He got out a year and then he died
I was on the road
Talking to my father on the phone
Left the city when I was just four
None of them would get along
Momma beggin' him for winter clothes
I was chillin' with my nigga Spook
Now they tryna take his

Life don't mean shit to a nigga that ain't never had shit, yuh
Light don't mean lit in the dark, fight don't mean fists, ooh
Eyes don't see, eyes don't see, ice don't freeze
Light don't leave, I don't mean lie to me

Tell me I'll be okay, tell me happier days
Tell me that she my bae, that I won't be alone
Tell 'em I'll be okay, when he ask, "How's my day?"
Tell 'em that we the same, tell em' that we not safe

I got my grandaddy's soul, I'm at war, that's on my mind
I seen Walter body cold, wish I could switch it with mine
I'm not worried 'bout no rap shit, distractions or wasted times
I still go to social functions even though I'm so anti-
No, I'm no Rihanna, the court gonna throw it like Donovan, down a bit, I just been modelin'
My whole career as if 'Pac was here, studio monitors shakin', I raise the apartments
I'm bonded with profit, I made what I made, and allot it, amount of time that's in my mind the time you was watchin'
So stop comparing me to people, no, I am not them, a lot of people dream until they shit or get shit [*gunshot*] -

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