

United Center

SABA

The United Center
We're united in it
Go away for the winter, reunite -
I should start this out with a shoutout to Lil Papi (haha)

Boy, why you ain't got your tuition in order
You 'posed to keep them dollars coming, Travis Porter
Travis Porter, go to school, raise a family, pay your mortgage
And whatever responsibilities come along with your maturity
But you's a rebel child, oh you think that you're gon' be some rapper now?
You actually could have made it out
While you were learning to spell, your friends were getting expelled
Your mama sure taught you well
Grandma sure taught you well
Proud of where I'm brought up, brought up in the heart of
A slums, I didn't get a gun when you're born
Well you better have a nice pump, fake
Cause you drive to the hole with the score and the go
And the goal is to go pro
This for all those who had these dreams then got cut from the B team
They step back in the class rap
Not social psychopath rap
That I ain't left the lab since nine
The lab rap rat
Hood got change for your dollar and a dream
These niggas were cleaning crews
They weren't messin' with the team

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Got hot out, it got hot out
Some boy ain't make it out
This for y'all, this is y'all
Just continue to smile

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I want to be the next one to blow
I'm gonna be the next one to blow
My hood keep it negative, chasing your dreams down inception
The lessons you learn in school get put to use to sell them shit
Let's just stop going in it and [?]
Plus I'm more concerned with who horny, I'm gon get me some
Least females get me somewhere where that reading don't
Plus my teachers keep telling me that, that I'm remedial
Hit the corner store and stain like I got a spill
Drop out like I got to spill, clean up on aisle one
These braille raps, you got to feel

My little nigga was like Steve Nash, dropping assists
They locked him up and said that he was an accomplice
Every man for theyself, run the V, that's the league
Ain't no talk of no team ball, just do what you see dog
It's horse, drinkin' wildwood on the porch
Brand name everything, imagining we endorsed

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My backyard was the mad house on Madison
Reincarnated in the mason
Time don't wait, now they face-
I feel like I'm just supposed to be on some Late Registration shit and names
, like everybody that's doing shit
Squeak on the boards, you feel me
Noname Gypsy in this bitch, Legit in this bitch
You feel me, real nigga shit
Uh, my nigga Damage here somewhere, you feel me
NAiMA on the beat, Ken Ross on the keys, Papi Beatz on the mix
All these niggas lame as hell for being in here sleep

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