Oh, it's a cold world Don't let yourself be corrupted! Be yourself! Life's second hand smoke!

Huh, life's second hand smoke, thoughts of being a criminal Far from being a doctor, my opera is singing...

Around here it's just me, buddy Ricky and Cameron

Mean when I heard nobody is anything scared them

Eleven, body street call, outside of the stream, though

Where all the niggas sell pounds, next week riding in three lows

Carrying two hundred, not dollars, thousands

No time for restrooms, you're the size of the house is.

Bring a pack to big homie, sit down, let's count it

Odd in here, go by something for your housing

No spin it up, live it up, somebody rob you, just give it up

Don't be selfish, appoint your niggas

Find something to split it up!

Aint even got to smoke to get faded
You aint gotta drink to say you made it
Oh na na, second hand smoke
No I dont want no second hand smoke!
I ain't worried about you, I'mma do what I like
My niggas keep it real, we ain't living the life
Ain't thinking with the second hand smoke
Ain't no time for the second hand smoke

Yeah, yeah, life's a second hand smoke, thoughts of being a criminal Money needs, I should find a few girls and start pimping them. How should I ask, when I do it they handle it,
Never mind, I go to... like pimping and pondering, uh!
And I can't do it to ... it's record deals
I made it here in A team and Mr. Record Still
Follow up, the real hits me bottled up!
Used to snick soda and make dollar cups
And still never got enough, huh!

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