

# Blessed

ScHoolboy Q

What it's like for a nigga like me  
Livin' out his backpack every night needed a new place to sleep  
But this is now, nigga!

Ones for the money, two for the bitches  
Three to get ready cause I feel I finally did it  
Four's for the jealous rapper mad because he finished  
Turn that motherfucker to a critic  
Man, I got so much shit up on my plate dawg  
I was hangin' on them corners late  
Pockets wasn't straight, bitch  
I ain't gon' make it at this rate, dawg  
Know what I'm sayin'?  
Nigga prayin' up to God just hopin' that he hear a nigga  
I know the world got more problems and it's much bigger  
But I figured, I'd get some shit up off my chest  
To all my niggas I would die for  
Load my pistol up, go out and war for  
To all my niggas that'll never make it out the streets  
Fuck it, keep goin' hard, don't let 'em see you weak  
To all my niggas first time steppin' in the pen  
Read a book and exercise, keep your spirit in  
To all my niggas that's gon' fuck around and die today  
Take our hats off, bow our heads and let us pray  
Just wanna say

Stay blessed my nigga, blessed my nigga  
Really think about it, could be worse my nigga  
Don't stress my nigga, yes my nigga  
We all blessed my nigga

Now how the fuck I'm 'posed to say this?  
You see, my nigga just lost his son while I'm here huggin' on my daughter  
I grip her harder  
Kiss her on the head as I cry for a bit  
Thinkin' of some bullshit to tell him, like  
"It'll be okay. You'll be straight, it'll be aight."  
Well, fuck that shit, whatever you need, yo, I got it!  
Whether it's money or some weed or puttin' in work, fuck it, then I'm ridin'  
!  
You know wassup, but now a nigga couldn't stick around  
Told myself that after y'all moved that I'd be a fuckin' fool  
To be livin' by the street rules  
Fuck police tattoos, that happens when you ditch school  
But anyway, keep the faith, stay strong brah  
Remain' solid brah  
Keep playin' ball cause it's the only way up out it, brah  
A nigga proud of ya'  
Tell Floyd to enjoy his newborn seed, I'll have whatever he needs  
We the last of a dyin' breed, live life, smoke trees  
See how far we've come, but most, I'm sorry for your son

And you ain't gotta shed no tear  
I'll be everywhere  
And I'mma always be right here  
I ain't forgot those years  
I'll be everwhere

But I'mma always be right here

Livin' in a premature place - wait  
Never grow to see the pearly gates - break  
Every time a bullet detonate - dates  
Of obituary carry crates of a scary picture  
With a family member that relate to ya  
In December you was finna pin another case  
On your record in a stolen Expedition, play it safe  
As the record spinnin' you was hearin' angels entertain  
Every pun intended, that was wicked, comin' from your brain  
Recognize you listened and you didn't hit the block again  
That's because the minute after you had knew you would be slain  
Open up another chapter in the book and read 'gain  
Story of a gun-clapper really tryna make a change  
Everybody ain't (blessed my nigga)  
Yes, my nigga, you're blessed  
Take advantage, do your best, my nigga  
Don't stress, you was granted everything inside this planet  
Anything you imagine, you possess, my nigga  
You reject these niggas, that neglect, your respect  
For the progress of a baby step, my nigga  
Step, step my nigga  
One, two, skip, skip  
Back, back, look both ways  
Pull it off the hip  
Blast at anybody say that you can't flip  
This crack into rap music every other zip is a track  
Get used to it, get it off quick  
Come back, give back to the city you've built  
That's that, don't trip, see money, fuck niggas, dawg  
It ain't nothin' but a bunch of fuck niggas dawg  
In a minute everybody gon' be winnin'  
Put a little faith in it then recognize that we all