

Know that it's alright  
Will be smoking all night  
Will be drinking all night  
Knowing that it's all right  
Will be smoking all night  
Knowing that it's all right right  
Knowing it's alright  
Because it's in my blood right

Daddy was a drank  
While momma was poppin' all night  
Know I take the fall right  
On the block skin tight  
Pistol whip midnight  
Drinking on moonlight  
Fucing on your boo like  
Know that shit is cool right  
I used to wish people would love me  
Then it got ugly  
We ain't have no money  
Pushing that dope 3 6 at the function  
Cried my self to sleep when they told me I was nothing  
Man I really had nothing  
All my last note dollars  
Dreamed of [?]  
Dreamed of more big dollas  
Tired of hearing rappers talkin' about shit that ain't make you happy

Homie you ain't have to face right  
Seeing the T.V in black and white  
Talk about the passion right  
Homie you ain't have to face right  
Seeing the T.V in black and white  
Talk about the passion right  
Talk about the passion right  
Passion

Sleeping on this bench  
Lately, I've been so depressed  
Never had nobody  
Even to help with all this stress  
I'm looking to a god-like am I really blessed  
Looking at all these celebrities like can I be next  
Stepping in the cipher circle  
Passing the success  
Rap about how my life is a mess  
Rap about the feeling like a million  
About to hit the bank and take it all  
I ain't kidding  
Too many people I've seen  
Making a scene  
Deep in my jeans  
Abusing drugs like a fien  
I free my wonderful mind  
From cooking crackers from trees  
That's pushing deeper than roots  
That's pushing by any means

I mean  
All the shit I seen  
All of this is a scene  
So all the shit I seen  
Homeboy this is all a scene I mean

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Lately, I just wanna quit my job  
Not made for suit and ties  
Made for pharmaceuticals  
My cousin in a different ride  
Every week I'm thinking about ending this  
It got me down deep  
Bills piling up  
Why I want goat te  
Why I want some bad bitches  
Why I want the Roolie  
Why I need to take drugs  
Why I never get sleep  
Why I never meet ends meet  
Make ends meet  
Never made friends  
You can't trust them in the end  
When you got money  
People around you play pretend  
Nintendo system  
A systematic addiction  
I run around the kitchen with baked soda and crystals  
Mental ciggies help the mind when shit gets tricky  
Ten Crack Commandments  
Bumping that shit like I'm Biggie  
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Ten Crack Commandments  
Bumping that shit like I'm Biggie

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