

(8...)
(Yeah-yeah)
(Yeah-yeah)

No, I can't put my trust in a ho
'Cause she puttin' her trust on the pole
And I keep me a stick and a pole
Cocaine white the Rolls
All my hoes got hoes
All of my bats keep poles
Cocaine white the Rolls
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And I been through the slums, in the trenches
Made it out 'cause they knew I was different
I was shootin' and robbin' and killin'
I told God to please give me forgiveness
I was broke, it's the way I was livin'
All these millions, it's family business
I done see me some shit in the trenches
I was pushin' the weight like I'm benchin' (Yeah)
I was down, I was sippin' on mud (Mud)
I don't even get high off the bud (Yeah, yeah)
So I go and relax every month (Yeah, yeah)
Send my mama some bags every month (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
We can't hurt no more, we ain't never had no hope
But I still keep a pot on the stove (Yeah)
And I promise I'll never go broke

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