

Sitting all alone, they got me rolling the weed
They say I need to talk, these days I don't even speak
And I can say my issues, make them listen to me
It won't help [?] happy, I ain't living in peace
I never got As cause I was bunking with B
But I'm still doing fine, I hope my pagans can C
And these gold-digging bitches getting nothing but D
I'm on-stage going wild and I ain't popping an E
They can't F with my Gs, I miss H, can't wait
I ain't seen him for a while, I need to holla at J
I'm OK, I'm getting high, rolling up another L
Feds taking me away and I just pray that I get bailed
Fuck sitting down in jail, I bust an M
In the courts many times, facing more than a ten
Stuck in the ends tryna set myself a goal
Started making long trips, where it's quick to sell an O
I had some really mad beef, can't make P
They was friends, now it's peak when they buck us on the street
S
Fucking lying, I was jumping in the queue
All my niggas are my bruddas but they calling us a crew
We ain't tryna get the S and start murking guys
The streets know that the young boy's certified
I know some T-pound rappers that are verified
I know this little young boy that said he's ready to write
O know I'm from the bottom on my way to the great
Young boy getting known from the block to the states
Had a VW, watch how I'm bout to upgrade
Started shitting on my ex, her new man isn't lame, like
Like "Y nigga, we was meant to ride, nigga
Great minds think alike, we was both wise niggas
But then you started hating on me
Move right or get left you got left, you're Z"