

## Success

Tela

Give it to me  
I don't want to be livin' this way  
I'd rather be set makin' money, every day hey  
Cause success is the way of life  
I don't want to be livin' this way  
I'd rather be set makin' money, every day hey  
Cause success is the way of life  
Get the vest out cause it's stressed out  
And my tech's out, makin' people scream  
Seen niggas without two head count doin' push ups  
I'm doin' sit ups, we stay like healthy  
Cause niggas on my block are tryin' daily to out weigh me  
Say we Jesus, help us God, time for harm  
I'm gettin' number from the greasin' off in my palm  
But I want some harder armor  
Change my ways and ways I praise, amazing grace  
How sweet the sound but now I'm catchin' evil  
They think I'm sequel, ya see them people  
Behind the bush, they want to cook us  
Four more of them pussies on my pushin'  
Against the breeze just like a kite  
You got that right, no marchin' with me with cho' butter knife  
This fight, don't need to make an effort, promise  
Cause it's dark without my lights and they ain't gotta compass  
Speed bumps got us slowed, swervin' pot holes  
Up they nose, what is man that gains the world and lose his soul  
I do a movie with a doobie and some brothers  
Then go back to mothers  
Have some sour cream smothered and buttered, no onion  
I chief on the steps, makin' peace with myself  
Can't leave my cheese on the shelf  
I know what's gonna be there, believe this  
I can see or see this, families and orthopedics  
Through the all valley seasons  
Through earth, wind, and fires  
But still pimps and liars got my family zoned and took us on higher  
The scale is off the rim, somebody stole ya meal  
How was I to tell, you was chokin high shit  
A lot of time was wasted, on hoes in different places  
I made the first step away like rehabilitation  
I learned something so serious  
Life is a game and when you play it's one time period  
A lot of my niggas be playin' foul ball  
Expect that tech when y'all ass get that last call  
Been up for days cause where I stays, I can't blaze  
A nap and it's beginning to weigh heavy on my thinkin' cap  
I'm gettin' higher but shit I'm tired  
I'm bout to pass out, slowly and surely off the wire  
Relyin' on the starin' image of pimp shit  
Nothin' but a word I see is pity  
Now that the rain is gone I maintain killin' prone  
Protection if you restin' in my zone  
They in my spot, my home see  
They want to take a load off my cot when you ain't makin' up ya own bed  
Said Fred, that's the wrong leg snapper  
You ain't gotta go home but I ain't cha' got damn Jed Clampett  
But it's two misses that I miss in my direction

My own niggas in Memphis is cuttin' up my intersection  
I did those and shattered lives and the lost souls  
Save a prayer for them there table dancin' hoes  
[Ad-libs to fade]