

They try to say that I won't make it to the top
And now look
They try to say that I won't ever get my spot
And now look
They try to hate while they all wait for me to drop
And now look
I just think that y'all should stop
Now look

See, I'm dope like Ves Saint Laurent, cause you ain't gotta say
why

My home team was hating so my ear is all I play by
Music keeps me down to Earth, but I still hope my fame rise
Cause no one wants to be next to a black man unless you J5
See I'm trying to be J tall, you could be in gate high
I take it to the max like a student that goes to Bayside
Get counterfeit markers, all these niggas giving me fake fives
That want to put a dot on my head, like lower-case I's
The game is crazy cause I know in that they try
To have a nigga looking dumb, promoting like St Ives
I ride till the wheels fall off, you ride till the paint's dry
And I know success is like a stopwatch, it takes time

I'm just like that's all you, on you
I ain't tripping, stacking chips in Palms Room
With a latin chick to put my calls through
Play some X-Box, read some comics, honest, that's all hoff do
But haters still want beef knowing I'm sick, raw food
And my ex girl texted me saying I saw you
Found out that I got another partner like Saw II
They done seen how I developed from that dark room
And sharks came out that water like you caught 'em with a harpo
on
They dropped the ball too, now Vizzy got it
I'm a clock tower, I got my city watching
So little time, so many options
That girl is fine, but I know she plotting
Got bullied by the jocks and now I stop as they broads jocking
That front row filled with all they girls you know that's karma
knocking
Freeze frame, picture it
Check your '03 yearbook, they predicted it