

Hey there baby, it's just textbook stuff  
It's in the ABC of growing up  
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Yeah, three women raised me  
Famous footwear paid me  
Not enough to blow up but sure enough  
Cause I ain't fucking lazy  
If teachers thought I was dumb or crazy, or both  
With hopes of being a Nas or Jay-Z, I smoked  
In my chair, in my braids, my hair was always  
Being fly was priority to the lowest  
I would stand on my desk just to see the world in a different way  
The dead society of a poet  
Homie I'm focused but that's something that a dude can't prove  
I mean fair, I was damn near invisible at school  
So I banged for a minute cause all my niggas was crippin'  
Just me and two of my dudes, blue man group  
Had dreams of doing things they said you can't do  
Cause everything ain't black and white, unless you chew bamboo  
So I was after big bills like a toucan dude?  
All the while my mamma asking why I'm chewing at school  
She said...

So why I ain't go to college  
My mammas ultimatum made me say that I know I got it  
My niggas said D's buggin'  
Stay on your computer software de-buggin'  
But we holding hardware cause we thuggin'  
Now they in the trap house with some guns they dun borrowed  
And all this snow, I call it empty sorrow  
With plans to reach the end even if I had to start slow  
Sold CD's in the mall making dough like sparrows  
Then I left the hood, like fuck it, don't need the cargo  
They banking out on you well, and I don't mean Fargo  
But even if you leave somehow it try to follow  
Baby brother took a charge hotter than Lebron and Rondo  
Tryna keep his head up while his eyes are in the bible  
Cause they say your mind is idol, it's a devils toy  
My nephew looking at me cause his daddy is his idol  
I told him sit down, this information is vital  
Look...

Living my life like I'm living right in the midst of a fire pit  
The gang banging and the violence is the sweetest song  
In a room with the heart of a violin  
Don't violate my patience, I'm waiting  
To kill a man as I stare at the ceiling fan  
As a fan of these wicked streets  
If I gotta eat, I steal like a metal peice  
Screaming now, fuck the police  
I'm dealing my cards with jokers on 'em  
You can disown him or stone him  
I'm throwin' them rocks back with a flurry of bullets

You couldn't live your life for the moment  
When I'm foaming at the mouth I'm as sharp as the teeth showing  
I'm in the back of a black Buick, finna black out like February  
Ay, that's how blacks do it right?  
I cut off my ears before I hear your advice and vice versa  
I'm screaming for help as loud as I can but that's not working  
I'm working them corners like Blueprints  
Then cut a L on my first offence  
The judge threw the book at me than said this...