

Hey there baby, it's just textbook stuff
It's in the ABC of growing up
Hey there baby, it's just textbook stuff
It's in the ABC of growing up

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...