

Proud of Myself

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Ayo Bans, what you cookin'?
Mmm
Mmm-mmm, oh
Look, this Alice grandson, Kentrell (Mmm-mmm-mmm-hmm-mmm-mmm, son)
Yeah, that lil' boy who you used to always tell on
I used to be jumpin' yo' gate, takin' the oranges, uh

I could tell you that I'm proud of myself
I grew up hard, but that's just the way it is
Bad boy, all the neighbors, they ain't want me with they kids
Probably thought that I'd die, but now they see the way I live, oh-oh
I done made it 'cross the field, that's a touchdown
Clockin' in, cause the kid got to work now
Mama know that we up now
Birkin bag full of cash, hol' on, let's go
They don't like me, but I got it, I'm in it, this how it is
I was down, ain't have nobody, I did it, I smile big
I need forgiveness for things that I did
I'm thankin' God that he blessed me with all of my friends
I'm in the hills with all of these Ms
He don't even smoke K2, but I'm smokin' this shit with twin
I was stressin' over you while you wildin' out with yo' friends
With my brother in the coupe, go to poppin', we shootin' again, yeah
And I came out the cell, boy
Ain't finish school, but I said that I excel for it
I'm gettin' it in, I ain't quittin' 'cause I'm winnin'
Knowin' how I'm rockin', I ain't stoppin' for the law tonight
Layin' around the crib with bad women
Rhythm that I'm feelin', XO got me goin' off tonight
Shawty know she real bad with it
She gon' ride me and ride me 'til I tell her for to stop at the light
Stay off the 'Gram, not makin' friends and she fuck with that
She made a video out with 'em and I'm lovin' that
I got a group of bad women wanna tussle
Pretty, yeah, got it bad, bad, bad, yeah, yeah
They ain't wan' see me winnin', I was in the prison
Missing my children, oh, I
I come from playin' with that glizzy, tryna hit 'em 'cross the fences
I ain't rappin', I'm tellin' it
Stuck up in it, I feel like I'm on my own (Feel like I'm on my own)
Paid them millions, I still don't feel like I'm home
And it's the small lil' things been goin' wrong
Feel like my mama gone away for like way too long
I ain't tryna party 'round y'all
Cooler than a bird body, more sauce than a Gala walk
Recognize 'fore it's missin', I completed every mission, I done made it out
my grandad house
Shorty, please don't you leave, don't you see that I'm in a two-way love affair?
Got my heart broke, If I was focused on that
Would've got my head knocked off
Money gettin' disease, gun-totin', slingin' nigga
Dead wrong how you vision me (Dead wrong how you vision me)
And I'm richer than every single of my specific critics
Watch your tone when you mention me
I can feel it deep inside of my soul
I know it's gon' get better as we go

As you know (Oh), all I receive
Still'll ride in a rental with fft in my denim
John Elliott linen got crease and my jeans say Amiri
Ayy, say who a ten and I stand, okay
No, she ain't loyal, I ain't fallin', no way
But inside that girl, I be far away
Run it up, way too much racks for a safe
Seven hundred thousand what I'm payng for the case, that's a shame
Got a hit for every song that they play, what you say?
I won't get paid, ain't no love for the game (Mmm)

Mmm-mmm, oh
Grandma, I did it
I don't really care what they say, I did it (Mmm, mmm, mmm)
Mmm, mmm, mmm, oh, child