

# 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 fff 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 paying 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, mmm, oh, child