What It's Worth

Black Milk

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

What it's worth
What it's, what it's worth
Honestly, gotta ask myself
Time and time what I'm working for
Is it worth it, though?
Look, fans ain't realizing when I'm working, though
Keep they pockets filled with stacks
Gotta keep food up in they fridge
Keep my moms out of that trap
Keep my bro up out of that pen
Never had a land in hand, always had to play my part
Play it smart
All that's about is craft
But sometimes survival is getting hard
Yo, this life is bigger than me, feel weighed down by a hundred problems
Got a family on my hands, crown on my head, city on top of my shoulders
Fuck what these niggers say, fuck what these niggers think
It ain't worth the time
You got fans with they hands in the air
Making sure you're not working a regular job on a regular
You got niggers tryina live they dream
But you got niggers that live the reality, not tryina live above they make
This what, this kinda life I dream
Two shots to the head, two shots till we dead
Just what this kind of life might bring
That's what this kinda night might mean
You clock in or be clocked in, OGs here, no stopping
As long as breath's in my lungs waving white flags ain't never the optionWhat it's worth
What it's, what it's worth
I see I'm talking and debating about my rating
If I only had one fan ring behind I could never feel underrated
So I hear too many questions about

Why you not working, when the latest out
Never was one, go to another one just to feel validated 'bout
Shit, I'm doing all amount of work
Tryina give 'em what they asking for
Yeah, I'm built from the borough but I'm not a hero
Hood past with a past pro, hit a toenail, go back to the mold
But it sound like we're raised around criminals just to hear shots outside of the door
Give a fuck less about shots and subliminals
Let it breathe, let it doze, me and my niggers had dreams
Cashing checks with seven Os
PA, Westside, hop in the truck like let's ride
Mom's looking at the time, hoping that I owe this song, make it back inside
And I did that, live by a code, live for tomorrow
Walk down streets where empty hollows stray 'round broken bottles
I did that, went from one bath and a deck, go wrap on the neck
Double track and the deck, lay it back on cassette
Yeah, yeah, they lived thatWhat it's worth
What it's, what it's worth

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