

# Outroduction

## B.R. Gunna

I'm blessed, some might say I'm lucky  
I'm blessed, some might say I'm lucky Every cents huffy, pockets on husky  
Shawty don't trust me, I break hearts often  
If you look at my pockets you a weight watcher  
From a dishwasher to a kingpin  
Remember how the scene end and how this thing is  
Trucks backed in, that mean them things in  
Now it's duffle bags full of green men  
I swear I ain't lying if my daddy hadn't died  
He'd tell ya I had em' hooked like Kareem did  
Two kids later, I mature like fine wine in the basement  
Vino, different kind of pinot  
Tried to stack c-note after c-note  
I'm tryna make it count like a free throw after free throw  
Line, it's a thin one between  
Getting high and committing crimes  
Let a nigga live  
I've been locked up more rapping  
Than I did tryna get a brick (Fuck this shit) I remember when I believed in me  
What am I supposed to do?  
Uh, now when the ones that didn't see me  
They want a verse or two  
Shit, what am I supposed to do?  
Put 'em in a fucking hearse or two  
I'm the illest, I wrote that shit in cursive too  
And I smoke just to ease the pain  
So hungry I used to try to eat the rain  
Well at least until the pizza came  
Or at least until polices came  
Undercovers outside my momma yard  
And all the guns is in Kesha's name  
In Jesus's name I pray  
I say that a couple times a day  
When it's time to eat, when it's time to lay  
And when it's daytime it ain't my time of day, uh I heard my little big cousin mad at me  
I call him little big 'cause he younger than me  
But he big, he was the high school team captain  
Didn't graduate but sometimes things happen  
And whatever happen that was the worst day

And who know what was going on in the first place  
I love and helped raise my nigga  
This year forgot to call him on his birthday  
It's hard to explain my new lifestyle  
My partner locked down, got a phone and an iPod  
He called to tell me happy new years  
I had to tell him nigga, it's March  
We had similar stars  
But I ain't figured his part  
They had dough and we didn't  
How did it dissolve, alka-seltzer  
This is the outroduction  
Niggas stab you in your back like acupuncture

Lyrics provided by

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