My Story (feat. 2 Chainz)

R. Kelly

(Yea) This is my story, yeah, I'm from that Chi-town dirt
I went from being broke to sleeping in Versace shirts
(Yea) This is my story, money, cars, bad hoes
This is my story eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh
And I'm, stickin', to it (Uh huh)
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And I'm, stickin', to it (Uh huh)Came from humble beginnings now I'm cocky with my spending
They say "life is just a game" and I thank God that I'm winning
Models roll my indo, I beat the pussy, Django
Them niggas talking money, I got more digits in my gate code
She make a pole disappear like hocus pocus (Hocus pocus, pocus)
You're ain't never gon' find another nigga this focused (Focused)
I got every block, every street corners sold up (Up)
Whatever club represent my city, throw it up (Up)
I own the game, coach slash player sho 'nough
Okay, haters throw fitted never showed up, yupThis is my story, yeah, I'm from that Chi-town dirt
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(Yea) And I'm, stickin', to it (Uh huh)
And I'm, stickin', to it (Uh huh)
(2 Chainz) And I'm, stickin', to it (Uh huh)
And I'm, stickin', to itVelcro, I'm sticking to it, hatin', I've been a victim to it
Your conversation is sanitation, ain't no hesitation when I finna do it
I stick it in (Uh) switch it up and try to hit a friend (Uh)
Live it up and count my dividends, roll, like cinnamon
Whoa, big face Benjamin's
And she looked at me like you ain't nothin' but a star
I looked at her like this ain't nothin' but a car
if you ride with them you ain't going that far

But if you ride with me (Me)
Crib so big we can play hide-and-seek (Play hide-and-seek)
You can confide to me, ride me like I ride the beat
Pilot seat, I need a co-pilot (Tell 'em), kiss a ass in both mouths (Tru)
Yeah I'm talking both lips, what you know 'bout boat trips?
Drop her ass at the Chocolate Factory (Chocolate Factory)
(Yeah) We did them 12 Play's
(Yeah) And you know who you is girl,
We been fuckin' since the 12th grade, goddamn (Goddamn)This is my story, yeah I'm from that Chi-town dirt
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And I'm, stickin', to it (Uh huh)
And I'm, stickin', to itPull up to the club at about three (Uh huh)
I'm killin' it, guilty no plea (Uh huh)
I'm leaving out at 6 with a dime piece
By 9 o'clock, we on round three
I speak of rain they say I'm crazy like they didn't know
See I'm not crazy but my talent, man, got bipolar
Say she's a church girl but man she's blowing holy smokes
Showed her the Jesus piece now she got the Holy Ghost
They asked 'em in a interview, "Why do he love these girls?"
The only thing he had to say was, "Motherfuck the world!"This is my story, yeah I'm from that Chi-town dirt
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