

# I'm Only Human (featuring Rodney)

[Rick Ross](#)

Lord knows I ain't perfect[Rodney (Rick Ross)]  
I'm only human  
I'm only human  
I'm a man, I make mistakes  
I'ma make, I'ma make, I'ma make mistakes  
(Rodney, I love you, homie!)  
I'm only human  
(Appreciate it, dog!)  
I'm a man, I make mistakes  
I'ma make my mistakes[Rick Ross]  
12 years old and you dealin' crack  
Your momma only 26, how she deal with that?  
Got a deadbeat dad, but he far from dead  
He never knew chocolate milk make you fart real bad (Naw!)  
One thing that I wish I could change  
Just to see my daddy wavin' at a football game  
Just to see my daddy standin' when they say my name  
Walk me to the locker room and say, "Son, good game!" (For real!)  
You make a tackle, but nobody there to clap for em  
So I'm writing down my feelings, never knew it was a rap  
Our house burnt down, we livin' in motels  
So no matters how it sound, let me give you the whole tale!  
Goddamn! Now the tears won't stop!  
Momma held down three jobs, can she live on top?  
Never flew on a plane 'til my LP drop  
So I told her once week that her ears are gonna' pop!  
(ROSS!)[Chorus]  
Oh, yeah!  
I'm only human  
I'm a man, I make mistakes  
I'ma make, I'ma make, I'ma make mistakes  
I'm only human  
I'm a man, I make mistakes  
I'ma make my mistakes[Rick Ross]  
Wake up Sunday morning, wanna see my son  
He already wanna see his sister, he ain't seen in months  
I know it's about the dollars, so I'm steamin' blunts  
At the custody hearing and I'm clean as fuck! (BOSS!)  
I ain't mad at'cha girl, do your thing!

Last night I hit the club and I threw that change! (Yeah!)  
I'mma write you off, unemployed to a Boss!  
Another young broad, I'll run in there raw!  
Raw, raw, oh yes I am!  
Chevy on ground, call it Mex-I-Can  
I run D.C. like Leo G  
In A-T-L, I keep a bird in the P-O-T  
M-I-A! I'm The Mayor on my J-O-B  
You OD'd, O-Z's on the C-O-D  
Bink in VA, drinking V8  
Squeek-kays got me ready to sneak the DA! [Chorus] [Rick Ross]  
I know I'm not perfect (For real!)  
But I perfected, what I had to work with  
Trunk full of sack, saying my prayers  
Let me cut the music down so The Lord can hear!  
Psalm 27, ink tatted in my arm  
Made me think back, when I was baggin' up a bong  
Young D-Boys always bragging about the run  
I was on my third Rolley, now, I guess we're the bomb!  
Now it's deep cuts in the club for the watch  
Might let two dimes just fuck while I'll watch!  
I'm a Delano, it's Tony Soprano  
I fuck with Chicanos  
They get it, G, I know! [Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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