

Outroduction (Produced By StreetRunner)

2 Chainz

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

Songwriters

VERNON BULLOCK, CHARLES INGERSOLL, RONALD PREYER, BOBBY SOLOMON, TAUHEED

EPPS, NICHOLAS WARWAR, VINCENT VENDITTO

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