

Yuh, yuh

Me and my homies all jam (Jam)  
Sittin' play tunes, make plans (Jam)  
Papa always playin' with the bands  
Now I'm out playin' with the bands  
Got a lotta fans in the stands  
Gotta shake hands when I get a chance  
Come back to the crib make a hit in my Vans (Jam)

Yo (Jam)  
Who would have thought this? I did (I did)  
Who would have bought this? My crib (My crib)  
Who didn't sleep? Oh, you countin' sheep?  
We live in a dream, I don't close my eyelids  
All my people get to live the life  
Every moment precious like I'm 95  
I was only four in '95, I recorded on the mic  
Watchin' Jordan, tryna get up in my Nikes  
I'm about to go green eggs with the ham  
Parents made Spam in the pan for the fam  
I'm about to blow on a track  
'Bout to bring the cul-de-sac raps  
When I used to piss in my pants  
Feel like Peter Pan 'cause I'm never growin' up  
Neverland Ranch, whoa, let me slow it up  
I still got juice in my cup, but I gotta mix it up  
This jam from the back of the bus, woo

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Yo, huh  
Back on my shit, back at the crib (You know?)  
Outlandish spit, clownin' you only means that you my friend, you end it at ten  
I'm single as fuck but you gotta get back to your kids, we in the den  
Playin' the Super Nintendo, blow indo then dig through the fridge  
Me and my niggas been through things, switch the mood ring  
Got some poontang, wifed up a lil' boo thang  
Copped the new chain, livin' life out of a suitcase  
Took six X's, fell asleep on the pool table  
Did a few shows too drunk to remember  
Walk through the snow just to smoke in the winter  
Used to eat lunch, alcohol be the dinner  
Cracking jokes with the bros, read quotes from the Twitter (Jam)

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