I guess the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope, sellin' dope Okay, the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope, sellin' dope Sellin' dope, sellin' dope, sellin' dope

Yeah, I don't want no picture with the president I just wanna talk to the man Speak for the boys in the bando And my nigga never walkin' again Apologize if I'm harpin' again I know these things happen often But I'm back on the scene I was lost in a dream as I write this The team down in Austin I been buildin' me a house Back home in the South, ma Won't believe what it's costin' And it's fit for a king, right? Or a nigga that could sing And explain all the pain that it cost him My sixteen should've came with a coffin Fuck the fame and the fortune Well, maybe not the fortune But one thing is for sure though The fame is exhaustin' That's why I moved away, I needed privacy Surrounded by the trees and Ivy League Students that's recruited highly Thinkin' "You do you and I do me" Crib has got a big 'ol back 'ol yard My niggas stand outside and pass cigars Filled with marijuana, laughin' hard Thankful that they friend's a platinum star In the driveway there's no rapper cars Just some shit to get from back and forth Just some shit to get from back and forth Welcome to the Sheltuh, this is pure We'll help you if you've felt too insecure To be the star you always knew you were Wait, I think police is at the door

Okay, the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope
Hm, I guess the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope sellin' dope
The neighbors think I'm—neighbors think I'm—
(Don't follow me, don't follow me...)
I think the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope
(Don't follow me, don't follow me...)
I guess the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope, sellin' dope
Sellin' dope, sellin' dope, sellin' dope
Well motherfucker, I am

Some things you can't escape:

Death, taxes, and a ra
-cist society that make

Every nigga feel like a candidate

For a Trayvon kinda fate

Even when your crib sit on a lake

Even when your plaques hang on a wall

Even when the president jam your tape
Took a little break just to annotate
How I feel, damn, it's late
I can't sleep cause I'm paranoid
Black in a white man territory
Cops bust in with the army guns
No evidence of the harm we done
Just a couple neighbors that assume we slang
Only time they see us we be on the news, in chains, damn
Don't follow me
Don't follow me
Don't follow me
Don't follow me

Okay, the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope
Hm, I guess the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope, sellin' dope
The neighbors think I'm...neighbors think I'm—
(Don't follow me, don't follow me...)
I think the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope
(Don't follow me, don't follow me...)
I guess the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope, sellin' dope
Sellin' dope, sellin' dope, sellin' dope
Well motherfucker, I am

I am, I am, I am, I am
Well, motherfucker, I am
I think the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope
I am, I am, I am
Well, motherfucker, I am
So much for integration
Don't know what I was thinkin'
I'm movin' back to south side
So much for integration
Don't know what I was thinkin'
I'm movin' back to south side