

My Story

R. Kelly

This is my story, yeah, I'm from that Chi-town dirt
I went from being broke to sleeping in Versace shirts
This is my story - money, cars, bad hoes
This is my story-y-y-y-y-y-y-y-y
And I'm, stickin', to it (8x)

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
You're ain't never gon' find another nigga this focus
I got every block, every street corners sold up
Whatever club represent my city, throw it up
I own the game, coach slash player shown up
Okay, haters throw fitted never showed up

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Yeah, 2 Chainz...

Velcro, 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
Woah, big face Benjamin's as she lookin' at me
Like ye'en ain't nothin' but a star if you ride with them you ain't going th
at far
But if you ride with me, crib so big we can play hide-and-seek
You can confide to me, ride me like I ride the beat
Pilot seat, I need a co-pilot, kiss a ass in both mouths
Them talking both lips, what you know 'bout boat trips?
Drop her ass at the (Chocolate Factory) (yeah), we did them (12 Play's) (yea
h)
And you know who you is girl - we been fuckin' since the 12th grade, goddamn

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Pull up to the club at about three
I'm killin' it, guilty no plea
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 them in a interview, "why do he love these girls?"
The only thing he had to say was, "motherfuck the world!"

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