

Welcome to the Scientology of hip hop where you might
Sign a life long contract as well... Welcome

You're so lucky to grow and age
Lucky to go insane, they say they spotted some cancer
Mucus built on your brain
But you tell me to keep on praying
Really this is a blessing, many been long and gone
Family your true possessions, admit I made some mistakes
Can't blame it on adolescence, so infected with greed
Having something to see
I was running in circles and it was right next to me
This must have been God's wishes
Cause all my friends went to prison
Nothing like Bryan Williams but when they come home I kiss em
Hold on, give me a second refreshing my recollection
Labels, we playing chess
Nothing I'm not contested, you niggas is stupid
Thinking Craig Kallman won't send his shooters
They've been robbing for years. no fear to blow out your noodle
s
Looking at B.I.G and Pac imagining all the profits
A fiend sitting at home
Picture me rolling out and no royalties in the pocket
Who really is there to blame
Each man feed a man, children we get a gang
Scientology prophets you better stay in your lane
Let me roll up some green

This game is economics I pray you go back to college
All I'm seeing is bitches so queens go back to Hollis
Made it without a father my mother did I acknowledge
Know a crooked attorney, last name Sotomayer
I'm breaching these contracts preachers and gun claps
Smoking that Mike Dean until my lungs collapse
Bun B and Action Bronson, I'm seeing no colors
If you with me you with me I'm a ride for my brother
Honor and pride put the salaries aside
This lead in the water put your prayers in the sky
Respect me as a man as you looking in my eye
Let's address the [?] won't be no problems down the line
See confederate flags but I got a flag of mine
Yeah... yeah, I got a flag of mine!
Yeah bang we can do it then!
I got that money from Lil Wayne let's do it yeah