

2Eleven, Self Esteem Music

Yeah, this that self esteem music, non fiction
Let's see how many niggas fall, as the plot thickens
Toe park that out in the tourway
Smile for the haters, they don't want me here no way
Talking money, well that's music to my ears
I'm in the office, chopping game up with my peers
It's been a long time coming, talking blood, sweat and tears
Rest in peace to all my niggas that I lost in these 2 years
I'ma do it for y'all, nigga I will not loose
They say somebody falling off, well it's not deuce
I do this shit, look at my resume
Told her homie you ain't fucking nigga, let em hate
I'm with all these benjamins and we the best of friends
Somebody told me that success is the best revenge
When I came in the game it was all a dream
And then I cashed out on em, it was all a scheme

Even when all my chips are down, I ain't giving up
Cause the world ain't big enough
For what I'm bout to be, where I'm bout to go
Something y'all ain't seen before
Ah, look what I did with my life
I done changed my circumstance in one night
I came from nothing now it's nothing cause I made it out of the storm

I gotta move for the underdog, bet it all
Tram told me got a grind like he was never on
If I was you I'd be jealous on me too
This whole industry can hate me, I thug my way through
Got a billionaire mind frame, audermar off shore
The show must go on, they want an encore
All I need is one mike and a good plug
A good bitch that will hold it down when shit rough
I'm color blind nigga all I see is presidents
A thin line between a gangster and a businessman
All gas no brakes, yeah you see the drives
Motivation, dedication nigga, getting mine

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