

Organized Konfusion, Maintain

[Prince Poetry]

I'm sitting at the edge of my bed and I'm fed
Up with negative thoughts running straight through my head
Life's ready and I can't make moves, it's hard
And I thought it would have been nice to buy papa dukes some shoes
Niggas try to get over, pressure on my shoulders
Dropped the fat LP in '91 of October
Now that I'm older and my man pops is gone
My focus is stronger, mom pick up your head, gotta move on
Do you remember Mr. J used to say the beats was fat
But when it comes to business, nigga don't play
I look beyond all this stress to seek fate
Mad homicides, unemployment rates sky high
Shorty busting caps, cops caught him out there
Daytime drama and his mama didn't care
That's why I should be rapping and packing pistols on the bully
But niggas be stressing me and I ain't paid in fully
So I'm dropping something fatter, not for props
We're respecting the matter, hops
I'm fat, check my stats, Prince drops data for me and my man Pops
Rolls-Royce and myself are always getting mad harassed by the cops
So now I'm in the chop shop creating masterpieces
So it don't matter money what my funny label releases
Thanks to the streets and my peeps that made me
And the la-la-lee, la-la-lee