

Res, Sittin' Back

Sittin' back in the cut
Looking fine
Look at that nigga what
this shit is mine

So they call us stars
I guess not all of us are chosen
I drive a car with the top back
Cause my vanity's my token
Now all this talkin' ain't my style
About responsibilities
Like this here nation is my child like it's direct humanity

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You talkin' 'bout white children
Who kill their parents before school
I'm talkin' Lexus' with rims black
So when I drive back I look cool
Goodness the President's human
And you're all hypocrits
I think I'm jaded make a sport of it
Now I'm numb to the shit

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Lookin' fine
Look at that nigga what
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I just wanna blow up
Then baby who knows who'll win the game
When I close my eyes it all looks the same
I don't wanna know nobody's name
'Cuz I'm going for dough when I go for game
'Cuz I'm going for... that's why