

Burglar Bars (feat. Monica)

2 Chainz

As I met 2 Chainz a few minutes ago, as I gazed into his face,
I felt that I was in the presence of royalty.
There's a certain power presence that he gives off
I tried to be, everything you want and need
'Cause you got a deep title don't mean that you deep
Substance shallow on shit creek, I heard Cole speak
About the bricks, Kendrick got Compton lit
And I've been lit ever since I sold nicks
Never fabricated about my fabric, the scale, that's my apparatus
I give a fuck about the sorriest rappers
This actually happened, path in the back pathogenic
Moved that blow out like we were afrocentric
I had a front row entry, I had the codeine kidney
I made up the Bentiaga truck, you owe me a Bentley
This the rap Ken Griffey, got at least 10 with me
Got at least 10 on me, I'm anti-phony
My girl anti-bony and she get that money
I bought all this shit, don't go acting anti on me
It's Mr. Epps in the bank, I give a F what you think
I bought a Tesla today, there's nothing left in your tank
I did everything except a fucking song with Jay
But I murdered every song I fucking did with Ye
See my verses are better and my subject is realer
See my mom was an addict and my dad was the dealer
And their son is that nigga, I'm no Black activist
I'm a Black millionaire, give you my Black ass to kiss
We used the tree for a fence, I used to land in the trench
Used to dust myself off, then I eat me some shrimp
Coulda did anything, I coulda been me a pimp
I coulda went to the league, I took it straight to the rim
I took it straight to the block, I got Xans in my sock
I got plans for the pot, I got bands, you do not, huh
Yeah, you a miracle.
Right now, if you hear this, you're a miracle,
I want you to know that.
If you're able to hear this right now, you are a miracle.
Straight up, no kapp
I'm more Gucci than Vans, give you a Gucci advance
This the chance of your life, you ain't prepared for your life
See the man without a mic is just a mic gimmick
Anyone, Jordan, Jackson, Tyson, Bivens
Phone number unlisted

Gave her the digits to a number that is long distance
She on the wrong mission and got my palm itching
I had it on me, you can see it in my prom pictures, ugh
I'm telling you, niggas like me fall out the sky.
You don't just bump into me. I'm a real blessing, bro, nah, for real, bro
You know the times is rough, you know the times is hard
I never trust my neighbors, so we got burglar bars
You know the times is rough you know the times is hard
I never trust my neighbors so we got burglar bars, Lord, yeah, okay
You know the times is rough you know the times is hard
I never trust my neighbors so we got burglar bars
You know the times is rough you know the times is hard
I never trust my neighbors so we got burglar bars, Lord, Lord
Lord knows
Woke up today, gave thanks
Grateful to see another day, then the storm came
As the night falls, I shed my blood, sweat and tears
Let the rain fall, let it fall, let it fall
One day
Your love will take me right over the stars, Lord knows
That soulful trap music, man.
Yeah, I'm talkin' 'bout Section 8, I'm talkin' 'bout the 'partments.
You stay in the middle, someone stay on top of you, someone stay below you.
What you know about grabbing a broom and shit and hitting upstairs like, "Y'all stop fucking
stomping!
Y'all stop walking so mothafuckin' hard!"
Then the people downstairs, they doing the same shit to us.
Tru, trill shit
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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