

Poor Fool (feat. Swae Lee)

2 Chainz

Poor fool, streets don't love you like I do
(My mama always said)
I said close your mouth and eat
You make some paper, then you make your own rules
(My mama always said, ayy, damn)
Poor fool, streets don't love you like I do
I said close your mouth and eat
You make some paper, then you make your own rules I'm from the hood and it's evident
Used to sell drugs out my residence
Stayed in section 8 with relatives
Opportunity knockin', I let 'em in
I done put Forgis on everything
I left the mall like Ginobili
And if I'm not successful, ain't nobody gon' come console me
I pray my mama quit smokin'
When my dad died, I got focused
I gotta table full of Ace of Spades
I don't fuck around with you jokers (ooh)
Ain't heard a word from my old friends
Heard they wanna kick my doors in
I done loaded up the 2-2-3
I'm so high they might call a goaltend, yeah
Lord knows, stashed work in the console
So many autos in my garage, I can't open my car door
Bond on me like the sun on me
Gettin' this bread she say, "You dropped crumbs on me"
Walked in the club and got ones only
Need a tat on my stomach that say prawns only
Raised by single parent Black woman
They call me Tity Boi 'cause she used to spoil me
She always told me
Poor fool, streets don't love you like I do
(My mama always said)
I said close your mouth and eat
You make some paper, then you make your own rules
(My mama always said, ayy, damn)
Poor fool, streets don't love you like I do
I said close your mouth and eat
You make some paper, then you make your own rules Smoking on a yacht, call me Ricky
Steamboat
Bags full of gas, used to serve them through the screen door
Tryna flip a brick, Shaq at the free throw

Taught by Scarface, Brad Jordan, Al Pacino, wooo
No rules, most of my partnas homeschooled
Most of my partnas got charges
And I ain't talking about no mothafuckin' dodges
Trappin' up outta the college
I'm addicted to the rice at Benihana
Raised by a single parent Black woman
They call me Tity Boi 'cause she used to spoil me
She always told me
Poor fool, streets don't love you like I do
(Yeah)
I said close your mouth and eat
You make some paper, then you make your own rules
(My mama always said, ayy, damn)
Poor fool, streets don't love you like I do
I said close your mouth and eat
You make some paper, then you make your own rules
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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