

# Self Made (feat. Troy Ave)

## Uncle Murda & GMG

(Intro)

I batter up the streets, berserk  
Niggas ain't out here, putting in work  
It's way about time to twerk(Hook)  
I'm from the bottom  
I was right, niggas ain't gon'get me  
It's cool, I got them, I got popping,  
Now they feeling shitty  
I got my self payed Diddy, and the Rubens  
Since that,  
If you a self made nigga than you fuckin wit fast  
Men do what they say, and say what they mean  
Stand on my own two feet, nuts hang in between  
I'da came up, and I got my aim up (powder)  
These fake real niggas, got the game fucked up(word)  
Who y'all want me to pick on  
Give me a rapper(name)  
(Pick one!)  
I will talk about his grandma  
About his brother, about his kids  
I'm so disrespectful, man  
Damn, what they won't do to a nigga  
Not a motherfucking thang  
I don't care if they got the red or blue bandana  
Tied around their head  
Then I complain  
I am the realest shit coming outta New York  
But they sleeping on me  
Like I don't do records with J  
Wo, my rap sheet soldier  
I have shooters with the big BANG BANG BANG  
My nigga, I was hoping  
Don't pull us here into women and lil' kids  
I'm about that action  
I know y'all can feel my energy  
I have never do a song or take a picture with a nigga  
That was once my enemy  
I ain't the most lyricsl  
But you can't front, the nigga clever  
As far as this rap shit go  
I wanna be remembered for saying the realest shit ever(Hook)(Verse)  
The police, the D.A. and the judge so racist

They been sober in court and throw us high behind cages(?)  
They so racist, it never be a crime of vice  
They so racist.  
I'm from a place that you're not s'posed to make it  
If you ain't got your gun on you, you considered naked  
When opportunity present it self, you take it  
You ain't front, man  
You got a big chain on, I'mma take it  
Then take it to the pawnshop for money exchanging  
I'm a regular, know the owner on a first name basis  
A lot of niggas front, but they scared of closed cases  
With the cuffs goin' on their wrist, they give up information  
Oh, they can't take it, same thing they pull the trigger with(?)  
No statements(oh, they couldn't take it)  
Always telling 'em how much time the judge gon' give 'em  
That 20 years to life, all that thug life wasn't in 'em(Hook)

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