

ScHoolboy Q - Blessed

{Intro}

**What is life for a nigga like me?
Living out his backpack every night
Needed a new place to sleep
But this is now, nigga**

{Verse 1}

**One's for the money, two for the bitches
Three to get ready cause I feel I finally did it
Four's for the jealous rapper mad because he finished
Turn that mothafucka to a critic
Man, I got so much shit up on my plate, dog
I was hanging on them corners late
Pockets wasn't straight, bitch
I ain't gon' make it at this rate, dog, know what I'm saying?
Nigga praying up to God just hoping that he hear a nigga
I know the world got more problems and it's much bigger
But I figured, I'd get some shit up off my chest
To all my niggas I would die for, load my pistol up, go out and war for
To all my niggas that'll never make it out the streets
Fuck it, keep goin' hard, don't let 'em see you weak
To all my niggas first time stepping in the pen
Read a book and exercise, keep your spirit in
To all my niggas that's gon' fuck around and die today
Take our hats off, bow our heads and let us pray, just wanna say**

{Chorus}

**Stay blessed my nigga, blessed my nigga
Really think about it, could be worse my nigga
Don't stress my nigga, yes, my nigga
We all blessed my nigga
Stay blessed my nigga, blessed my nigga**

Really think about it, could be worse my nigga

Don't stress my nigga, yes, my nigga

We all blessed my nigga, ah

{Verse 2}

Now how the fuck I'm 'posed to say this?

You see my nigga just lost his son

While I'm here hugging on my daughter, I grip her harder

Kiss her on the head as I cry for a bit

Thinking of some bullshit to tell him

Like "It'll be okay, you'll be straight, it'll be aight"

Well, fuck that shit

Whatever you need, yo, I got it!

Whether it's money or some weed or putting in work

Fuck it, then I'm riding

You know what's up, but now a nigga couldn't stick around

Told myself that after y'all moved

That I'd be a fuckin' fool, to be living by the street rules

"Fuck police" tattoos, that happens when you ditch school

But anyway, keep the faith

Stay strong, bruh, remain solid, bruh

Keep playing ball, cuz

It's the only way up out it, bruh, a nigga proud of ya

Tell Floyd to enjoy his newborn seed

I'll have whatever he needs, we the last of a dying breed

Live life, smoke trees

See how far we've come but most, I'm sorry for your son

{Chorus}

Stay blessed my nigga, blessed my nigga

Really think about it, could be worse my nigga

Don't stress my nigga, yes, my nigga

We all blessed my nigga

Stay blessed my nigga, blessed my nigga

Really think about it, could be worse my nigga
Don't stress my nigga, yes, my nigga
We all blessed my nigga, ah

{Bridge: Ab-Soul}

And you ain't gotta shed no tear
I'll be everywhere but I'ma always be right here
I ain't forgot those years
I'll be everywhere but I'ma always be right here

{Verse 3: Kendrick Lamar & ScHoolboy Q}

Living in a premature place, wait
Never grow to see the pearly gates, break
Every time a bullet detonate, dates
Of obituary carry crates
Of a scary picture with a family member that relate to ya
In December you was finna pin another case
On your record in a stolen Expedition, play it safe
As the record spinning, you was hearing angels entertain
Every pun intended, that was wicked, coming from your brain
Recognize you listened and you didn't hit the block again
That's because the minute after you had knew you would be slain
Open up another chapter in the book and read 'gain
Story of a gun-clapper really tryna make a change
Everybody ain't blessed, my nigga
Yes, my nigga, you're blessed, take advantage, do your best, my nigga
Don't stress, you was granted everything inside this planet
Anything you imagine, you possess, my nigga
You reject these niggas that neglect your respect
For the progress of a baby step, my nigga
Step-step my nigga, one, two, skip-skip
Back-back, look both ways, pull it off the hip
Blast at anybody say that you can't flip

This crack into rap music every other zip is a track

Get used to it, get it off quick

Come back, give back to the city you've built

That's that, don't trip, see money, fuck niggas, dog

It ain't nothing but a bunch of fuck niggas, dog

In a minute everybody gon' be winning

Put a little faith in it then recognize that we all

{Chorus: ScHoolboy Q}

Blessed my nigga, blessed my nigga

Really think about it, could be worse my nigga

Don't stress my nigga, yes, my nigga

We all blessed my nigga, ah

{Produced by Dave Free}