

# My Story (feat. 2 Chainz)

R. Kelly

This is my story, yeah, I'm from that Chi-town dirt  
I went from being broke to sleeping in Versace shirts  
This is my story - money, cars, bad hoes  
This is my story-y-y-y-y-y-y-y-y

And I'm, stickin', to it  
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Came from humble beginnings now I'm cocky with my spending  
They say "life is just a game" and I thank God that I'm winning

Models roll my indo, I beat the pussy, Django  
Them niggas talking money, I got more digits in my gate code  
She make a pole disappear like hocus pocus

You're ain't never gon' find another nigga this focused  
I got every block, every street corners sold up  
Whatever club represent my city, throw it up  
I own the game, coach last player shown up  
Okay, haters throw fitted never showed up

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And I'm, stickin', to it Yeah, 2 Chainz...

Velcro, I'm sticking to it, hatin', I've been a victim to it  
Your conversation is sanitation, ain't no hesitation when I finna do it  
I stick it in (uh) switch it up and try to hit a friend (uh)  
Live it up and count my dividends, roll, like cinnamon

Woah, big face Benjamin's as she lookin' at me like ye'en ain't nothin' but a star I looked at her  
like this ain't nothin' but a car if you ride with them you ain't going that far

But if you ride with me, crib so big we can play hide-and-seek  
You can confide to me, ride me like I ride the beat

Pilot seat, I need a co-pilot, kiss a ass in both mouths  
Them talking both lips, what you know 'bout boat trips?  
Drop her ass at the Chocolate Factory (yeah), we did them 12 Play's (yeah)  
And you know who you is girl - we been fuckin' since the 12th grade, goddamn  
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Pull up to the club at about three  
I'm killin' it, guilty no plea  
I'm leaving out at 6 with a dime piece  
By 9 o'clock, we on round three  
I speak of rain they say I'm crazy like they didn't know  
See I'm not crazy but my talent, man, got bipolar  
Say she's a church girl but man she's blowing holy smokes  
Showed her the Jesus piece now she got the Holy Ghost  
They asked them in a interview, "why do he love these girls?"  
The only thing he had to say was, "motherfuck the world!"  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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