

I'm Only Human (feat. Rodney)

[Rick Ross](#)

Lord knows I ain't perfect I'm only human I'm only human
I'm a man, I make mistakes
I'mma make-I'mma make-I'mma make mistakes
(Rodney, I love you, homie!) I'm only human
(Appreciate it, dog!)
I'm a man, I make mistakes
I'mma make my mistakes 12 years old and you dealin' crack
Your momma only 26 - how she deal with that? Got a deadbeat dad, but he far from dead
He never knew chocolate milk make you fart real bad (Naw!)
One thing that I wish I could change
Just to see my daddy wavin' at a football game
Just to see my daddy standin' when they say my name
Walk me to the locker room and say, "Son, good game!" (For real!)
You make a tackle, but nobody there to clap
So I'm writing down my feelings, never knew it was a rap Our house burnt down, we livin' in
motels
So no matters how it sound, let me give you the whole tale!
Goddamn! Now the tears won't stop!
Momma held down three jobs, can she live on top? Never flew on a plane 'til my LP drop
So I told her once week that her ears are gonna' pop!
(ROSS!) Oh, yeahhh!
I'm only human
I'm a man, I make mistakes I'mma make-I'mma make-I'mma make mistakes
I'm only human
I'm a man, I make mistakes
I'mma make my mistakes
Wake up Sunday morning, wanna see my son
He already wanna see his sister, he ain't seen in months I know it's about the dollars, so I'm
steamin' blunts
At the custody hearing and I'm clean as f**k! (BOSS!)
I ain't mad at cha girl, do your thing!
Last night I hit the club and I threw that change! (Yeah!) I'mma write you off, unemployed to a
Boss!
Another young broad, I'll run in there raw!
Raw, raw - oh yes I am!
Chevy on ground, call it Mex-I-Can I run D.C. like Leo G
In A-T-L, I keep a bird in the P-O-T
M-I-A! I'm The Mayor on my J-O-B
You OD'd, O-Z's on the C-O-D Bink in VA, drinking V8
Squeek-kays got me ready to sneak the DA! Oh, yeahhh!
I'm only human
I'm a man, I make mistakes

I'mma make-I'mma make-I'mma make mistakes
I'm only human
I'm a man, I make mistakes
I'mma make my mistakes I know I'm not perfect (For real!)
But I perfected, what I had to work with
Trunk full of sack, saying my prayers
Let me cut the music down so The Lord can hear!
Psalm 27, ink tatted in my arm
Made me think back, when I was baggin' up a bong
Young D-Boys always bragging about the run
I was on my third Rolley - now, I guess we're the bomb!
Now it's deep cuts in the club for the watch
Might let two dimes just f**k while I'll watch!
I'm a Delano, it's Tony Soprano
I f**k with Chicanos
They get it, G - I know! Oh, yeahhh!
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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