

## J Church

### "Chaining Day"

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Look at me, pathetic nigga  
This chain that I bought, greed, pain and fame this a  
heinous result  
Let these words be the colors I'm just paintin' my heart  
I'm knee deep in the game and it ain't what I thought  
Copped the Range Rover my girl got the Mercedes  
Iced out crazy I wanna shine like Baby  
Compared to that nigga I ain't even got a bib yet  
Truth be told I ain't even bought a crib yet  
This is everything they told a nigga not to do  
Image is everything I see, it got a lot to do  
With the way that people perceive, and what they  
believe  
Money short so this jewelry is like a weave  
? and hear niggas say I see you  
Now bitches wanna fuck you and niggas wanna be you  
And police wanna stop you, frisk you, wonder what he  
do  
If a hater snatch a chain I bet it still won't free you  
Cause I'll be right back grinding till I cop another  
I sit and think 'bout all the shit I could'nt cop my mother  
My partner say that's just a game my nigga  
That's what I heard my jeweler say? chain my nigga

This is chaining day  
Chaining day, my chaining day  
This is my chain today  
My last piece, I swear  
My guilt heavy as this piece I wear  
They even iced out Jesus' hair  
My last piece, I swear  
They even iced out Jesus' hair  
Iced on this white Jesus, seem a little unholy  
Real strange thing about this iced out Rollie  
It's the same shit a broke black nigga get gassed at  
The same shit a rich white mo'fucka laugh at  
Well laugh on white man, I ain't paid as you  
But I bet your rims ain't the same age as you  
And I ain't got no investment portfolio  
But my black and white diamonds shinin' like a Oreo  
I know back home where niggas sit today

You rock a chain and they always got some shit to say  
Even back when I was broke I knew his shit was fake  
He'd prolly sneeze too hard and his shit could break  
But hey, you know the sayin', "Fake it 'til you make it"  
Me, I did the opposite, made it then I faked it  
And acted like I gave a fuck, money I was savin' up  
Then copped a crib that's gated till that hundred racks,  
I gave it up

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