

Nobody But Me

8Ball & MJG

It ain't no changing me, no matter what you claim to see
I can only aim to be, M-J-G
If thangs seem strange to me, they can't be the same with me
You know it's lame to be, somethin that you know is a lie
Hoes want a nigga to try to be somethin that he ain't
Right before your eyes, livin his life in a fuckin disguise
Follow the pack, and wind up dead last (Go on)
Real dummy with your scared ass
In the future, ain't nobody gonna listen to you
(Why) Cause you do whatever to please the crew
It's easy to - Kiss ass for your wealth, Or get cash for yourself
I think I'll go with the green, Cause asses I do not clean
As bad as the shit might seem, I got a get-right team
Nigga, sensin myself and I, it ain't ever let a day go by
Without reality checks, fuck my salary check
That ain't the reason why I want respect, but you ain't finna
Distress
I gotta keep a level head, fuck what a devil said
I'm stayin me, M-J fuckin G - Put your trust in me..

I can't be nobody but me, and that's all I can be
I can't be who you want me to be, cause nigga, that ain't me

100 ways to die, and I done survived 99
99 lives lost and one of them could've been mine
Blind with my eyes open, seein what is killin me
Feelin what is killin me, but wantin more constantly
Runnin from temptation, but I'm much to slow to get away
Gang, shootin niggas and bitches fuckin with me everyday
Man if I was lame and couldn't see em from a mile away
Smile on their mug, and in their minds, nothin but jealousy
Why should I get caught up in that bullshit not concernin me
Yeah, I run with Suave and we gone ride til infinity
Lord if I was lyin, strike me right here as I'm speakin this
Separate the strong from the cowardly and the weak at this

I see him everyday, point shaven and cravin
For the money that I be savin, and the moves that I be makin
Breakin rules, tryin not to be one of them broke fools
Robbin niggas comin from school, thinkin that that shit is cool
Served out, whether sober, playboy, I got heataz for ya
Quick to shoot, because that indo boosts up my paranoia
I rap the blues, cause the blues is what I'm livin nigga
Surrounded my animals - livin and dyin by the trigga
Word to me, and if that shit don't meet your expectations
Fuck you critics, I do this for the underground nation
Slab ridaz, nigga, drug traffickaz and jackaz
Heat packaz, nigga, all my homeboys ain't rappaz
And, I wouldn't say it if it wasn't necessary
All of this is just a test, tryin to prepare me
My future's lookin dark, and I don't think it's gettin brighter
Forever Eightball, Pimp-Caso, Poetry writer...

It's hard to be, something that you didn't start to be
These streets be apart of me, until it's hard to see
Till the years when it's hard to walk, gettin old
And, it's hard to talk, I'm on a line of chalk

It seems thinner than a line of thread, but through all this
Still instead, I'm real after all
Paper, short or tall - Wife, be big and small
And still down to earth, I'll still be on the scene
Life like a TV screen, but I keep my strength
And I'll keep my hope (Why?) Cause I know they got me under the scope
But, if you're lookin at me, Look close, and your ass will learn
Maybe when you have your turn, and take a stand and shit
You might be a man and shit, make your own plan and shit
Cause I don't make no moves unless G wanna make that move
Fuck he and she wanna make that move, I got a face that blues
When a nigga gotta pay them dues, and they lookin at my face like ooo
Mane, you broke and shit, but they ain't gonna throw me out a rope
And shit
I'm a drown and choke and shit
And my folkaz get cloudy with that hocus pokus shit
I'll be the brokest trick...
But, I'm gone be myself, Pimp type nigga for sho'
Once again like I did it befo', up top or below
I'm a keep my feet on the flo', and do it in the heat or the snow
Give me a beat and I go, Off like a champ on your ass
Drop the mic and vamp on your ass, stick a stamp on your ass
Send you off to camp on your ass...when I rain, I'll dampen your
Path

[Chorus]