

Who We Are

Deuce

Don't you want to see it

It started off when I was 5
Riding on my bike.
To shootin' BB bullets at kids I didn't like.
Then we laughed it off,
Never did I have it all.
I would be an act from crazy little things I saw.
When I went to school,
Mom would stay by the phone.
Just in case the principal decides to send me home.
I always thought everything would change,
Sold out shows, people screaming my name.
But then again the streets made me,
Law here to blame me,
Yes, oh Lord why don't you just take me,
Off these streets, cuz I'm tired of running from the police.

Don't you wanna see
Don't you wanna be
Street life got me running from the police
It went from hanging with the stars
To me running from the law
This is just who we are

OG, oh see, running from the police,
I ain't tryna do it big, I'm tryna do it obese.
Oh boy, from the hood, you can call him O Shay
Okay, real life, shit this ain't no role play.
Ain't no Hollywood, real niggas probably would,
Set you up, put down, make you king, take your crown.
Livin' life, yes I know, ghetto got me on the go.
So I'm stayin' on my grind, cuz tomorrow might not show,
Been through some real shit, y'all wouldn't understand.
Doin' good now but wouldn't take half a grand,
Wouldn't let the hand in.
Ain't no silver spoons,
Only silver bullets aimed with the extra zoom.
They got me aimed on that extra zoom,
So I keep them mad to plan on the extra room.
Take the way like what they say,
Cause that's the life on the streets.

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See the light, that's the truth,
All you actors play your role.
Drop them cards, play it right,
Swallow pride and never fold.
I had no choice but to face the fact that my father's gone,
Should I cry or man up? Proud to be my mother's son.
Got a case and went to jail, under pressure didn't tell,

The Truth, under oath, my heart is gold, I live by code.
Came alone, I leave alone,
Main line, walk the yard.
Now I'm home, still grindin',
Clock windin', goin' hard.
Same hood, same friends,
So fly like Jordan 10's.
Won't change, born and raised,
Trainin' from a black Benz.
Poppa's tryin' to forget it all,
Tryin' not to trip and fall.
Grabbed my girl, walked them off,
Face the fact, I want it all.
Count me in, I'm all in,
Product of the environment.
Think you hot? Think you not,
Turn you out like firemen.
From zero, to the hero, right and don't call me out,
Party on, that's my town,
9 Lives it's going down.

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