

I Didn't Ask To Come

Goodie Mob

Everyday somebody gets killed
What's the deal it's 1995
and a nigga wanna live the type of life that people dream
I want things, a crib, a car, while living the life of a king
I know I take for granted at times for what I got
still hustlin' and bustlin'
and now and then I stand a pop or two to come up
a steady battle through the days
Mamma think I'm wrong because I wanna get paid
the system ain't given T-mo a chance
22 on the loose and black
trying to get the noose a little slack around my neck
they making it hard for a brother to cope
it's still illegal to smoke cess cause they can't tax
I'm ready to go up shit until they give my freedom back.

Service to what, who
Damn, you got caught sought away out
The trait is getting full, calling up your pull
but pull ain't got it.
I fell cold inside like
A man sleeping on pavement
Under the bridge of I-20 west
And stress on the face of the man
Cussing out the atmosphere with nobody close enough to hear
And who dat miss they fee
Cuz all they personal shit
Is sitting on the front lawn of Apple Tree
And for those who ain't got take
Before the owner shows back up with the U-haul
Police you call
But wasn't no marshall there to watch your stuff
See I stand tall to this world
Like a kid walking rapping his rhymes to himself
A book on a shelf of many
MC's seen them come and go
Style free with Cool Breeze
Til it's thick like dat fog
Stacking away my extra for a engine for tha hog
Dropping a point from the East
From a location out tha trees
360 degrees.

Born into these crooked ways
I never even ask to come so now
I'm living in the days
I struggle and fight to stay alive
Hoping that one day I'd earn the chance to die
Pallbearer to this one, pallbearer to that one
Can't seem to get a grip 'cause, my palms is sweatin' ...

Niggas ain't getting no where fast but, closer to the hearse
Why sunbeam burst off baskets nearly blinding me
Almost dropped ma end of the casket
Woodgrain and the only thang on my brain
is where this coward hang
(SWATS) South West Atlanta Fountain Lane

Forgot the batch niggah got thirty years
Lord forgive me and my foes I know
Revenge is best served when cold by those
Who feel no guilt
God don't care whether you got a spade or not
Ain't no turning in your playing hand you was dealt
Better tighten up your belt man, always go with
The first instinct because, I don't make the rules
Oooh, you know how it is in these streets
Victims rarely get a chance to think twice

As he laid in the final resting place
He had such a peaceful expression in his face
My visions blurry from crying
But it ain't hard to see that
At any time it coulda been me
It's about 90 degrees outside
But yet it felt like I'm froze
The ceremonies come to a close
I toss a rose but just can't seem to walk away yet
Damn I done fucked around and got upset
But it ain't nothing we can do
It's bigger than me and you
One day our time coming too
So ain't no use in being sad
Leaving here was probably the best gift he ever had
We should be glad
Maybe his life was something
That he had to give to show me
That I need to be responsible about how I live
I won't complain about my pain
But I just ain't gone let my niggas die in vain
So Bean I'm gone make it for you
The cycle that these young black men keep goin through
I'm gone break it for you
And start takin care of me
And me consist of all my friends and my family
From now on, until I'm gone.

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