

No Doubt

Jean Grae

I ain't afraid to shine different... c'mon

Devoted life to the dream of lights and fortune and fame
I might just gain the vision, or just might be livin in vain
See in the game it's cool strolls and platinum thugs
Stack the cash, drugs and women; bubble in crime, trouble in time
I stay humble with mine, had drama for words
Encountered some birds who tried to take the shine
But I'm illuminatin like a thousand frozen wrists in the glint of the sun
Worth the Franklin Mint and Wall Street combined into one
They can't see it yet though, different like niggaz sayin petrol
For gas, english metric system, graded on the past
Just tryin to reach y'all, no one's at my arms length
Wanna stay in the race but slowly runnin out of breath
They all alike, can't understand, maybe it's safest
To play the role and be another glitch in The Matrix
Repetitive flow, embedded in dough
I run the risk of pissin everybody off, but I don't care if you know

Yo I'm on the line like white, china, table
Lay it all out for the shit; nigga, no, doubt
Fuck real, I'm right, told you the last time man
Fuck y'all, say it
Bring it, lay it all out for the shit; nigga, no, doubt
Fuck real, I'm right, told you the last time
Things ain't different, say it
Bring it, I'm on, now

Quit for good, too many times, shit maybe I should
But it won't prevent rejection reappearin in life
I even lay the toughest down for you
Paint the ground blood pink for you, only so that you feel me right
Then hear me tight from the ills perhaps
But not a lot of scenes like movie stills are fleein from fiends and caps
I had, thrills and high spills, couple of hot chases
Romance with Jacks, Jills in dirty places
No jail cell been filled and no court cases
But committed murder of flesh, two of my own faces
At best I'm, a dime each, not a dozen, never cheap
Fornicated adultery once and now I never cheat
Younger sibling or two, family dysfunctional
Problem with bein on time, hardly ever punctual
Punchclocks give me the runs, just not in my blood Akki
Y'all flashin guns at me, time to go? Let it be

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See I got these bill collectors, practically at the door chillin
I can't explain to Visa how I'm tryin to stack a million
Hustle on the side for chump change, it's not big time

I only do it for fries, chicken and wine and hump days
Reality spit, dudes and rap bitches sick of me
And if they right, they still print, I'm tryin to do calligraphy
All real, sit up just all night, just thinkin it's all wrong
Won't sleep 'til everything's alright
I made brush fire noise; I need four alarm
Three A.M. on the lawn with two kids and one slipper on
Blaze now, your days phase out like old sitcoms
Tryin to save the show by puttin new f**kin kids on
Love me or not, respect it for what it's worth
I'm like a bundle of dough in a knot in a purse under your cot
Undiscovered lines like connectin the dots
It's gonna happen, sooner or later
Fuck rappin, just givin data

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