

# Am What I Am

Paul Wall

This is ghetto reality in Texas..

You see I am what I am, and it is what it is  
You'd feel how I feel, if you been where I been  
Live what I live, see what I see  
So get out my ear, and just let me be

I'm a survivor of the struggle, I lived life hard  
Single mama with half a job, I was raised by God  
No dad, the only role model I had  
Was a ounce of that white powder, in a Ziplock bag  
I don't brag about the struggles, I endured as a child  
You don't know the pain I went through, to create this smile  
I got one life to live, know I'm tal'n bout  
So I enjoy it, cause I earned everything that I got  
They hate what I got, I hear em with they cape talk  
They thinking that my life, was a cake walk  
I'm a man of principles, I live by my word  
So it's obsurred, when I hear sour words  
They gon get what they deserve, but I don't wish no harm  
What goes around comes around, so partna you been warned  
In the midst of all the trouble, I still remain calm  
Cause sunny days, will follow the storm man, just let me be

Somebody questioned, if I got the right to recite what I spit  
Cause I've never been indicted, or divided a brick  
But my life is grit, all types of crisis and shit  
I decided to risk it all, to try to slide in the mix  
And get what I can get, see I'm fighting negative bars  
I knew it wouldn't be easy, but no one said it be hard  
As it is, I mean the evil in the heart of these men  
Got me wondering, if I'll ever see the reward  
At the end of the road, it's kind of hard to remember your goals  
When you grow where, not many live to get old  
I played the cards that I was given, and never listen to those  
Who think different, cause they inner soul is bitter and cold  
I seen death, and folk get destroyed by do'  
Nevertheless I'm blessed, so your boy got hope  
I show love, to get it is a beautiful feeling  
If you hate me, then blow a dick cause it's a mutual feeling

All outsiders looking in, think they know where I been  
Trying to be my friend, cause of the position I'm in  
They know Slim Thug a hustler, that's destined to win  
So I guess they figured, they can hold my cotail in  
But I ain't the type to play that roll, and sell a nigga gold  
Pretend it's all cool, when I know you a hoe  
Cause you'll do it again, if you done it befo'  
It's just a matter of time, 'fore you do it some mo'  
I done witnessed all type, of snake niggaz and hoes  
From my family to my friends, to these bitches I know  
It'll surprise you, how much a lil' change bring change  
You get a couple dollas, and people ain't the same  
They quick to holla at you capping now, since you rapping now  
See them the type of folks, you need to be packing round  
Cause first time to miss em, when you passing a blunt  
They plotting up on you, trying to pull em a stunt