

Doing Me

[Az](#)

I know, it kinda hard sometimes
We all looking for some kind of outlet to plug into, but
From the corners of the street, in every hood and every ghetto
I'm the proof of what could be, if you try
All the haters wanna see a nigga's life in misery
But I'ma keep on doing me 'til I die
Handcuffed by the wrist and tied at the feet
So stressed, wish that I could die in my sleep
And Lord knows, through his grace I done tried it with peace
But it's like niggas ain't happy 'til they finally deceased
Feel the grief of a street, nigga that turned to rap
And just applied everything that he learned from crack
I'm in now, it's life, ain't no turnin' back
It been fair so what kinda concern's for that
Peep the signs with the eyes 'cause they tell it all
One of the few in the streets that was sellin' it raw
Made mistakes, but it made me intelligent more
And how I move, you could still look and tell I was poor
How can I hate from the next man stop my flow
That's like another pimp thinkin' he can knock my hoe
I'm here now, just tryin' to cop and blow
Couple of cars and lot's of doe
From the corners of the street, in every hood and every ghetto
I'm the proof of what could be, if you try
All the haters wanna see a nigga's life in misery
But I'ma keep on doing me 'til I die
One by one, seen 'em rise, seen 'em fall
You seen one nigga ball, you done seen 'em all
Even stand up niggas seen 'em lean and crawl
What makes a man wanna fiend for more?
Life itself is more than a trial or a quest
Intelligent wise, it's like I done ran with the best
And very rarely, you can catch me casually dressed
I'm more relaxed in a hat and some sweats
Doing me, been amongst some of the street's most strongest men
Around for months then they gone again
Incarcerated, penalized for the love of they acts
Criminals, cold-hearted, now what's fucking wit that?
Where we at? Hit inside of a life that's rarely exposed

Spoken in codes for the killers that daily a dose
Get yours, hit a quota then get indoors
Get legit then get them stores
From the corners of the street, in every hood and every ghetto
I'm the proof of what could be, if you try
All the haters wanna see, a nigga's life in misery
But I'ma keep on doing me, 'til I die
So now it's on y'all, could see, I've figured it out
Only if you can never say that they been in my house
And caroused at my wall color, blend with my couch
I'm as low as you can go in the south
When it's too deep, it's hard for the mind to relate
Some say I'm too street and way too involved with the snakes
What make a man bigger than life, I'm twice his age
Understand I'm a sinner but I'm nice some ways
Knee-deep in what I speak 'cause I spit the truth
I become angelic when I sit in the booth
Just a thought's all the ill shit that lurk in the streets
How can another real nigga wanna work with police
Bad enough we got thieves and the beef is rough
I took a oath just to smoke, eat, sleep and fuck
Knowledge of self, I'ma do this regardless of wealth
Regardless of how the deck and the cards get dealt
From the corners of the street, in every hood and every ghetto
I'm the proof of what could be, if you try
All the haters wanna see a nigga's life in misery
But I'ma keep on doing me, 'til I die

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