

Just Like You

Lecrae

I just wanna be like you, walk like, talk like, even think like you. The only one I could look to, you're teachin' me to be just like you. Well I just gotta be like, like I just gotta be like you.

Dear Uncle Chris, Uncle Keith, Uncle Ricky, before the Lord get me I gotta say somethin' quickly. I grew up different since my daddy wasn't with me, shoot, i wasn't picky, I'd take any male figure, you stepped in at the right time. It's cause of you that I write rhymes. You prolly never knew that. I love the way you used to come through, teach me to do the things that men do. True, you showed me stuff I prolly shouldn't of seen, but you had barely made it out your teens, took me under your wings. I wanted hats, I wanted clothes just like you, lean to the side when I roll just like you, didn't care if people didn't like you. you wanna bang, I wanna bang too, Skyline Pyrué. You woulda died, I woulda died too. You went to prison, got sick, lost your pops yeah I cried too. You never know who's right behind you, I got a little son now, and he do whatever I do. But it's something deep inside you, that tell you its gotta be more than doin' what other guys do. Didn't have nobody there to guide you, but I followed your footsteps and this shouldn't suprise you. You realize you, you realize you, you, yeah I just wanna be like you.

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Now all I see is money, cars, jewels, stars, womanizers, tuff guys, guns, knives, and scars, drug pushers, thugs, strippers, fast girls, fast life, "everything I wanted and everything I could ask" life. If this aint livin' then they lied well. Guess I married an old wive's tale. Wow. Fail. I don't know another way to go, this is the only way they ever show. I got this emptiness inside that got me fightin' for approval cause I missed out on my daddy sayin, "Way to go." didn't get that verbal affirmation don't know how to treat a woman, how to fix an engine, to keep the car runnin'. So now I'm lookin at the media and I'm followin' what they feed me. Rap stars, trap stars, whoever wants to lead me. Even though they lie they still tell me that they love me. They say I'm good at bad things, at least they proud of me.

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I was created by God but I ain't wanna be like Him, I wanna be Him. The Jack Sparrow of my Carribean. I remember the first created bein', and how he shifted the blame on his dane for food he shouldn't of eaten'. And I look at us all out of Eden. Wearing designer fig leaves by Louie Vuitton make believin'. But God sees through my foolish pride, an how I'm weak like Adam, another victim of lucifer's lies. Then in steps Jesus. All men were created to lead, but we needed somebody to lead us. More than a teacher, but somebody to buy us back from the darkness, you can say He redeemed us. Taught us that real leaders follow God, finish the work cause we on our job. Taught us not to rob, but give life. Love a wife like He loved the Church, without seein' how many hearts we can break first. I wanna be like you in every way. So if I gotta die every day, unworthy sacrifice, but the least I can do is give the most of me. Cause bein' just like you is what I'm supposed to be. They say you came for the lame, I'm the lamest. I made a mess, but you say you'll erase it. I'll take it. They say you came for the lame, I'm the lamest. I broke my life, but you say you'll replace it. I'll take it.

I just gotta be like, be like. I just gotta be like, be like. I just gotta be like you.

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