

# Who We Be

## EMc

Uhh, yeah  
Another one of those  
This is for my nigga Q  
Down to earth joints  
Rest in peace, baby  
You're not for me dawg  
That's how many that don't know  
They knew I could do itThey don't know, who we be  
(This goes out to my nigga Q)  
(Rest in peace, baby)  
They don't know, who we be  
(They still ain't ready)What they don't know is  
The bullshit, the drama, the guns, the armour  
The city, the farmer, the babies, the mama  
The projects, the drugs, the children, the thugs  
The tears, the hugs, the love, the slugsThe funerals, the wakes, the churches, the coffins  
The heartbroken mothers, it happens, too often  
The problems, the things, we use, to solve 'em  
Yonkers, the Bronx, Brooklyn, HarlemThe hurt, the pain, the dirt, the rain  
The jerk, the fame, the work, the game  
The friends, the foes, the Benz, the hoes  
The studios, the shows, comes and it goesThe jealousy, the envy, the phony, the friendly  
The one that gave 'em the slugs, the one that put 'em in me  
The snakes, the grass, too long, to see  
The lawnmower, sittin', right next, to the treeThey don't know, who we be  
They don't know, who we be  
They don't know, who we be  
They don't know, who we beWhat we seein' is  
The streets, the cops, the system, harrassment  
The options, get shot, go to jail, or getcha ass kicked  
The lawyers, the part, they are, of the puzzle  
The release, the warning, "Try not, to get in trouble"The snitches, the odds, probation, parole  
The new charge, the bail, the warrant, the hole  
The cell, the bus, the ride, up north  
The greens, the boots, the yard, the heartsThe fightin', the stabbin', the pullin', the grabbin'  
The riot squad with the captain, nobody knows what happened  
The two years in a box, revenge, the plots  
The twenty-three hours that's locked, the one hour that's notThe silence, the dark, the mind, so fragile  
The wish, that the streets, would have took you, when they had you

The days, the months, the years, despair  
One night on my knees, here it comes, the prayerThey don't know, who we be  
They don't know, who we be  
They don't know, who we be  
They don't know, who we beThis here is all about  
My wife, my kids, the life that I live  
Through the night, I was his, it was right, but I did  
My ups, and downs, my slips, my falls  
My trials and tribulations, my heart, my ballsMy mother, my father, I love 'em, I hate 'em  
Wish God, I didn't have 'em, but I'm glad that He made 'em  
The roaches, the rats, the strays, the cats  
The guns, knives and bats, everytime we scrapThe hustlin', the dealin', the robbin', the stealin'  
The shit, hit the ceilin', little boy, with no feelin's  
The frustration, rage, trapped inside a cage  
Got beatin's 'til the age, I carried a twelve gaugeSomebody stop me, somebody come and get me  
Little did I know, that the Lord was ridin' with me  
The dark, the light, my heart, the fight  
The wrong, the right, it's gone, aight?They don't know, who we be  
They don't know, who we be  
They don't know, who we be  
They don't know, who we beThey don't know, who we be  
They don't know, who we be  
They don't know, who we be  
They don't know, who we beMan listen  
(They don't know, who we be)  
These motherfuckers don't know, who we are  
They don't know  
(They don't know, who we be)  
They couldn't possibly fuckin' know dawg  
That's from the heart

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