Now You See My Life

Deuce

[Deuce]:
There once was a kid name of Deuce,
who got sick and tired of being picked on.
So he got himself a nice twenty-two,
click, boom, now he?s on the fuckin? news.
[Deuce]:
Now who?s the king of these rap acts? American bad ass,
they say he?s a class act, no wonder he?s jabbed at.
Thats why they put me up in lights and I rap back,
and half these critics wanna mimic my crack-ass.
He ain?t no cynic but he knows where your dads at,
they ain?t go? finish ?till they send you to Baghdad.
And minute by minute, they go? pull you right in it,
you go? end up at clinics because they put you on Xinix.
But don?t you worry I?m back, yeah Deuce is back with a black hat,
cape and a black cat, baby I?m the new Batman.
(ooh) You know only Angie can grab that,
I don?t need no groupies tryin? a grab at my pants,
hopin? I?m a go back and tax that,
I ain?t endin? up in no place with no bad rash.
How come I get laughed at by media trash bags?
Just because I?m white and I sing like I?m half-black?
[Deuce] Chorus:
Now you see my life, and it looks so pretty, looks so pretty.
You want what you can?t have, and you know that?s too damn bad.
Try and take my pride, we both know thats silly, know that?s silly.
You want what you can?t have, and you know that?s too damn bad.
[Skee-Lo]:
(Skee-Lo) I?m gonna? make it no matter how long it takes me,
I?m sick of lower living I can?t allow it to break me.
My neighbors hate me, all they do is just make me,
bounce back, get on my hustle, achievin? great things.

An architect, buildin? my future, watching it grow,
reachin? out to the youth and I?m teachin? ?em what I know.
I done seen a lot a people do anythin? for the dough,
even rob, steal, kill, good girls that turned pro.
Good fellas turned stick-up kids I used to know.
Little Bobby graduated and college he couldn?t go.

The Earth rotates, a thousand thirty seven and a third.
Cops pull us over, tonight I?m on the curb,
gettin? handcuffed, deputies searchin? for contraband,
I?m face-down talkin? to God, he understands.
Tomorrow I?m a start a new life a changed man,
but tonight I might be going to jail for eight grams (and)
[Deuce & Skee-Lo] Chorus
[Deuce]:
I was born to rip shit, born with too much wit,
thats why they call me the Wiz Kid, ?cause I drop hits.
Mimic me, I?m too sick, you can?t hang, I?m too quick.
What?s my name? Deuce bitch, its the new shit.
Leavin? egos bruised and yeah your trapped, your stupid,
tryin?a step in in my shoes, but its foolish.
I?m cuckoo, homey I got screws loose,
fuck Tool, you can kiss my ass too bitch,
you and your Dr. Phil affiliates,
you?re worth two cents of my time and
a few bars, so move bitch,
as long as I?m doing music
I?m a be a nuisance,
its a new movement.
[Deuce] Chorus
[Skee-Lo]:
Deuces, Deuces, Deuces, Deuces, Skee-Lo, Skee-Lo, Skee-Lo, Deuces

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