

# Let Me Be

## L Matik

### Verse 1

Pain and struggle with misery  
Definition of my life  
Hennessy bottles with weed  
To provide  
Fuck the one time  
Im rollin getting high  
Cuz crooked cops can spy  
Im off probation  
Cuz im franchise  
I sport my own authority  
It was given to myself  
An operation that was plannin  
Help me bubblin up my wealth  
Bin laden sent me automatics  
Sittin on my shelf  
I tell you  
For protection  
For my life  
And my health  
Niggaz get dealt  
Fuckin with my destiny  
Ima blast  
Til the rest in peace  
Lettin loose with bullets  
Til my eyes bleed  
Niggaz cant stand to see me livin  
So my bullets im sendin  
As a message to yall punk bitches  
Aint no forgivin  
Got my mind made up  
In the field  
You getting blasted  
Absolutely dead  
Up in the casket  
One less bastard  
Just let me be  
Cuz im gone off this hennessy and weed niggaâ€

Chorus: 2x

Let me be

And drink my hennessy and smoke my weed

Fulfill my dreams

Pull my schemes

A soldier has to bleed to survive on these streets

A savage to be free

Searchin for freedom and peace

Verse 2

Im trynna build on my foundation

Havin no patience

Carry myself

Lacin with my glock cocked

Cravin for some privacy

Lights out

Closed curtains

Cops desertin and swervin

And gone off the bourbon

Disturbin the peace

Hittin three sixes in my chevy

Smokin up the block

Cuz I got the word

I lost the homie from the old school

Now Im loadin up my pistol

Im a ride for my homie

Cuz I miss ya

Nigga telling me to let you go

But they donâ€™t even know

I see reflections of your face

On my chrome when I ride bolo

Smokin that indo with that weed syndrome

It aint no better when my bomb weed smoking sicca

We aint no fuckin browns

I clown when I come through

Street game from the brain

Is how I spit too

Straight savaged

Packin them automatics

Bustin in traffic

Lettin niggas have it

And still its stillmatik

Chorus 2x

Verse 3

Gettin bigger  
were movin up on weight  
gotta connect call from upstate  
my nigga G-Wayne  
25 to life mayne  
Runnin the pin  
And ima run the fast lane  
Shit Thatâ€™s how I get it poppin  
My foâ€™ fifth cockin  
And watchin mothafuckaz  
Plottin up on my early coffin  
So get yo noggins straight  
And it be out the safe  
Payback from way back  
I knew you wasnâ€™t fake  
Til my days are near  
Strapped up with nuttin to fear  
Wipin down my last tear  
And if you wanna roll wit me  
Playa all you gotta do  
Is salute ya gâ€™s  
6ft on the under  
Is where they all deceased  
And playa hatin nobody sleepin  
Til they get some peace  
Countin gâ€™s in my sleep  
Cuz my timin creeps  
So let me be and run the streets dawg  
To ball out and move kiâ€™s yallâ€™

Chorus 2x

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Lyrics submitted by AJ.

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