

who we be

cakedog

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 it They 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 slugs The 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, Harlem The 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 goes The 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 tree 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 be What 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 hearts The 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 not The 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 prayer
They don't know, who we be
They don't know, who we be
They don't know, who we be
This 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 balls
My 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 scrap
The 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 gauge
Somebody 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 be
They don't know, who we be
They don't know, who we be
Man 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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