

# I Didn't Ask To Come

## Goodie Mob

Everyday somebody gets killed  
What's the deal it's 1995 and a nigga wanna live  
The type of life that people dream, I want things  
A crib, a car, while living the life of a king  
I know I take for granted at times for what I got  
Still hustlin' and bustlin' and now and then I stand a pop  
Or two to come up a steady battle through the days  
Mamma think I'm wrong because I wanna get paid  
The system ain't given T-mo a chance 22 on the loose  
And black trying to get the noose a little slack  
Around my neck they making it hard for a brother to cope  
It's still illegal to smoke cess 'cause they can't tax  
I'm ready to go up in the White House with my acts  
And chop up shit until they give my freedom back  
Service to what, who damn, you got caught sought away out  
The trait is getting full, calling up your pull but pull ain't got it  
I fell cold inside like a man sleeping on pavement  
Under the bridge of I-20 west  
And stress on the face of the man  
Cussing out the atmosphere with nobody close enough to hear  
And who dat miss they fee, 'cuz all they personal shit  
Is sitting on the front lawn of apple tree  
And for those who ain't got take  
Before the owner shows back up with the U-haul, police you call  
But wasn't no Marshall there to watch your stuff, see I stand tall  
To this world like a kid walking rapping his rhymes to himself  
A book on a shelf of many MC's seen them come and go  
Style free with Cool Breeze 'til it's thick like dat fog  
Stacking away my extra for a engine for tha hog  
Dropping a point from the East from a location out tha trees, 360 degrees  
Born into these crooked ways  
I never even ask to come so now I'm living in the days  
I struggle and fight to stay alive  
Hoping that one day I'd earn the chance to die  
Pallbearer to this one  
Pallbearer to that one  
Can't seem to get a grip  
'Cause, my palms is sweatin'  
Niggas ain't getting no where fast but, closer to the hearse

Why sunbeam burst off baskets nearly blinding me  
Almost dropped ma end of the casket  
Woodgrain and the only thang on my brain is where this coward hang

S W A T S

South West Atlanta Fountain Lane  
Forgot the batch niggas got thirty years  
Lord forgive me and my foes I know  
Revenge is best served when cold by those  
Who feel no guilt, God don't care whether you got a spade or not  
Ain't no turning in your playing hand you was dealt  
Better tighten up your belt man, always go with  
The first instinct because, I don't make the rules  
Ooh, you know how it is in these streets  
Victims rarely get a chance to think twice  
As he laid in the final resting place  
He had such a peaceful expression in his face  
My visions blurry from crying but it ain't hard to see that  
At any time it coulda been me  
It's about 90 degrees outside but yet it felt like I'm froze  
The ceremonies come to a close  
I toss a rose but just can't seem to walk away yet  
Damn I done fucked around and got upset  
But it ain't nothing we can do  
It's bigger than me and you one day our time coming too  
So ain't no use in being sad  
Leaving here was probably the best gift he ever had  
We should be glad  
Maybe his life was something  
That he had to give to show me  
That I need to be responsible about how I live  
I won't complain about my pain  
But I just ain't gone let my niggas die in vain  
So Bean, I'm gone make it for you  
The cycle that these young black men keep goin' through  
I'm gone break it for you  
And start takin' care of me  
And me consist of all my friends and my family  
From now on, until I'm gone  
Born into these crooked ways  
I never even ask to come so now I'm living in the days  
I struggle and fight to stay alive  
Hoping that one day I'd earn the chance to die  
Pallbearer to this one  
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