Just Like Me

Jay Rock

How cool is gang banging?
It's love when you and your homies hanging huh?
Your uncles had did it so it's a chain reaction
Relate to your homies because them two are bastards
Feel that your hood colour look good in Jordans
Striking your name on the wall to feel important
Banging on niggaz hoping they push a line
Say the wrong street corner it's go timeBut ignorance is bliss because them fists are soon gon' turn into a bullet
If the index finger pull it cameras coming for the footage
Channel 9, Channel 11, Aiming Nines, Mack 11
Another baby for the reverend
Another casket takin action
In a matter of a second nothing matters when you reppin for your turf
Hold it down, have heart - Put in work
That's the moral of the story when you're worried and you're wicked
And your mental never get it
It's a sickness when you kill your own kind[Chorus:]
Different names different sides
But I could see it in your eyes
That you're (just like me) and I'm (just like you)
Your (just like me) n I'm (I'm just like you)
It's up to you to decide
How your gonna change your life
Your (just like me) n I'm (just like you)
Your (just like me) n I'm (just like you)How cool is selling drugs?
It's love when you and yours is making bucks huh?
Your uncles was hustlin' so it's a chain reaction
Risking somebody's house just to get it cracking
Now everybody see you as a D-Boy
You shinning bright now
It was hard to be a decoy
Serving them junkies to get some quick cash
To give to your mama because she doing badNow bitches on yo dick and niggaz got their hands out like you holding something
If you don't look out for nothin
Knock, knock, knock the feds are coming
You ain't even really thinking
Cause your mind is on the money
Jealous niggaz politicking on the plot to leave you bloody.But your blinded because you shinning fiend want

another hit
So you serve him 30 minutes
He O.D. off the shit
That's the moral of the story when you're greedy and you're wicked
But your mind will never get it
It's a sickness when you kill your own kind[Chorus]You ever throw your life away?
On this gang banging shit went off your brothers face
Or perhaps living in the fast lane
Selling drugs poisoning peoples brains
It's just a thought but don't stress it man
Just know somebody's mama out there sufferin'
Because she lost her baby to a stray bullet
Feel victim from all this gang shootingMmm mmmMan these niggaz out here walling
All the hooping and the hallan
Man, you rather sell some pot instead trying hit college
Where is all these father figures he either dead or locked in violents
Yet your mom never promised my nigga I'm being honest
Better wake up fast
Last of a dying breed
All I do is press facts, jack
Look, the moral of the story
Souring hearts will never feel it
Plus their minded is really twisted
It's a sickness when you kill your own kind[Chorus]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/