

## Who Are You?

Mr. Probz

Who are you, to point your finger at me  
Who are you, to tell me I ain't no good  
Who are you, who are you  
Who are you, who are you

Uh, I ain't never been the type to work from 9 to 5  
Always knee-deep in the struggle to keep my dream alive  
So who the fuck are you to criticize me  
Cuz I'm thinking out the box, no critic can find P-  
Robz, Shit I'm everybody's problem  
But fuck opinions asshole 'cause everybody got one  
You bucket of crabs, got me locked up in the lab  
Motivated, quotes burning my path  
Tryna get this money in 'dash, you know how it to  
You never turn your back homie, if you knew what I know (knew what I know)  
And they saying I'm too cocky  
But what'chu trying to prove, you gangsta? Try stop me  
You lames keep my name in your mouth, ain't shit changed  
I'm still in the hood, its all good I feel your pain  
But cant help it if you stuck in the P  
So why you sittin' there pointing at me?

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Yeah, we used to share dreams and chase paper with little luck  
Now they talk about me with they face all shriveled  
You wanna eat? I can hand you a spoon  
Something poppin' on the streets, take the head of a goon [?]  
My mind never fade to black thinking of moves  
Got light bulbs that'll pop up and light up the room (so crazy)  
Ya'll fucked up, you try and blame me  
You should've been, could've been, would've been maybe  
Was born in the 80's, my background shady  
So when I hit the block you know I tuck that lady  
You can say what you want, that's not my baby  
Tryna get my seed like, fuck you pay me  
it's like the whole world tryna control how I'm thinking move  
But if you're trying to stop growth and you're looking at me  
Only real recognize the truth, so

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