

# Come As You Are

Audio Push

I go to sleep wide awake and I wake up tired  
You niggas go to sleep as rappers and wake up fired  
If this is the first thing you hearing then dammit you already late  
This is perfect, I start with all things I hate, like this  
I hate people that follow trends and wear the same fashion  
I don't like people that hear whack music and say it's classic  
I hate when people bring up, teach me how to jerk  
'Cause now my lyrics merk and they just salty I'm amazing at it  
Bring it back, it's time for me to address stress over these niggas  
I'm having a hard time getting impressed over these niggas  
I think that you're gonna hear this and think that it's a negative song  
When you should just change and prove my negative's wrong  
Moving on, I hate people that don't rep their home town in fear of being lame  
Y'all said it, I hate people that don't rep their home town in fear of being lame  
The game don't change 'cause it's like so many people try to be whole in fear of being dame  
As these new boys wings get clipped by the new young guns of the game  
So don't crisscross my words, nigga, you don't hear this from California  
So I just we're just outcasts, now can you smell the stink on you?  
What the fuck is up? These niggas fucking nuts off of that endo, not even a little  
Nigga, this is the intro and your problems are stronger than your legs  
And you can't run very far so grab your sins and your friends and come as you are  
Heavenly Father, please keep Satan far from my path  
And keep these fake frauds and trifling broads away from my stash  
They say when you give, don't give to receive and give what you feel  
So if I'm gonna give y'all anything, I'm gonna give y'all everything  
Now close your eyes and picture this crib with no grass in the front  
With a Ford Taurus in the driveway with no gas so it puts  
All the way to school, momma asking if I'm a pass or gonna flunk  
'Cause I sit in class writing raps all day 'cause I got the passion to stunt  
But I didn't need no class to pass 'cause I know the math  
Used to rock my Pro Clubs inside out just to show the tag  
Southern California where them light skin bitches know they bad  
From the era where niggas love their mommas but don't know they dads  
But momma raised me well, all by herself  
Even though we used to bump heads, I be pissed off on that bunk bed  
Slamming doors, talking slick, acting like I'm running shit  
Party jumping on the weekend but I'm stuck on punishment  
Get fed up and I move out, her pride high, she let me go  
So work with HT, my big homie, he help me grow  
Told me get to the music, be careful who you trust  
Two things you better not ever give that's up or a fuck, nigga, what  
So I teamed up with Oktane, seen the top we made, the plot to take the spot  
Like fucking not, we kicking doors and breaking locks  
Deep lockdown, Pete got so many styles, kissing bitches that look like Jada Pinkett  
She Gucci wow, wow, now  
Since we made it, jerk it, it's on the world, we repped in like white boy sign  
They can't rap, it's all these discussions, hoe you mean to tell me  
Since we dance our music ain't bumpy?  
'Cause please, let's not forget, 2Pac was on stage humpty humping  
Back up dancing like like he was cooking, when in fact he was good at rappin

g that  
Just to say your judgment ain't best, just shooting gap  
I pray to Christ and wish my haters confusion, I eat nine on nine, forever lost in the music  
Come as you are