

Myself

Bun B

Yo, yo, yo...
Yo, yo, yo...
Whoo, whoo, whoo
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Had a dream I was still sixteen
But still me when I seen myself
I was so bull-headed down the road I was headed
Had to slow down and walk with myself
Had to talk to myself
Argue and fought myself
Yeah, I had told myself
The road never stroll down there
And I told me, shit, I'mma keep it G
You lookin' aight, Big Mike
Big money, big car, big house, big booty wife
Shit, nigga, that's your life
That's your car, your house, your wife
I'm just sayin'
You can have that without the strife of the life that a nigga endured
You ain't gotta drop outta college
And watch your grand-momma ask the Lord, "Lord, why did he do it?"
You ain't gotta make love to the girl you don't really love
Y'all have a baby and go through it
What's really so bad?
The game that I'm givin' is golden
'Cause it was gotten straight from dad
'Did you listen to him Mike?' Wish I had
It's my life, it ain't that bad (yeah)
Keep this conversation locked in your head
Put you first, stack your bread

I got to make these moves
I got to pay my dues
I got to take care of mine and mine and mine and mine alone
And the folk that need me to be strong
I got to hold my own
I got to write my wrongs
I got to let God steer
I got to take myself
I got to help myself to live
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Protect myself

Now who wouldda thought that a nigga wouldda made it to a penthouse (made it to a penthouse)
Man, I been thinkin' 'bout when Pimp came home, went straight to the [?] (straight to the [?])
Now that's a long way from a pot on the stove with the gram (gram)
But when I was comin' up all I had in the pot was some Ramen noodles and Spa

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And I was like damn and this is some bullshit
I don't want to live like this
I just want a chain that rains and nice wrists
Why the hell can't I have me some nice shit?
But instead of complainin' I started aimin' higher
My passion matched my desire
Now I just spit out that fire and never get tired
You can put that on a choir
Yeah man, I got me suppliers and made some mistakes
But guess what? That shit don't define me
That's why you find me grindin' from the Nineties until I'm in my nineties
Shinin, no need to rewind me
Said it before and they scared to repeat it
I came to give the people game they needed until my life is depleted (life is depleted)
Your life is a bitch and it's best to be mindful of how you gon' treat it (how you gon' treat it)
'Cause if you catch a case with the Devil, my nigga, I'm down for your beatin'
(I'm down for your beatin')
Can't get away from the choices you make and the way you behavin' (the way you behavin')
So don't be surprised when the throne that you sit in is startin' to cave-in

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Hey, I got a foot trapped in quicksand (ay)
I got my hand stuck in a blender (ay)
Walk with a heart that been bruised up
Still got a couple of beats left in
What a surprise, I'm not dead yet
Got a couple of friends that can't claim that
[?] throwin' the bones that got one one
Eyes of the State, no fun fun
Woke up in the dawn, alone, the mood hung there, yawnin'
I don't see calm that often
Lit the stick in her hair with no coughed
I'm walkin' the Earth again, better get poppin'
Check the old gold watch, I ride often
It don't mean much, but it's mine, I copped it
Have it on my wrist 'til my heart starts stoppin'
Good to remind, then I'm lyin' inside coffins
I don't advise, who am I to act wise?
Nine out of ten times the swine had arised, so I lie
It ain't a-okay
Eh, you get nine bucks they want eight?

Try'na chase you and parade around Mace
Try to remind myself they will pay
You don't got shit, take a bit of mind games
Stick around maybe bring your pain to these lames

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