

Authentics

Duckwrth

Uh, I normally don't do this
But I'ma have fun
This is for the kids
That swear to be themselfe

I cuff my jeans like you do
They say they don't understand me
Sometimes they black, maybe they blue
They say they don't understand me
They say my words is too complex
They want me to sing them a, b, c's
But I'ma never ever come down
Uh huh, yeah what now

And for the teachers that said I wouldn't make it
Uh huh, yeah what now
And for the bullies that thought I couldn't take it
Uh huh, yeah what now
And for the internet hype straight hatin'
Uh huh, yeah what now
And I'ma never ever come down
Uh huh, yeah what now

Born in the 80's, ninja turtles
Sunnyside of killacalifornia
Fuck your ten speed, I was a skateboarder
Bustin' tre flips, that was my best trick
But when my board chipped, I couldn't afford
So I worked at Vans, that 50 percent discount
Made a nigga wanna straight flip out, cash out
Amounts I could own a penthouse
So I was laced, the crew was laced
My momma, sister, them too was laced
Plus all the pressure, them two we're faced
Tryna raise a black boy who liked spikes on his arm
Shoes never clean, rips in my jeans
Occasionally bumped that [?]
That Iron Maiden, no Jodyce
Greenday, Bad Brains, and The Casualties
Plus I skinned my sides, I couldn't believe how big my mohawk grew to be
Then I ended up in a magazine
Ten people, then I started feelin' me
From then I knew I had to be, the greatest man that the hood would see
And they wouldn't even know I'm from the S to the C, South Central
Home of the crease Khakis, my mental not to be gang affiliated
Cause I live down the street from the Rollin' 90's
Tight pants, but they still had to roll behind me
This nigga look like a alien, but they gotta respect it
Walkin' down the street, dark skin complexion
With a god reflection, you get the message, the style was hectic
Didn't look like them niggas that shop all year in the winter section
That nerd face, no taste
Take it off, it's too hot
You not, kill em' soft like O.J., Fujay's
Mid-summer in the tube socks, whose hot
One more time
That nerd face, no taste

Take it off, it's too hot
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I cuff my jeans
They want me to come down huh
But I stay in flight
Cause there ain't no reason
To come down that is

And if I ever crash my rocket straight into the sun
I will go in a blaze of glory because I know I had some fun
And my kids will tell the story how they father surely won
Cause the battle wasn't short-term, and the war is just begun
It's a war brewing outside, and the enemy looks like hype
Either you can look like a punk bitch, or you can stand up and fight
They got weapons of mass destruction, and they're aimed at yo mind
But hype can't teach you nothin', I'm never running out of time
The best way to beat this beast, is simply to be yo self
Nah, really just be yourself
Your flaws just give you character, so fuck being anybody else
Really just be yo self
You get the point