

## 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

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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