

Believe In Me

Evidence

I sit alone in my four-cornered room starin at Pro-Tools
Heh-heh, ay yo yo...
Uh, talk to 'em Res

You got to belieeeeeeeve in something...
Why not believe in me?

Yeah, I'm back with that hop and schemin the plot
See what you got, never stop; timeless, no hands on my clock
Impossible to flop, I'm from that flip when it's hot
On the block, fuck the world 'til I shut down shop (oh!)
I'm on a hunt to find the best in the invitation (E-V)
Rap's my parking lot, don't need no validation (it's crazy)
I'm hearin it clear, 20/20 vision when they start to listen
And see what I say to the point where it's written
In stone; I'm not the only one with the ace - he ain't alone
Got two in different suits, my hand ain't thrown
I save the best for the time when the rest is tired (y'kno)
Invest in my own, my lows now higher (wow)
From a bird's-eye point now my views got wiser
And up close and personal, my buzz caught fire
To the point where I spit this, it set off sirens
And fire hydrants, the rap tyrant - believe in me
These other MCs' sell they dreams
First LP, move units switch their stead
I tell 'em all, "Don't bother" (NO!) - The cat you love today
Gonna be a different rapper tomorrow - ha ha

You got to belieeeeeeeve in something... (Yeah, uh)
Why not believe in me?
(E-V, the best of what the West is
Fresh, middle finger up, fuck the rest)
You got to belieeeeeeeve in something... (Yeah)
Why not believe in me?
(Uh, myself and I, 'til the day I die
Here to lead not to get behind, yeah)

Name's official, game not competition
I'm sayin they start to listen, aim plus ammunition
Game I start spittin, rain I start liftin
Umbrellas up, here comes the pain right with it (oh!)
Never lose touch, never lose sight
Never lose sight of my moms, since she been gone things ain't been right
Shit ain't been on, she lost that fight
Still I stay strong every night
Tour all year long, don't love to fly
Lost my fear, catch that flight
It's to the point of no return, I'm third degree burn
(None compared to her) New season
Time to dead ya character
My weed use is prevalent, minority report
It's the orgy of Evidence (crazy!)
Always felt that's somethin that's' to be said for friends (yeah)
And always say what I feel 'til I make my point relevant (it's real)
Y'all musta lost ya grip (y'kno!)
Thinkin I got gassed, lost to love and do what these labels tellin us
Man, it's plain to see, I rep the streets

Seven days a week, you got...

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"Evidence (Whooooa)
Evidence (Yeah, yeah, yeah...) "