

Write About Us 'left To Write Remix'

King 810

I never be the same no more
Don't give a fuck about this pain no more
I be goin through it
I never be the same no more
Don't give a fuck about this pain no more
I be gettin through it

AK's and Glock 40's ain't nothin on my block boring
Same crime happen in the night can happen bright early in the morning
This ain't how its supposed to be but its real life and y'all all know it
Wanna blame music for all the killing and lock us up we ain't goin for it
My day dreams be nightmares
Cops yellin hands in the air
They don't know if I'm right or wrong but deep down they don't really care
Been a long time since I shed a tear
Still wish my brother was still here
Still wish my cousin was still here
Should I thank God that I'm still here?

They said we need it right and you're the only one we trust
So promise that you'll write about us
(Givem something to write about)

Don't get me started I'll clear the party
Bet you never seen this many dead bodies
AR's I'll air em out
Killers with me I'll lettem out
Fuckem all well leavem dead give mlive somethin to write about
Money on his head he ain't even see it comin that's the real definition of a
dead man walkin
Off top I spark no need for talkin so cut it short
Ball onem don't need a court
Whippin, scales Pyrex and forks
Hit the club just to pop some corks
I was in the streets you was on the porch
Risk taker I know the source
Interstates and airports
Drug lords just have that money or your ass is out like the landlord
Grind mode I stand for it
Get blow is the name for it
Whip game till my wrist sore
In the kitchen I get more
True to life I got thugs with me
No felonies but got guns with me

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Came out talkin about crime they said that I was fakin
Then I went to jail I wasn't fake but they kept hatin

I put a microscope on a city they didn't care about
Why was I surprised when critics didn't care for what I put out?
So this ain't for the editors
This is for the predators
The 50 some odd men in the bullpen
Arrested at the airport supposed to be in London
They said we fucked it up and that our careers were done then
Meanwhile I'm embraced by the worlds waste
We share the same tattoos all in the database
They carve my words on the walls in their cells
They said "It doesn't take the pain away but it helps"
So this ain't for your column
I solemnly swore to my city and its people that I got em
I'm more comfortable in the cage than on the stage
What the fuck would you do if you were in my place?
Would you just ignore them and not mention the place?
And turn your back on them and let the world forget their names
When all they ever wanted was for you to achieve fame
And tell their story for them cause they knew they would be slain
Sad part about it is I told someone else to tell mine
Cause growin up as a kid all I pictured was my dyin
And how I've made it this far you gotta believe in luck
Cause how I'm livin lately its like I don't give a fuck
And I've been shot up and stabbed up and thrown into the cell
And I beat all the odds that said I wouldn't live to tell
And now I'm tellin the whole world what life is like in hell
And I haven't made it out I'm still knee deep in gunshells
And casings and cases I caught cause I wouldn't tell
Industry looks at me like I'm a hard sell
And often I wanna kill myself I don't know why I'm waitin
Things I'm supposed to love and care about I feel are quickly fading
But its only me that's changing, no one can take a thing from me
And I've taken human lives and I've used it to make money
So next time you say you're a monster you better think twice
Cause you can take your masks off I wear these scars for life
And if I come off like a man know that I'm just playing nice
And if I come off like I understand know were nothing alike
I was the man you are now as a kid
And the thing I am right now I can't explain what it is
But if you were me and they were shootin for your head
And you kept a loaded gun to prevent your own death
And you lived on the run wanted by the law
Cause crimes you committed to survive were never ever solved
And when you closed your eyes you saw kids being killed
It's not fantasies its memories of kids being killed
What would you write about in your songs?
When all you see is dead friends and get prison calls all day long
These motherfuckers want the knife blade in their rib cage
If they catch me on the wrong day
Meet me middle of the night in the cold and ice
And neither of us leave unless its with the others life