

# Don't Want To Be Me

King Von

(Know to let that MAC fly just like my nigga Doe, baow) What?  
Von, Von  
You don't know what the fuck I been through, nigga  
The fuck I done lost  
Huh? What?

You don't wanna be me (Nah)  
Little nigga, you don't wanna be me, nah (Huh?)  
You don't wanna be me (Nah)  
Little nigga, you don't wanna be me (Uh-uh)  
It was hard in the streets (It was hard)  
Growin' up, it's either him or it's me (Huh? What?)  
It be hard in the streets (It was hard)  
Growin' up, it's either him or it's me (Damn, damn, damn)  
You don't wanna be me (Uh-uh)  
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It was hard just to make it (What?)  
Real shit, I ain't saying no fake shit (Uh-uh)  
Grew up 78th, grandma basement (What?)  
Then we moved to Parkway, it was gated (Damn, damn)  
I'm like, "Damn, where we stayin'?" (What? Huh?)  
First night, gunshots, they ain't playin'  
Had to sleep on the floor, we was on the first floor (Boom, boom, boom)  
Boy, stay away from that window (Boom, boom, boom)  
See, this where it started (Yeah, yeah)  
Three floors, eight floors, them apartments (Yeah)  
Section 8, baby mamas and toddlers (Huh?)  
Killers, rappers and robbers (Damn)  
See, I adapt to that shit though  
I had to fight everyday, I was still new (I was new)  
They ain't know me, we ain't go to the same school (Same school)  
Probably mad 'cause I always had on new shoes (Damn, damn)  
See, that's what that crack do (Yeah)  
Stepdad sellin' drugs in the trap too (Yeah, huh?)  
Used to have his own place in the house too  
Grandma used to say he was bad news, huh? (Damn, damn)  
Fuck that, I'm in high school (I'm in high school)  
Hyde Park, food fights in the lunch room (In them lunch room)  
Got jumped on the bus one time too (What? What?)  
Same day, Joey came up to the school too (Damn, damn)  
Then shots got to ringin' (Boom, boom)  
Caught Joey in the act, Gucci leaked him (Boom, boom)  
He got hit in the side, but he breathin' (Damn)  
Police right there, he was tweakin' (Damn)  
But this how it started (Yeah)  
You don't wanna be me, I'm retarded  
Locked up, sixteen for a robbery (What?)  
Mama, come see me, I'm sorry, please (Yeah)  
You don't wanna be me  
All the shit I done done in the streets (Huh?)

All the shit I done lost, I done turned myself a boss  
Can't believe I lost LilBossT, damn

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Now life got different (Got different)  
I done did my time, I'm chillin' (I'm chillin')  
2012 if you wanna be 'pecific (What?)  
I lost O and Patoon, that killed me (Damn)  
See, that's changin' the plans now  
All that shit I said in jail ain't the plan now  
Gotta get my hands dirty, pull that mask out  
Get caught by King Von, boy, you assed out (Boom, boom)  
See, I'm tweakin' again (Huh? What?)  
Lost Sheroid, I can't see him again (Huh? Damn)  
Now I'm back out skiin' again (There he go, come here)  
I mean slidin', ain't no motherfuckin' hiding, nah, uh  
Nines, forties, extensions (Uh-huh)  
Keep it movin' if you not the victim (Uh-huh)  
Mind your business, we don't need no witness (Uh-huh)  
Heard you got you a son, better kiss him (Huh?)  
'Cause shit'll get crazy (Yeah)  
He get caught and he say that you made him (Damn)  
Bullet holes in his mouth, straight face him (Boom, boom)  
All the thoughts in his head, just erase 'em (Boom, boom)  
Now back to the basics (Uh)  
Back booked, eight months, that's crazy (That's crazy)  
Four-five Glock on me, no safety (No safety)  
Police hopped out, then chased me (Damn)  
I got caught, I was tweakin' (Damn)  
Back in jail with a celly, he stinkin' (Damn)  
Kayla told me, "Fuck them hoes, they freakin'"  
God put you back in here for a reason

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Back at it again (Yeah)  
Took some time, now I'm back out the pen (Out the pen)  
Lost my brothers L'A and J-Money (Damn)  
House arrest and I'm totin' the Sig (Yeah)  
Yeah, I'm on the band (Band)  
Spin the block if you miss him again (Again)  
Run up, hit his chest and his head (And his head)  
Roll him up, now we smoking the dead, damn (Boom, boom, boom, boom)  
See, '14 was bussin' (It was bussin')  
Leave him there, don't touch him, he gushin' (He gusin')  
He was tough, he got shot, he pussy (He pussy)  
Ambulance couldn't make it, he cushy, damn  
Now I'm back on my dummy

Investigation room, this is not funny (It ain't funny)  
I'm not hungry, you keep your bologna (You can keep it)  
Let me out 'cause they ain't got shit on me, huh?  
Now me and Varney slide (Slide)  
Got a bitch in the car, she just drivin' (She just drivin')  
We hopped out, we was blastin' and wildin' (We be wildin')  
Guns so loud we ain't hearin' the sirens (Boom, boom)  
But 12 'nem was comin' (What?)  
We ain't talkin', no time for discussion  
Took the case, man, that bitch was one hundred  
Until she fucked on the opp, now she nothin', damn

Damn, damn, damn  
They don't wanna be me  
All the shit that I did in these streets  
Nigga, I probably can't get no peace  
Can't even go to sleep  
Catch a nigga, put his ass to sleep, what?  
Huh? Little nigga, you don't wanna be me  
Little nigga, you don't wanna be me