

This Is Me

Mark Battles

So

Here we go

This is me, before the deal

Before the big shows, before the stadiums and...

And, ah TV appearances and the radio play and the platinum album, and the Grammy, and the lies, and the rumors, and the depression, and the hatred

This is me in my purest form... and, I just want to share that with you

They said open your eyes, you got a lot to lose

No time to choose, get left confused if you don't follow rules

This Donald news remind these fools of when we shined they shoes

And picked up cotton, times forgotten, so we spoiled rotten

Nobody want to work, and nobody want to commit, so everybody getting hurt

I thought I had it first, but I guess you had it worse

I advise you learn to surf, this Vasi wave may save the earth, yep

Speak polite then take your purse, that's how it works, yep

Flee the scene, police sirens, see in the dirt, yep

Now it's another nigga gone

Twitter R.I.P.s I guess we'll put them in a song

Tell his mama to be strong, but where did she go wrong

Would he be out here thuggin' if his father was at home, I don't know

I can't complain bro, three shows in a row and this ain't closed

50k in a month, that's a bank roll

Main hoe got my name on her anal

Lay low, but I rep it like a gang though

Vic Vasi dripping gold, where the rainbow

Came slow, cause I got to let the name grow

Trap town, we was raised where you can't go

FA on some new shit, too slick, I could really get the booth lit

Blew quick, now I'm chilling with a cute chick

But I only tapped twice like a new pick

New life, who's this

I'm really just working on my music

These niggas really told me I was foolish

You can't make it with a message, you just stupid (what?)

Quit trying to preach to these thugs

It is what it was, man they like selling drugs (they like selling drugs)

We don't really care how you feel, I don't want to hear your song, if you ain't talking popping pills

At least talk about some coke ('bout some coke nigga)

Nigga, talk about the cars, are you broke? (are you broke nigga?)

Talk about the riches (talk about the money)

At least talk about some bitches (talk about the hoes)

We love all that crap, ain't you from the hood

Where's your blunt, where's your strap

Man you could've buzzed where you at, but you waited 'till this album to cuss on your raps, you're a loser

That's what the haters try to tell me, but I don't mind as long as my family healthy

I do shows, my fans crying for selfies

And I'mma rep the threes 'till they nail me

Vasi

Before the deal

It's before the deal, it's before the deal

I ain't gon' change, keep it more than real

That's a promise

Threes up
It's Fly America