

Be The One

Yelawolf

I'm not sure if you're aware or not but I'm Illuminati
We controlling the minds of all of you
Shady, the evil empire
Yeah you got me pegged motherfucker
You got me, fuck y'all

Man people really got me confused, what did I do?
Outside being a human being seeing my dreams through?
Never did shit to nobody but invite them out to my party
Get'em drunk and maybe even tell them a story or two
Some think I'm Illuminati 'cause I'm a light in the dark
Lookin' for masonic symbols inside of my body art
That's hilarious Marshall, what the fuck you do to these folks?
Crazy motherfuckers tryin' to put me and you in the boat
With Royce da 5'9", Crooked I, Budden and Joell
But I'm on this ship and I don't give a shit, oh well
I see the storm, let the boat sail
And I'm on deck but the rain pourin' off my raincoat tails
They see God in me 'cause I know Hell
They see the criminal inside of me probably 'cause I broke jail
But my soul is not on wholesale
And when I die, my people will be cryin' the first
No? Well look

If I'm gonna be the one, then everybody comes to one
Then I guess the battle has begun, fuck it then, let's have some fun
'Cause I promise I will never run, never run from what I've become
'Cause all that dumb shit that I've done, built me up to make me the one

Jesus Christ sittin' passenger with the .45
Turn the page, I got a new way to earn in pay
Stickin' bitches off with a crucifix while Lucifer sits
With a Vice Magazine, burning every page
Well I guess it's my turn to play
The wildcard of Shady's clique and new world order'll play
Talkin' shit, yeah that's sorta gay
But I ain't homophobic; I punch a homo like I punch a man
No way, are you serious?
Claiming that I got hipsters brainwashed and they all coming to my show
But if you took a moment and took my dick out your mouth
You would see all the versatility on the front row
I convert, revert people to desert
People who miss being them people of Wolf, go home
And if you're violent enough, anybody doubtin'
They come to the Circle of Psychos and you be done
So look

The one gathering people, some people think that I'm king
Some people think that I'm trash, some people shout and they scream
Don't bother me, I'm a survivor, I'm alive and livin' my dream
In a microwave society I'm a steady stream
Don't need no validation from any cultural thieves
No magazines or blogs or anybody who don't believe
If you're behind the camera, than just point it at me
'Cause I'll be making this movie and you're just making a scene, check it
Missy Elliot gave me a shot and I love her for it

I wasn't ready, I should have waited, but when you poor
And you got a two year old baby and one on the way
You be crazy to see opportunity at your door and ignore it
So you lookin' back and callin' me whack and ho for
When all I wanted to do was get my kids out that apartment
And that's important
And I went from not having a home, to everything I owned up in storage
I made a sacrifice any daddy would make
'Cause I cannot stand and look when they look into daddy's face
When the government picked away at every penny that I made
I had to borrow money to get my son a fuckin' birthday cake
Yeah, I guess that's a hard balance to weigh
Chase the rap game, or manage a subway
Well I suck at making a sandwich and rappin' don't get me paid
But if I stick to then I'll get through with it someday
I'll be the one, you can talk shit about me
I'll be the one that you think is a part of some fucked up cult
I'll be the one you can hate
But

I ain't mad motherfucker
It's that new church, I be pastor
What's up Wolf pack? Secret sermon started
Open up this rhyme book, give you some motherfucking quotables