

# Be The One

Yelawolf

I'm not sure if you're aware or not but I'm Illuminati  
We controllin' 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 Eliot 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