

## Saint f/ El Da Sensei, Emskee

### "Everything But Me"

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[Intro/Chorus 2X: Saint] I can't act that way Can't believe the things you say What exactly do you want me to be? Everything but me [Saint] No strings attached, be out to move my lanes No place to stick your arm to maneuver my chain These are the shoes that I'm in and I ain't makin 'em fit You want me in them size twos forever fakin my shit You want it cookie cutter, less risk of takin a hit You want a kid on his last leg just waitin to spit You want a thug who want a deal and don't wanna be poor You wanna hear the same notions that I wanna ignore Sure I wanna be the one that others want to go cop Who wouldn't want to but for that I wouldn't want to go pop But I don't wanna be, a wannabe I want to be the producer/MC that best represents me You wouldn't want a person make you do the stuff he don't wanna Wanna make me want to live by some rules I won't honor Wanna be startin somethin like Michael, you don't want it That old do-what-I-wanna-do type shit, I'm on it [Chorus] [Emskee] People always try to push you into somethin that represents frontin Cause the truth is not what they're really wantin They wanna change or rearrange for spite All because they're in position to say what's right Whatever happened to confidence and self-expression of people who are talented and shouldn't be questioned? Alter your game for a mass appeal With a conservative feel cause it's hard to come real Lockin you down like their slowly shield 'Til the person that they want to come out, is revealed Some are better left behind the scenes screening Cause being who they are, really has no meaning Or merit to move, into the bright lone spotlights But only those holdin power seem to have rights Maintain your identity and passion And don't change quick like the seasons of fashion It's a lot easier said than done But there's a cost if you really wanna be number one If you really wanna be number one There's a cost if you really wanna be number one... [Chorus] [El Da Sensei] Yeah, trendsetter with a better movement Movement to be timeless, lines showin improvement On path with my own craft Lone gunman that brag from now way in the past Yeah, hard left

since I started this mess Heartbelt like car theft rock on  
regardless Been a task since the flow is off beat Told  
to slow down and don't put words squeezed in neat Be  
yourself, show what your life's worth MAN UP, because  
it's you before any colors first Preservation over  
instrumentation Rhyme over beats since beat gave  
creation In the mirror I face who's responsible And jot  
down heat in each and every chronicle Unstoppable,  
nothing's impossible Goals are probable, voted top  
model, yeah [Chorus] - 1/2

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