

Yeasayer

"Shit I've Seen"

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[Yelawolf]

Half of these motherfucking rappers don't know shit
Aint seen a gansta aint seen a brick
And they wonder why when the OG's come around
Yelawolf I get the respect I get
Cause I never walk into another man's house
And tell him what I think about the way he live
I done a little dirt on my own
And I won't throw stones
So I get back what I give
Reach for the tool homeboy go ahead
If you wanna be dead homie be dead
Who am I to be thinkin that I won't pop a trunk
If you feelin like a punk
From the he said she said
Life's not a choice it's a win or lose
So what's it gonna be, him or you?
Did he lie on your bed, did she lie to your head?
Well, it all depends on the truth
See I'm realistic and everyday can't be terrific
I done see one of my boys get ticked off and put his
hands on a dirty AK and lifted it
Up in the air, and then saw him carried him
Into the club, I know he wanted to bury 'em
My crew is laughing, I was scared as fuck and they
thought it was hilarious

[Chorus - Chamillionare]

In this game it seems
That I'm lyrically, reaching a point where
It's no fair no more
Hit em wit that major pain as we shoot and destroy
It's like I'm bringing war to your front door
In this game it seems
That I'm lyrically, reaching a point where
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[Chamillionaire]

Look how I lyrically assassinate a verse then

I can get a hook shot like urban
You never bust, rapping just like you a virgin
I know your girl, then get in her belly like a surgeon
A hundred milli gotta get it, brrrr, Birdman?
Christina Milian she ain't got her man
And I don't have no dreams either, I'm workin'
Surfin' the earth and tryna stay urban
You see the heater poking out I got the shirt in
All these rappers getting jerked without the jerkins
The similes and metaphor that I be servin
Goin right over their head, hah turbans
I gotta (?) she a Persian
And I gotta deal with Eminem but I ain't burnin'
Hot, got a lawyer, he's really a diversion
I'm ridin dirtier the 30 days with no detergent
Ain't really with the beef with the tweets, I get at you
If I ever see you in the streets I'ma slap you
I don't mean LeBron with the Heat comin at you
Cover up with the duck like Young LA tattoo
All this cake, getting flipped like a spat-u-la
Not a act, like a chat I'm a natural
Suits tried to take me out the game
What did that do?
Still here, like a name up in here at you (?)
Bread cheese, yeah funds really high
Walk in the strip club throw my lunch in the sky
Front til ya die
While I spend a month in Dubai
I'm a God in the streets, da-la-hum-dil-lee-i
Test, and I'ma bet that gonna you flunk when you try
I don't even gotta to use my gun to reply
You'll get punched in the eye
Punched in the eye
What is a tie?
OR you can blood finna fly!

[Chorus - Yelawolf]
The shit I've seen
Has changed me
What use to be strange to me
Just ain't strange to me no more (Yeah I done seen this
shit before)
It's just another day outside my door, outside my door
The shit I've seen
Has changed me
What use to be strange to me
Just ain't strange to me no more
[Chamillionaire]
In this game it seems
That I'm lyrically, reaching a point where
It's not fair no more

Hit em wit that major pain as we shoot and destroy
It's just another day outside my door, outside your
door

[Trae the Truth]

Yeah, I'ma let you take a second to introduce you to
pain
Where everybody going through it and going insane
The inner struggle but they focused on making they
change
Anybody get it away and they making it rain
If it go to me I'll probably be doing the same
If I ever could I'll forever be repping the same game
Rapping on thinking I promise I'll get the same thing
In the back of the maybach outside of somebody name
Getting brain like I was only here to learn something
Fucking with me I guarantee I'ma return some
Raise some drama then show up tryna burn some
I do my dirt and then I never pay it back
I'm dealing with it and never taking it
You can't respect, the city been awake
Never get attacked, got it, I can't hear nobody taking
that
Wanna hit the block and wanna thug? dreaming to get
away
And to the love I got for the streets, the hood
Call up any n-gga who come that and try to fit in I send
them away
Yelawolf go get the whip I got this
I open the gate aint no way they could stop this
They want it with us, you can tell em about this
Looking for something pretty, you can em it's not this

[Chorus]

[Yelawolf]

Pray on my God, I believe it's too hard
Don't reach for the dogs who believe the facades
Don't reach too far to compete with the dog
Because deep in the heart they wanna? this all
I wish I could be the one to say I warned ya
Don't pay any attention
Man I wanna ignore the haters
But I can't afford to leave them alone
They say yelawolf aint never been in the dark
And trailerparks and made their mark
I gotta make it hot cause I was given a pardon
I gotta play the role
Serial killing rap, cause I had a serial code
In every city with a cereal bowl
When I rap, peer in my soul

I'm in the light like a deer in the road
Clear in control, my spirit is old
I'm hearing the Gold I'm hearing the foes, hoes
And it falls like a rock don't mean you hard like one
You want the credit for getting gutter forget it
You muthaf-ckers forgot the credit card and run
Street credit won't put bullets in ya gun
But it might put a stray bullet in your son
Daughters, uncles, aunts, friends and nusiance
Become tangled up when it comes undone

[Chorus]

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