

Young Deuce "No Definition"

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(Chorus)

I apologize if I'm not doing everything that you got in mind
But if you get it through your head that I'm out of mind
Then maybe you could understand just what I define,
and that you're out of time.

(Verse 1)

Uh cause I ain't changing.
Look around, how could you blame him?
The same kid that came from a city with some thugs
and there's no love anywhere
Kids keep dreaming of the good life, getting it.
And it's the hard part;
I saw stars start falling, wondered if the sky was crying
I slowed my mind but the time is flying.

See flow, I fly on a regular basis to say that I'm on top.
They see confidence in me, but they see me again and
they want me to drop.
I can't. I ain't never gonna change. Ima stay myself. I'd
be me and do it my way.
They want me to differ, they paint me a picture and
they tell me how I am supposed to define myself.
I'm in circles to find myself.

(Chorus x2)

(Verse 2)

Yeah, you can never stop me, never stop me cause
you're out of time.
And you must be mistaken if you thinking that I'm out
of time.
Everything I write, you can recite it cause it's what I
define.
I know you like it cause you're out of time.

What you think would happen if no one had ever
imagined.
Freedom of the mind, speak your mind when you're
acting on the mic or rappin' if you like to call it that.
Once you gone no crawling back.

Punk's gonna have heart attacks once they gon' see
where we gon' take it.
Friendships, they gonna fake it.
So no more hp3 that weed we'll blow it in their faces.
But let's face it, they will never learn.
Our spot they will never earn.
Haters you can all go straight to hell and forever burn.

(Chorus x2)

It seems that you are out of time and it's mine.
And Ima take everything, read the sign.
I put real in every line.
And this is my time.
So hold on, please,
Listen close peeps, come here listen closely.
This beat's my destination, and I'm lyrically
approaching.
You should've did what you didn't, so you didn't finish,
now I'm finishing what you didn't.
Now I'm writing, but I'll finish what you just written.
So uhm please, give me one minute to tell you how I
feel when I go ill when I'm just spiting.
So I don't understand how my free will doesn't get
printed in your vision.

Don't break, don't break my heart (I'm a menace)
And I won't break your heart shaped glasses.
Little girl, little girl you should close your eyes
That blue is getting me high (and making me low).

Don't break, don't break my heart,
And I won't break your heart shaped glasses.
Little girl, little girl you should close your eyes
That blue is getting me high and making me low.
(Marilyn Manson, what's up man?)

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