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## **Deuce** "Walk Alone"

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You want my life, you wanna take away whats mine, but I got my rights and lâ€<sup>™</sup> ll keep singing â€<sup>~</sup>till the sun donâ€<sup>™</sup> t rise.

Itâ€<sup>™</sup> s like a game for me to watch you suffer in pain, itâ€<sup>™</sup> s my favorite thing, and lâ€<sup>™</sup> m a do this shit â€<sup>~</sup>till your slain.

You can go and ask God, even he wants you dead. lâ€<sup>™</sup> ll put your name to shame everytime that my pen hits the paper.

Mister, "Mr. l' m the new Jonathan Davisâ€], who tries to rap but  $can \hat{a} \in \mathbb{M}$  t even sing,

the only time he sounds good is when heâ€<sup>™</sup>s spreading his rumors,

or filling up his beer gut with the last of his Coors. Crap, I ainâ€<sup>™</sup>t done yet, and donâ€<sup>™</sup>t you ever

compare me to you,

lâ€<sup>™</sup> m the next Trent, your that dude workinâ€<sup>™</sup> Pro Tools at noon

and now your chockinâ€<sup>™</sup> â€<sup>~</sup>cause your career is over for you.

I fuckinâ€<sup>™</sup> smoked you, both you.

Donâ€<sup>™</sup> t you got something bettaâ€<sup>™</sup> to do, than tell each other whoâ€<sup>™</sup> s cuter?

"Mr. Cool Dudeâ€∏, oh yeah, I forgot to tell you that your momâ€<sup>™</sup> s a loose bitch,

and her two kids can suck my dick, you know who this is.

Chorus:

As I walk alone, I still sing for tomorrow. Donâ€<sup>™</sup> t you forget that when I meet you there won't be no sorrow. These streets are cold but this lonely road I follow.

l' m not scared cause I know coming home tomorrow.

Dr. Drew says he donâ€<sup>™</sup> t like me. If heâ€<sup>™</sup> s got a problem with my penis he can fight me. Motherfuckers think â€<sup>~</sup>cause lâ€<sup>™</sup> m on the radio they can buy me and put this asshole right beside me.

You think l' m a sit here lying? Fuck that, I ain' t gonna let no psychooooo punk back. In my city, nine milli' milli' sing it with me, I got the Truth in the Spirit, you can try and hit me. Theres a certain magic when I spit, and only few can match it â€~cause l' m right above the ceiling, its a normal habit, thats why these people say I kill it, thank God he made a magnet to take apart these feelings. So when you meet me, just say "Hi, how you doin' ?â€□ I don' t need that other crap like

 $\hat{a}$ €œWow, I knew how you grew up $\hat{a}$ € or you can take the other route and just say  $\hat{a}$ €œWow, how you blew up $\hat{a}$ €□, but behind my back your saying  $\hat{a}$ €œhow the fuck did he do it? $\hat{a}$ €□

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