

Erick Sermon

"Doing Me"

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I know, it get kinda hard sometimes,
We all looking for some kind of, outlet to plug into, but
ahh,

From the corners of street,
In every hood and every ghetto
(AZ) Every hood
I'm the proof of what could be, if you try
If you wanna try
(AZ) It's on you
All the haters wanna see,
(AZ) Uh uhn
A nigga's life in misery
(AZ) Uh uhn
But I'ma keep on doing me, 'til I die

Handcuffed by the wrist and tied in the feet
So stressed, wish that I could die in my sleep
And Lord knows, thru his grace I done tried it wit peace
But it's like niggas ain't happy 'til they finally deceased
Feel the grief, of a street, nigga that turned to rap
And just applied everything that he learned from crack
I'm in now, it's life ain't no turning back
It been foul so what kinda concerns is that
Peep the signs of the eyes 'cuz it tell it all
One of the few in the streets that was selling it raw
Made mistakes, but it made me intelligent more
And how I move, you could still look and tell I was poor
How can the hate from another man stop my flow
That's like another pimp thinking he can knock my hoe
I'm here now, just trying to copp and blow
Couple of cars and lot's of doe

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One by one, seen 'em rise, seen 'em fall
You seen one nigga ball, you done seen 'em all
Even standup niggas seen 'em lean and crawl
What makes a man wanna fiend for more
Life itself is more than a trial or a quest
Intelligent wise, it's like I done ran with the best
And very rarely, you can catch me casually dressed
I'm more relaxed in a hat and some sweats
Doing me, been amongst some of the street's most
strongest men
Around for months then they gone again
Incarcerated, penalized for the love of they acts
Criminals, cold-hearted, now what's fucing wit that?
Where we at? hit inside of a life that's rarely exposed
Spoken in codes for the killers that daily'll dose
Get yours, hit a quota then get indoors
Get legit then get them stores

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So now it's on y'all, could see, I done figured it out
Only a few could say that they been in my house
And caroused at my wall color, blend with my couch
I'm as low as you can go in the south
When it's too deep, it's hard for the mind to relate
Some say I'm too street and way too involved wit the
snakes
What make a man bigger than life, I'm twice his age
Understand I'm a sinner but I'm nice some ways
Knee-deep in what I speak 'cuz I spit the truth
I become angelic when I sit in the booth
Just a thought of all the ill shit that lurk in streets
How can another real nigga wanna work wit police
Bad enough you got thieves and the beef is rough
I took an oath just to smoke, eat, sleep and fuck
Knowledge of self, I'ma do this regardless of wealth
Regardless of how the deck and how the cards get
death

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