

## Heathen

### "Y Me"

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You're now listening to a grown ass man  
I ain't young no more  
Mama, be proud of your boy, I ain't dumb no more  
I've seen it all, from kings rise to kings fall  
And bosses ain't bosses no more

Some win, some lost, and most Indians ain't chiefs  
Ain't most chiefs ain't ' ashes to ashes and coffins to  
coffins  
Prison bars to prison walls, prison yards to prison  
guards  
I've seen it all, I've seen things that you wouldn't  
believe  
I've seen my mom shoot herself in the chest when I was  
7  
Do you know what kind of trauma that caused when I  
was 7?  
I don't think so, so I'mma break it down in a second  
And treat my life like an open book, interview, from  
crumbs to finger food  
Grew poorer than an orphan, nigga  
Instead of drinking I was pouring liquor for speedy '

'Cause you don't know my struggle, you can't match  
my hustle  
You can't fathom my love, why me  
You can take me out the hood but not the hood outa me  
So I ask why me?  
'Cause you don't know my struggle, you can't match  
my hustle  
You can't fathom my love, why me  
You can take me out the hood but not the hood outa me  
So I ask why me?

See the look in my eyes and see pain deep rooted  
Listen to the stories I've told, I speak fluid  
Till ink runs dry watch the stories unfold  
Written in blood to leak fluid  
Somebody help me with the way that I'm living  
I'm upset with the way that I'm living  
And this is for my niggas that's bitten

Locked behind bars, stuck in the system  
'Cause if you've never been to the ghetto  
Don't ever come to the ghetto  
You don't wanna visit, peal heads and deep joes  
Match your stuff 'cause I came from nothing  
Came to far to look back, you cook crack in my  
questions  
And I ain't gonna change for nothing  
But never judge a book by its cover  
If you ain't read from it chapter after chapter  
Verse after verse, I swallowed up sins in a bottle of gin  
So I ask why me?

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