

# Jay Rock

## "Just Like Me"

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How cool is gang banging?  
Its love when you and your homies hanging huh?  
Your uncles had did it so its a chain reaction  
Relate to your homies because them two are bastards  
Feel that your hood colour look good in Jordans  
Striking your name on the wall to feel important  
Banging on niggaz hoping they push a line  
Say the wrong street corner its go time

But ignorance is bliss because them fists are soon gon'  
turn into a bullet  
if the index finger pull it cameras coming for the  
footage  
Channel 9, Channel 11, Aiming eyes, Mack 11  
Another baby for the reveran  
Of the casks take action  
In a matter of a second nothing matter when you reppin  
for your turf  
Hold it down, have heart - Put in work  
There is more to the story when youre worried and  
youre wicked  
And your ments will never get it  
It's a sickness when you kill your own kind

[ Chorus ]

Different names different sides  
But I could see it in your eyes  
That youre (just like me) and Im (just like you)  
Your (just like me) n im (Im just like you)  
Its up to you to decide  
How your gona change your life  
Your (just like me) n im (just like you)  
Your (just like me) n im (just like you)

How cool is selling drugs?  
It's love when you and yours making bux huh?  
Your uncles was hustlin' so it's a chain reaction  
Risking somebodys house just to get it cracking  
Now everybody see you as a D-Boy  
You shinning bright now  
It hard to be a decoy  
Surviving them junkies to get some quick cash

To give to your mamma because she doing bad

Now bitches on yo dick and niggaz got their hands out  
like you owe them somethin  
If you dont look out or nothing  
Knock, Knock Knock the feds is comming  
Your aint even really thinkin  
coz your mind is on tha money  
jealous niggaz poiliticking on the property you bloody

But your blinded cause you shinning fiend want  
another hit  
So you serve him 30 minutes  
see O-D of the shit  
theres more to the story when youre greedy and youre  
wicked  
but your mind will never get it  
its a sickness when you kill your own kind

[ Chorus ]

You ever throw your life away?  
On this gang banging and shootin off your brothers  
face  
Or perhaps living in the fast lane  
Selling drugs pouring peoples brains  
Its just a thought but dont stress it man  
Just know somebodys mamma out there sufferin'  
Because she lost her baby to a stray bullet  
Feel victim from all this gang shooting

Mmm mmm

Man these niggaz out here wallin  
All the hooping and the hallan  
Man, you rather sell some paller? instead of trying and  
hit college [?]  
where is all the father figures either dead or locked in  
bondage [?]  
Yet tommorow never promised my nigga im being  
honest  
better wake up fast  
Last of a dying breed  
All i do is press facts, jack  
Look, the more of the story  
Sauring hearts will never feel it  
Plus their minded is really twisted  
Its a sickness when you kill your own kind

[ Chorus ]

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