

Montgomery Gentry

"Be Yo Self"

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[Syke talking]

I'm tired ah niggas in this motherfuckin' rap game
Talking 'bout what they done did and what they gon' do
What set the from and all this bullshit,
Nigga I done ran a TRW on yo punk ass
Nigga you ain't even got no hood
So what the fuck is you talkin' about?, Nigga,

Chorus:

Just be yo self,
Everybody wanna be somebody else
Just be yo self
Just be yo self,
Everybody wanna be somebody else
Just be yo self
Just be yo self,
Why you wanna be somebody else?
Just be you self
Just be yo self,
Everybody wanna be somebody else, nigga

Verse 1:

Fool can you see yo self?
Everytime I come around you's somebody else
Gettin' played to the left cause you steady changin'
Never quoted in but you bangin'
Part time slanga, one in the chamber for the anger
That you build inside but you never ride,
Homicidal tendencies, niggas please,
Shakin' fleas, three hundred an' eighty degrees
Trained and schooled by Gs, you can check,
Pickin' up my minum, hit 'em, leaving 'em wrecked,
Fuck yo set, now I'm older wid bouldgers and birds
Overseas bringin' kis to the su-burbs
What's the word not this imitation rap shit,
Niggas make up shit, so they counterfeit
I don't feel that shit, from this napple generation
Cause they full ah perpetration
Bitch made niggas they follow they copy

I'm authentic motherfucka can't stop me
Carbon copies the essence of some, presence
Don't call me for no motherfuckin' reference
Nigga be yo self

Chorus

Verse 2:

Have you really flipped kis, about yo cheese, stackin'
Gs
Or is it all fictional thoughts that you perceive?
Many fleas get in the rap game but claim something
different
Like being a hog from a iffin', what is it?,
That makes imitations speak on legend ways
No affiliation wid nothing on ya resume
Became a rapper now G overnight
Soaking up game like a parasite alright,
I'm tired ah weenies and beanies in Starter hats
And killin' everythang on these fuckin' raps, per-haps
We need to throw a meeting in yo hood
Nigga don't know me catch a beatin' in my hood
It's understood from the West to the Eastside
Slide wid the riders and suiciders, life biters,
In the mix full ah tricks and they phony,
Ya own homie told me...
You ain't being yo self

Chorus

Verse 3:

You heard my style but not the voice wid it
Somebody bided I guess it fitted,
I got more style than a lifer on a wave pal
Upside down smiles stayin' thuggin' in the meanwhile
Bustas beware, don't stare I got a evil passion,
Thug passsion on control, ballin' assassin
Let me floss, playa boss, picture me satelite
Kickin' up dust fiends rush, block sold up tight
Syke Capone, roll alone from set to set
Hangin' wid Ninos and gangbangin' vets
Respect the fact pack a Mac if your pocket's flat
I'm puttin' down moves from Jersey to Sac
Felony acts involve murders never solved my brother,
Followed around by the federal undercover
They wanna smother a killer
I'm the nigga yo hood hate
Fuck wid me and I'll smash yo hood to another state,
Call me Syke psychoactive the troublemost

Let's make a toast to the Inglewatts overdose,
And all these playa ass niggas out here
That's just being theyself, nigga,

Chorus

Verse 4:

Baby I can't forget about you
You want reproduction of yo whole crew
Outfits shows the center of your character,
Split personalities like an actor
Had to backtrack it cause they counter off
Tryna make a thug nigga go soft,
Doublecross, a hoe if you don't know
Stayin' focused on my cash as I lay low
There he go, the clepto-maniac,
And I ain't gon' never change nigga fuck dat

[Syke talks]

Yeah, ain't gon' never change on these niggas
I'm being myself from beginning to end nigga
When you see me, you know I'm being myself nigga
Ain't nobody else I can be but my motherfuckin' self
Let the bustas be somebody else

Chorus (wid Syke givin' shoutouts and talking)

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