

Saint

"Everything But Me"

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I can't act that way
Can't believe the things you say
What exactly do you want me to be?
Everything but me

No strings attached, be out to move my lanes
No place to stick your arm to maneuver my chain
These are the shoes that I'm in and I ain't makin 'em fit
You want me in them size twos forever fakin my shit
You want it cookie cutter, less risk of takin a hit
You want a kid on his last leg just waitin to spit
You want a thug who want a deal and don't wanna be
poor
You wanna hear the same notions that I wanna ignore
Sure I wanna be the one that others want to go cop
Who wouldn't want to but for that I wouldn't want to go
pop
But I don't wanna be, a wannabe
I want to be the producer/MC that best represents me
You wouldn't want a person make you do the stuff he
don't wanna
Wanna make me want to live by some rules I won't
honor
Wanna be startin somethin like Michael, you don't want
it
That old do-what-I-wanna-do type shit, I'm on it

People always try to push you into somethin that
represents frontin
Cause the truth is not what they're really wantin
They wanna change or rearrange for spite
All because they're in position to say what's right
Whatever happened to confidence and self-expression
Of people who are talented and shouldn't be
questioned?
Alter your game for a mass appeal
With a conservative feel cause it's hard to come real
Lockin you down like their slowly shield
'Til the person that they want to come out, is revealed
Some are better left behind the scenes screening
Cause being who they are, really has no meaning

Or merit to move, into the bright lone spotlights
But only those holdin power seem to have rights
Maintain your identity and passion
And don't change quick like the seasons of fashion
It's a lot easier said than done
But there's a cost if you really wanna be number one
If you really wanna be number one
There's a cost if you really wanna be number one...

Yeah, trendsetter with a better movement
Movement to be timeless, lines showin improvement
On path with my own craft
Lone gunman that brag from now way in the past
Yeah, hard left since I started this mess
Heartbelt like car theft rock on regardless
Been a task since the flow is off beat
Told to slow down and don't put words squeezed in
neat
Be yourself, show what your life's worth
MAN UP, because it's you before any colors first
Preservation over instrumentation
Rhyme over beats since beat gave creation
In the mirror I face who's responsible
And jot down heat in each and every chronicle
Unstoppable, nothing's impossible
Goals are probable, voted top model, yeah

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