

Whitney Houston F/ Brandy**"Write What I See"**

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First Verse:

I gather myself and try to write nicely, but I ain't feelin'
that way
I'd rather write raps that incite fights, riots, and melees
And they say, "All X-Raided rhyme about is peelin' caps
Prison crap, fuckin' bitches, gettin' high, and killin'
cats"
But I'm insistin' that I'm spittin' facts
And y'all niggas is spittin' lies to feel alive
While I'm livin' in prison
Couldn't feel that I'm committin' convictions
What the Hell am I supposed to write?
How could I compose nice?
When I'm sittin' in this cell at night like
And steadily socializin' with
Every soldier, sodomist, murderer, rapist
Burgler, racist,
And drug dealers and thug niggas caught up with
three strike cases
Man I'm faced with bein' in a cage with niggas that love
hatred
That embraced it, and can taste it
And ain't, feelin' no disgrace
Would be willin' to pull your heart out and replace it
with a cold one
More should, show love, for the young ones to the old
ones
And where they come from is irrelavent
But they're gettin' here so face it
Gotta come up in, if you think you wouldn't be up in,
chill
Revelation, I ain't got no patience for this fakin'
Hate me and then you can reflect reports straight crip
Blue and gray bitch
Y'all niggas sport pink and turquoise
I'm laced with gunpowder from up out of a .44 caliber
???
Say sin, see my face sin
Sick to see cuts and disgrace men
To replace men, but they gotta...

Chorus:

Agree with me
I just write what I see
Might not believe in me
I just write what I see
I might not like what I see
But whether it's wrong or right
It ain't a song, it's my life
I just write what I see

(2x)

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