## Breiten & Komp "What Am I? Pt. 1"

Visit "What Am I? Pt. 1" on MotoLyrics.com

## [Masta Ace]

I grew up in a place where peace is your best friend And everyday a nigga got up was a blessing I move through these streets not knowing who I can trust

Cause last year, somebody finished my brother Russ We found him in the two train tunnel, decapitated And that's when my anger inside was activated That was the last time I cried like a baby Cause niggaz wanna find me next, and try to spray me And spill my insides out all over the city The life that I live right now is not pretty I seen friends get held up on dark nights I seen friends open they mouth and start fights I'm deep inna bangin since the death of my brother And anywhere you see me I'm representing my color Any nigga come through rocking the wrong cap Tryna shine like high gloss, is gettin left flat Before I die, swear I gotta leave my mark (uh) Catch me on the late night outside on the park I'm not shootin' hoops with niggaz, I'm not friendly It's too bad...cause I do gotta little ball in me I'm too wrapped up in these walls for territory The world's movin way too fast to hear my story My nigga Blue held me down when it came time We close like, we was delivered the same time I told him we would stay on top like flotation And never leave the hood or change our location Blue always told me to never say 'never' And sure enough, ten of us got bagged together Now we speculatin 'bout what's gone' happen to us Trapped in this dark ass place that they through us You can see the fear in my heart if you just look I never ever thought my ass would get shook But I heard the story that's been goin' around About, cats gettin' bagged at night and never found I bet that's just how Russ meet his doom And just then somebody reached into the room And got a tight grip right around my throat I'm scared now, I figured that 'that's all she wrote' What's fucked up is, they don't know nothin bout me

And yet wanna try and squeeze the life out me I start regurgitating, spittin up from fear Wishin' for a way that I could escape from hear It's almost like the hand of God reached down And broke the grip and let me fall to the ground (Sirens in background till finish)

Visit <u>Breiten & Komp</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.