Who We Be - 1/2

Interprété par Dmx.

Uhh, yeah
Another one of those - this is for my nigga Q - down to earth joints
Rest in peace baby, you're not for me dawg

They don't knooow, who we beee
They don't knooow, who we beee

That's how many that don't know, they knew I could do it!
This goes out to my nigga Q - rest in peace baby
They still ain't ready...

What they don't know is!
The bullshit, the drama (uhh), the guns, the armour (what?)
The city, the farmer, the babies, the mama (what?!)
The projects, the drugs (uhh!), the children, the thugs
(uhh!) The tears, the hugs, the love, the slugs (c'mon!)
The funerals, the wakes, the churches, the coffins (uhh!)
The heartbroken mothers, it happens, too often (why?!)
The problems, the things, we use, to solve 'em (what?!)
Yonkers, the Bronx (uhh!), Brooklyn, Harlem (c'mon!)
The hurt, the pain, the dirt, the rain (uhh!)
The jerk, the fame, the work, the game (uhh!)
The friends, the foes, the Benz, the hoes (what?!)
The studios, the shows, comes, and it goes (c'mon!)
The jealousy, the envy, the phony, the friendly (uh-huh!)
The one that gave 'em the slugs, the one that put 'em in me
(whoo!) The snakes, the grass, too long, to see (uhh, uhh!)
The lawnmower, sittin, right next, to the tree (c'mon!)

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What we seeing is!
The streets, the cops, the system, harrassment (uh-huh)
The options, get shot, go to jail, or getcha ass kicked
(aight) The lawyers, the part, they are, of the puzzle (uh-huh)
The release, the warning, "Try not, to get in trouble" (damn!)
The snitches, the odds (uhh), probation, parole (what?!)
The new charge, the bail, the warrant, the hole (damn!)
The cell, the bus, the ride, up North (uh-huh)
The greens, the boots, the yard, these hearts (uhh!)
The fightin, the stabbin, the pullin, the grabbin (what?!)
The riot squad with the captain, nobody knows what happened
(what?!) The two years in a box, revenge, the plots (uhh!)

Who We Be - 2/2

The twenty-three hours that's locked, the one hour that's not
(uhh!) The silence, the dark, the mind, so fragile (aight!)
The wish, that the streets, would have took you, when they had you
(damn) The days, the months, the years, dispair
One night on my knees, here it comes, the prayer

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This here is all about!
My wife, my kids (uh-huh), the life that I live (uh-huh)
Through the night, I was his (uh-huh), it was right, but I did
(uh-huh) My ups, and downs (uhh), my slips, my falls (uhh)
My trials and tribulations (uhh), my heart, my balls (uhh)
My mother, my father, I love 'em, I hate 'em (uhh!)
Wish God, I didn't have 'em, but I'm glad that he made 'em
(uhh!) The roaches, the rats, the strays, the cats (what, what?!)
The guns, knives and bats, everytime we scrap
The hustlin, the dealin, the robbin, the stealin (uhh!)
The shit, hit the ceilin, little boy, with no feelin's
(damn) The frustration, rage, trapped inside a cage
Got beatin's 'til the age, I carried a twelve gauge
(aight!) Somebody stop me (please!), somebody come and get me
(what?!) Little did I know, that the Lord was ridin with me
The dark, the light (uhh), my heart (uhh), the fight (uhh)
The wrong (uhh!), the right (uhh!), it's gone (uhh!), aight?

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Man listen
These motherfuckers don't know, who we are!
They don't know
They couldn't possibly fuckin know dawg
That's from the heart