

Paul Wall, Am What I Am

(feat. Poppy, Slim Thug)

This is ghetto reality in Texas..

[Hook - 2x]

You see I am what I am, and it is what it is
You'd feel how I feel, if you been where I been
Live what I live, see what I see
So get out my ear, and just let me be

[Paul Wall]

I'm a survivor of the struggle, I lived life hard
Single mama with half a job, I was raised by God
No dad, the only role model I had
Was a ounce of that white powder, in a Ziplock bag
I don't brag about the struggles, I endured as a child
You don't know the pain I went through, to create this smile
I got one life to live, know I'm tal'n bout
So I enjoy it, cause I earned everything that I got
They hate what I got, I hear em with they cape talk
They thinking that my life, was a cake walk
I'm a man of principles, I live by my word
So it's obsurred, when I hear sour words
They gon get what they deserve, but I don't wish no harm
What goes around comes around, so partna you been warned
In the midst of all the trouble, I still remain calm
Cause sunny days, will follow the storm man, just let me be

[Hook - 2x]

[Poppy]

Somebody questioned, if I got the right to recite what I spit
Cause I've never been indicted, or divided a brick
But my life is grit, all types of crisis and shit
I decided to risk it all, to try to slide in the mix
And get what I can get, see I'm fighting negative bars
I knew it wouldn't be easy, but no one said it be hard
As it is, I mean the evil in the heart of these men
Got me wondering, if I'll ever see the reward
At the end of the road, it's kind of hard to remember your goals
When you grow where, not many live to get old
I played the cards that I was given, and never listen to those
Who think different, cause they inner soul is bitter and cold
I seen death, and folk get destroyed by do'
Nevertheless I'm blessed, so your boy got hope
I show love, to get it is a beautiful feeling
If you hate me, then blow a dick cause it's a mutual feeling

[Hook - 2x]

[Slim Thug]

All outsiders looking in, think they know where I been
Trying to be my friend, cause of the position I'm in
They know Slim Thug a hustler, that's destined to win
So I guess they figured, they can hold my cotail in
But I ain't the type to play that roll, and sell a nigga gold
Pretend it's all cool, when I know you a hoe
Cause you'll do it again, if you done it befo'
It's just a matter of time, 'fore you do it some mo'
I done witnessed all type, of snake niggaz and hoes
From my family to my friends, to these bitches I know
It'll surprise you, how much a lil' change bring change
You get a couple dollas, and people ain't the same
They quick to holla at you capping now, since you rapping now

See them the type of folks, you need to be packing round
Cause first time to miss em, when you passing a blunt
They plotting up on you, trying to pull em a stunt

[Hook - 2x]