

Wrote: 2013
Song: Wanna-Be's
Album: Ghetto Poetry

n watchn kidz,n da hood play,
veryday,n da park,
aitn 4 me,2 pull up bumpn,
lwayz smelln,of smoke....
oven da kandy,datz on my jet,
s i smoke,on a blunt,
ey running up,2 my kaddy doorz,
like da ice cream trukk.....
ittn me up,wit som gang signz,
efo i tellem,da deal,
ot 2 join gangz,kuz i dont wanna,
ear about dem,gettn killed.....
hen i hearem,say yo S.Deer,
e wanna be,like u,
nich i tellem,2 neva say dat,
ekuz 2 me,dat aint kool.....
uz itz a must,dey stay n skool,
get a edu-makation,
o dey can become,somebody great,
at will lead,our blakk nation...
elln me,dey like all da jewelz,
da carz,i be rolln,
hen i encourage dem,2 play ball,
be da next,Micheal Jordan.....
ebon Jamez,or Kobe Bryant,
etttn som NBA titlez,
ut go 2 college,4 other thingz,
give bak,2 our people.....
if dey dont,do good n skool,
m gonna get,on dey buttz,...
eachem thingz,dey need 2 know,
at i know,dey skool wont.....

V2
Hearn about,my brothaz dying,
who got influenced,by gangz,
over not,tryna let som jackaz,
rob dey ass,4 som chainz.....
Not wantn kidz,2 be like me,
jus gettn out,of da klink,
kuz everytime,da police spot me,
dey pulln over,my tank....
Gettn mad,at deze yung ass momz,
raisen dey gurlz,2 be hookerz,
wantn 2 lose,dey virginityz,
2 any hood,dope dealaz.....
Not wantn 2 be,responsible,
4 haven sex,gettn pregnant,
startn drama,calln da police,
hopen we,get arrested....
Trippn out,on blakk parentz,
not knowing how,2 raise kidz,
or 2 teachem,our blakk history,
of everything,dat we did.....
But instead,dey be growing up,
not haven any,role modelz,
2 let dem know,ders mo'dan one way,
2 kome up,out da ghetto.....
By doing samthan,datz way better,
dan tryna rap,on da mic,
where u can be,da next genius,
like Albert Einstein.....
Breakn into,new fieldz of science,
n 2 be astronautz,
going where no man,has gone befo,
exploren planetz,like Spock.....

V3
2 all da women,strippn n klubz,
thinkn itz kool,2 be dummyz,
itz not funny,u turning gay,
prostituten,4 money....
Not wantn 2 keep,yo legz closed,
tryna go bak,2 college,
but u ratha,play silly gamez,
thinkn im,a imposta.....
As i watch,how kidz grow up,
thinkn its kool,2 akt ghetto,
not utilizen,dey other talentz,
but ratha bang,pakn metalz.....
N itz a krazy,messd up world,
dat we all,liven in,
where da system,is tryna lock up,
all us blaxx,n da pen....
Kuz even now,as da world change,
given acceptance,2 gayz,
dey still hate,us blakk people,
dat dominaten,everythang....
As i sleep,wit exotik modelz,
dat be all,on my zippa,
i freak mo'chix,dan CharlySheen,
passd out,off da liquir....
Not wantn kidz,2 live dis life,
thinkn im,a role model,
catchn me & my homeboyz tipsy,
n da hood,swiggn bottlez.....
Not all my songz,are positive,
bekuz im real,n da streetz,
n any+body,dat wanna tripp,
gettn klownt,over beatz.....

chorus;
can be a doctor,a lawyer,
or a pro athlete,
instead of u wantn,2 be like S.Deer,
lwayz running,da streetz....
could be gettn,a education,
astering,in degreez,
o dont ever,let me hear u,
anna-be ,like me.....