

# Like Me

## Lil Scrappy

\*\*

Eyyy.like me

Come on

G's up, get yo cheese up

Y'all niggaz wanna be like me

Ya know what it is man

It's ya boy, lil scrap

Don't nobody really know my struggle

But they wanna be, where I'm at

Well go through the pain, nigga

'cause only the Good Lord know

Yup.

I think they wanna ride like me, (like me)

Have a bitch on the passenger-side like me, (like me)

Yeah I think they wanna shine like me, (like me)

On t.v. with the fame like me, (like me)

Yeah they wanna wear a chain like me, (like me)

I think they Wanna be trained like me, (like me)

Yeah they wanna have the game like me, (like me)

But don't wanna go through pain like me, (like me)\*\*

Come on mayn

A!

Come on

Let me explain something to y'all man

1:

I know you see me shining

With the yellow diamond

Don't think ya boy ain't been grinding

I was with my momma

And there was alotta drama

We sold crack from the winter all through the summer

Yeah we went through pain

We was stacking change

Paying the cost to live in the streets mayn

Sold cocain just a little powderSellin weed tryna make a couple of extra dollars

The shit i been through a nigga should've been a scholar

All night tryna sleep hearing pistols hollar, (damn)

Now when "?" died

You know a nigga cried

Not having him around

You know it hurt inside

Gotta have shelter over my lil sister

Momma wondering around 'cause she a drugdealer  
I gotta give it to her 'cause she a real nigga  
I kill any mofocker doing something to her  
Yup...2:  
They wanna be on stage, (right)  
They wanna get paid, (oooh)  
But they don't know the hurt, (hurt)  
And they can't feel my pain, (oooh)  
On stage gettin hit with a bottle  
Knocked out and I need to know if I'mma rap tommorow, (A!)  
In the hospital straight bruized up  
Got a cut from my lip and my thumbs up, (damn)  
It's kind of f\*\*ked up, (?)  
'cause I waz showin love, (love)  
I was givin' hugs, (hugs)  
Chillin' with the thugs, (oooh)  
Al I'm tryna do is show love to everybody  
God let me alive so I can (tell about it/ televise it), (amen)  
See I don't scream and shout it, but I go to church  
What ya know about puttin in that "?" (brown work)  
They throwin' up signs and they dyin' for it, (I'm crip and a blood)  
Niggaz taking lives goin' to jail payin' for it  
Ain't nothing left after death but heaven itself  
And if ya go to jail your seed will have no helptill end.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>