

# Walk Alone

Deuce

You want my life,  
you wanna take away whats mine,  
but I got my rights  
and I'll keep singing 'till the sun don't rise.

It's like a game for me to watch you suffer in pain,  
it's my favorite thing, and I'm a do this shit 'till your slain.  
You can go and ask God, even he wants you dead.  
I'll put your name to shame everytime that my pen hits the paper.  
Mister, "Mr. I'm the new Jonathan Davis",  
who tries to rap but can't even sing,  
the only time he sounds good is when he's spreading his rumors,  
or filling up his beer gut with the last of his Coors.  
Crap, I ain't done yet, and don't you ever compare me to you,  
I'm the next Trent, your that dude workin' Pro Tools at noon  
and now your chockin' 'cause your career is over for you.  
I fuckin' smoked you, both you.  
Don't you got something betta' to do, than tell each other who's cuter?  
"Mr. Cool Dude", oh yeah, I forgot to tell you that your mom's a loose bitch  
,  
and her two kids can suck my dick, you know who this is.

As I walk alone, I still sing for tomorrow.  
Don't you forget that when I meet you there won't be no sorrow.  
These streets are cold but this lonely road I follow.  
I'm not scared cause I know coming home tomorrow.

Dr. Drew says he don't like me. If he's got a problem with my penis he can fight me.  
Motherfuckers think 'cause I'm on the radio they can buy me and put this ass hole right beside me.  
You think I'm a sit here lying? Fuck that, I ain't gonna let no psychoooooo punk back.  
In my city, nine milli' milli' sing it with me, I got the Truth in the Spirit, you can try and hit me.  
Theres a certain magic when I spit, and only few can match it 'cause I'm right above the ceiling,  
its a normal habit, thats why these people say I kill it, thank God he made a magnet to take apart these feelings.  
So when you meet me, just say "Hi, how you doin'?" I don't need that other c rap like "Wow, I knew how you grew up"  
or you can take the other route and just say "Wow, how you blew up", but behind my back your saying "how the fuck did he do it?"

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Yeah some may view me as the villain, portray me like a felon,  
so my musics like a weapon, my mind is like my senses,  
I know when they pretend shit, actin' like its friendship,  
kiss my fuckin' necklace. Ask Joel he's my mother fuckin' witness,  
and every single line I spit, I spit like I'm Tupac and shit.  
Heheh, Yeah I'm still rockin' it, still walkin' it, and they ask Deuce "why you still talkin' it?"

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