

Who Are You?

Mr. Probz

Who are you, to point your finger at me
Who are you, to tell me I ain't no good
Who are you, who are you
Who are you, who are you

Uh, I ain't never been the type to work from 9 to 5
Always knee-deep in the struggle to keep my dream alive
So who the fuck are you to criticize me
Cuz I'm thinking out the box, no critic can find P-
Robz, Shit I'm everybody's problem
But fuck opinions asshole 'cause everybody got one
You bucket of crabs, got me locked up in the lab
Motivated, quotes burning my path
Tryna get this money in 'dash, you know how it to
You never turn your back homie, if you knew what I know (knew what I know)
And they saying I'm too cocky
But what'chu trying to prove, you gangsta? Try stop me
You lames keep my name in your mouth, ain't shit changed
I'm still in the hood, its all good I feel your pain
But cant help it if you stuck in the P
So why you sittin' there pointing at me?

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Yeah, we used to share dreams and chase paper with little luck
Now they talk about me with they face all shriveled
You wanna eat? I can hand you a spoon
Something poppin' on the streets, take the head of a goon [?]
My mind never fade to black thinking of moves
Got light bulbs that'll pop up and light up the room (so crazy)
Ya'll fucked up, you try and blame me
You should've been, could've been, would've been maybe
Was born in the 80's, my background shady
So when I hit the block you know I tuck that lady
You can say what you want, that's not my baby
Tryna get my seed like, fuck you pay me
it's like the whole world tryna control how I'm thinking move
But if you're trying to stop growth and you're looking at me
Only real recognize the truth, so

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