

WHO ARE YOU by Pharaoh Brooks

An original piece, created for Shakespeare at Solano's *Cymbeline*, performed by inmates at California State Prison – Solano on April 20th, 2019.

Who are you – who are you – who are you [3x]

To demand loyalty from royalty
When yours is easily and greasily detached from you
It's like taking same from the crazy
Now you cryin' bout your baby
You believed a man over your lady
Now you want me to save the nymph?

Who are you – who are you – who are you? [3x]

You are more faithful to the hateful
So you can't keep calm
You treated a princess like a game of chess
And she was the pawn
Emotional contusions from confusion you infused in
Get right tie up the loose ends
You don't need me, rely on your true sense

Who are you – Who are you – who are you? [3x]

Instead of me intervene you need to redeem yourself
Playing in a playpen with a pig
You need to clean yourself
Get back to your love and maybe esteem yourself
Return to where you belong and you can forgive yourself
Hear the words in the song and you can live as yourself
You call on Jupiter for help, but this is indeed yourself (whoo!)

Who are you – Who are you – who are you? [3x]

Find yourself and you will see
Exactly where you're 'posed to be
She's a princess but you're no king
Love was lost with a stolen ring
What you should know was lost in a prideful loophole
Love is sweeter than fructose and glucose (but)
You actin' like you got two soul
Dancin' with the devil like a rebel with two toes
Trippin' over your actions satisfaction is two-toned

(Now you're) Imagin' Imogen in menacin' increments
(with) solvable sentiment to exactly why you exist [3x]

Treat your relationship like a game and it's not
Now you're the one in amazement and your hot
Temperature rising, embers inside thee
Burning slowly, hell inside you lonely, there is no
Consoling, you must tame this pony, moaning all in
The midnight, emotions ignite. You think death
Can birth you just like a midwife.
Snakebites don't ache right, they can kill you,
Ill you, fill you venom til you down at
Your gravesite.
Iachimo was a rocky road, you had a straight
Skate to your hockey goal. Probably so.
Just Cymbeline in between, imbecile intervene
On their own plans and left trembling.