

Mind-Trap

Audio Push

How it feel to be a black man
With your fists in the air tryna fight for your rights
How it feel to be a nigga
With your finger on the trigger, put a price on his life
How it feel to be a broke boy
Ain't a thing in the bank and a stain on his Nikes
And how it feel to be richer
When every motherfucker tryna get a dime, open up your mind

Fuckin' raw like a lover
Shootin' out the car like a buster
Same old G like my father and my mother
Sherm sticks burn like perms, shit
She used to swoop me in her Granny bucket
We was fuckin', she was busting
Asking why I'm busting?
Niggas thugging "why you never go to class or nothin?"
I ain't need it, why your daddy acting like you tweakin'
Cause he feenin', why you asking all these fuckin' questions?
Lie impressions during adolescence
In the pen, crip and blood just a point of reference
But I'm still saying cuh like we killing something
Dreamed of killing something then I did it, can't forget it
Calling women bitches got me treating mama different
Intermissions, rhyming in my mama's kitchen
I'm ain't trippin, hell is waiting, let the karma kick in
But I'm just tryna kick it, baby slow it down

Niggas slow down, you movin' too fast
Just might crash, might burn
Open up your mind, take your time
Baby better wait your turn

It go follow, the pretty girls follow
Them down home women and them city girls follow
That old lady thinkin', stealin' so she gon' follow
Photoshop it till they double-tap it, they gon' follow
Yeah that's all they're looking for
"Scroll up, can she roll up? Yeah", good to go
Hardly got it flowtin' but you're lookin' though
That's how it is, get it how you live
Gotta change it but nothing changes
Until you plan it and rearrange it
They call us niggas
What if I say I don't take offence to it
What if I told you I don't cringe to it
What if I looked whoever said it in his face and said
Your kids love my shit iPod's proof
I'm that nigga, check your kids music
Life lessons
I humble up and every time I stumble up
I'm just that lion, that ain't cryin', while I bust the jungle up
Kelly taught me that some friends are only temporary
And Belly told me that my little sister's looking at me
I tell you how it feel

Open up your mind

We from the west side, we born to ride
They set us up for demise, it's time to rise
Am I a black king cause I'm full of pride?
Or am I nigga cause I like my chicken fried
My girl with thicker thighs, a tinted ride
Hide me while I'm getting high
My cousin died, that left me sick inside
'96, barely six banging "Hypnotize"
Singing "Biggie, Biggie", damn I miss my cousin City
Say that every time I rap, never gon' get tired of that
Counting racks with my pack
That's where you can find me at
In the cut cause it's too many niggas switchin' up
When you up they love you
But when you down they don't give a fuck
I tell you what, you think you turnt cause you got put on
But what is you doin' to put your hood on?
Was the young nigga with the hood on
Hands in my pockets clenching until I realized we was all dying for nothin'
So let me ask you somethin'

I got my hoodie on like Trayvon
They lettin' people get away with them hate crimes
Police shot em, how was there no witness? It was day time
Way this shit goin' it's like racism still alive
Come as you are and represent with your life on
Young black kings just shining with our ice on
On stage telling you life stories, keep the lights on
Y'all been eating but my people, we would like some
The youth need hope, the inspiration, they could use it now
I bump your music when in doubt or when I'm feeling down
A lot on my mind, I still try to use a smile
Just some young hot boys, they treat us like some juveniles