Spread Love

Audio Push

I got what you need Spread the love for me I got what you need Spread the love for me Beep, beep Who got the keys to the Jeep? See we got the keys to the streets I'm just tryna find who got the keys to the peace Cause I need a lot So open up the locks so I can take some to my hood Cause that shit ain't no good (no no no) That shit ain't no good (no no no) See niggas gettin' killed every day From Iran to the block Niggas shootin' cops Cops shootin' niggas Took Tray' gettin' slayed, Mike gettin' striked for it finally to hit us Remind me to get a recipe for Martha Stewart 'bout how to cheat the system And still be the victim Nah, I ain't Martin Luther I'm just a young black stoner tryna spark the truth up Cause it's been so long Since you went on And lost your way Grew up and changed And now I'm all alone Without you here If it ain't jail it's a funeral home, a nigga dread this stuff So much hate I gotta spread this love to my people The one's that's tired of bein' broke See I done lost my cousin, I done lost my bros I been puttin' plays together for to get the dough Radio won't play this shit no more DJ's gone say to switch the flow "Add more bars, rap about trap, maybe open it up" Fuck that, man your minds ain't open enough nigga We hustlin' tryna make a wave My young brother get your bread up I see you raising your kids all alone My single mothers keep your head up You lookin' like sometimes it might get hard You wanna quit when you get fed up Cause the world got so much hatred in the way But today's the perfect day to make a change Somebody gotta spread love Somebody, somebody, somebody gotta spread love Somebody, somebody, somebody gotta spread love It go "blam blam" from the cops to robbers Hit it quit it, then it's just momma I do not fuck with that campaign, that's a damn shame These kids don't know their daddy, damn name And you probably out shootin' dice

Thinkin' you and your crew is nice

I'ma give you advice

Look at your family, do it twice Give me more music Price Now you can't have that you lose your life Shootin' somebody be doin' life When you could've had you a wife You don't even wanna bang, in high school you was nice Momma said if you gotta get beat up then get down and don't get dined If you can't fight shut up and sit down Not pick up a gun and start shootin' nigga That ain't right, gun hit your light Where's the beat? Give me that and just bounce baby More bounce than a ounce baby Throw a nine up for my town baby Yeah that's it now, straight up Cause life, is what you make of it Stop waitin' for love and start makin' it Find someone you love, get married, get naked And when you see me on the street don't even thank me (You're welcome)

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