

Don't Shoot

Joyner Lucas

Dear America

By the system I was raised
The same system that enslaved us and took us all away
The same same system I was trained to put my hands across my heart and pledge
e allegiance to the grave
The same system that made me sing the national anthem
While the fucking flag hanged
The same system that'll claim innocent lives
Barack ain't made shit change
Nigga fuck this shit, I won't budge!
Shit, I won't budge
They say Rosa Parks was sitting on the wrong bus
And now that Malcolm X is gone, I guess it's on us
Fuck a cop, they gon' kill us then they charge us
They gon' charge us
Put that fucking badge out and say it's all love
But I got six warning shots to my heart, lungs, face, neck, cough blood
Now they say we all thugs
I guess we all thugs
Ever since the Watts Riots, motherfuckers wanna try us
Everything was all quiet til they crossed us
Al Sharpton keep on talking, nigga do something!
Nigga prove something
So much drama, I just got the fucking goosebumps
Word down to Ferguson, they murderin' the youth young
What the fuck is new, son
This shit gon' make me lose some'n

This a war we won't back down
Fuck this country, we ain't treated fair
I should burn the fucking flag down
Yeah, I should burn the fucking flag down
But your victims lash out, they have no clue
But if I protest, a nigga'll put me in a stretcher
Gun me down with my hands up screamin' "DON'T SHOOT!"
Motherfucker, don't shoot!

By the system I was raised
The same system that just killed Mike Brown the other day
The same system that just slayed Sean Bell, Trayvon, Eric Garner, what a shame!
The same system that gon' lie just to cover up the crime, quick to send us to
o the grave
The same system that'll claim innocent lives
Barack ain't made shit change
Nigga, fuck this shit, I won't budge!
Shit, I won't budge
They say Emmitt Till whistled at the wrong slut
And now that Martin Luther gone, I guess it's on us
Fuck the cops, they gon' kill us then they charge us
They gon' charge us
Put that fucking badge out, leave a nigga passed out
CLAP PLOW twenty shots to my heart, lungs, face, neck, cough blood
All they do is cross us
Living in the projects, and we all thugs
Now they searchin' through my pockets

Wanna treat me like a hostage
Tryna get inside my conscious like a broad does
If they catch me lookin' wrong, I'm a rebel though
If I got my hoodie on, I'm a criminal
If I got my hands up, that means I probably got a weapon
If they kill me, then I guess that means that it was an exception

This a war we won't back down
And tell the government to kiss my ass
I should burn the fucking flag down
Yeah, I should burn the fucking flag down
We were forced to surrender, they have no clue
But if I protest, a nigga'll put me in a stretcher
Gun me down with my hands up screamin' "DON'T SHOOT!"
Motherfucker, don't shoot!