

Can You Hear Me

Killer Mike

Ay man, It's your big bruh, Killer Kill from the Ville man
Grind Time Rap Game
Bang, bang, bang
You know the mantra, you know what we about
I just wanna say right now man, if they tell you man you can't come up man
You better go against everything they say
(Cause they lying to you homie go against everything they tell you)
I'm about coming from nothing and becoming something (forget about it man)
This music is the soundtrack to your success, man
All you gotta do is wake up and decide you want it

Is it because momma made me a winner
I know that it's tough, it ain't a place for a sinner
They told me give up, I'm goin' hard for the Winner
But now that I'm up, they putting traps on a nigga trying to take it away
(While I'm getting this cash, deep in the bundles
Getting it fast, trying to do what I want to
They on my ass, but I'm keeping 'em from you
160 on the dash, they don't see when I come through)

Everybody know a lil' nigga like me
Never should have made it it's unlikely
I never be at the T-O-P
Made it from the bottom of the ADV
Running to the cars with a pocket full of D
Begging them junkies buy dope from me
Told 'em I'll give 5 what they pay for 3
My bitch she was grinding all the way to a key
These niggas had a fucked up vision 'bout me
Thought I was gonna be still in the street
With a broke bitch and a box caprice
Trying to live good off a quarter key
Shitting me talking 'bout that's all I be
Nigga, I'm what an Atlanta Georgian be
Playin' took my motherfucking heart you see
Young Killer Kill from the ADZ

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Ay, Ay, ok yeah like most black males
I done made my fair share of crack sales
How could you not wanna see me prevail
How could you wanna see me locked in jail
How could you ignore my people in hell
In Adamsville, in Dixie Hill
How could you take all the honor and jobs
And expect us not to steal and to rob
And expect us not to be Dereck Dobb?
Or Terry White or Charles Black
How could expect us to say no to that

Knowing we poor, knowing we black
Knowing your husband was sponsoring that
Now Iran-Contra is haunting you back
Now we took the crack and put it in rap
Now your kids is high off that

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All whack rappers, sucker politcal commentators, fake critics
You niggas is just plain asleep if you don't notice
When you wake up you might have duct tape on your mouth and a ski-
mask in your face
Grind Time Rap Game, fucker
Bang, bang, bang
Let's go