

"There's a noise in my head," last thing my father said
On the side of a road then he was dead
Saw my first body at seven, my friend
They said he went to heaven but I remember his bike twisted
Wheels still stuck in that truck hood, so yeah I don't sleep that good
Get up and roll a wood, feed the cancer in my chest
Tumors killed half my family, eighties gon' take the rest
Fuck I need a rest, diabetes kill more niggas than bullets
Gotta gat, please pull it, my aunt died waiting for a liver
So I'd rather go like my cousin, I sampled the trigger
Somebody murked him, left the body in the street
We ain't even know he was gon' for a week
Found out auntie had a stroke, now she don't speak
Without Summer days is bleak
Only thing I wonder is guns or butter
Aneurisms'll give you a stutter, or maybe some young motherfucker
Is nervous during the jux, they shot Patrice ten times
Ain't even take the pocket book, cat scans and x-rays
Heatseeking strays, so many done I run out of shit to say
Tears long gone, why we born to catch shots and diseases
I'll come to the funeral but don't tell me about Jesus
Freddy got cut into pieces, and don't lie, the pain never releases
I buried my goddam nieces, wanna come for the nigga
I need an ounce and two packs of Rizla

It's like I'm losing focus, everyday trying to write down the thoughts
Feeling hopeless, trying to grow with that and then float
Above all the bullshit, that's why we pull spliffs
Going through this everyday, that's why we trying to get our pennies up
Everybody trying to get hennied up 'cause it's like
We don't give a what, and I'm just trying to spit for my brothers
Living in struggles, just trying to get on, always trying to rubble
You know when the cut strike an infection
What starts attack the vein as we rush through the coldness
And hold this close to the heart, every time I write
Trying to throw the dart with the aim, you know
How we hold it down flowin', everyday trying to go on
Trying to grow on, trying to flow, never wrong
And we so close to getting there, but everybody still living in fear
And I'm just trying to get through these years
It's 2000-and-tree, everybody light it up
Everybody get lit up, that's for the culture
Yeah, zom-blaze, Megallah, how we represent
Looking at the stars, everyday getting high
Why, 'cause it's like yo soon gonna die
And I'm trying to understand that in a spiritual way
It's like I'm closer to God, anyway so
Yo everybody clap your hands
Everybody just clap you hands and understand
Why you live, why you give what we got
Blowing the pot, you know why you give what we got
Blowing a pot, you know why you live
Blowing the pot, yeah hip-hop
That's what we live for, for real