

Yeah, let's take them to the hood

Born and raised in Cutter Hay off Clara
Compton off Elva one twenty and fronted with young ins
Who clutched hammers in back packs
Down to the Zack Pack and around
Where they pull out the pound quick as hashtag and at ya
I ain't get saved up in the burbs, wasn't the one clutching the gun
But I remember ducking from one, hugging the curb
Young in disturbed, a hustler's son, mother was stern
Click shady with no love for the Son
So don't look at me like this came easy
With one click of the tab you probably dig up my past
And find stains easy, I been afflicted addicted and cast
Into the trash I paint a picture of that to say He ain't leave me
He picked up my tab so before I ever flip on my dad
To be a sinner with cash let His gates receive me
I see the grave before I skate or pepper spray on Him
Look the Lord dead in His face and pull a Ma\$e on him

They say

I hear where you coming from but I be in the hood
All I see is murder, murder, but you say that God is good
I been thinking a whole a lot about it lately
It got to be a reason He ain't take me
If he can save me, If he can save me
He can do it for anybody, do it for anybody
If he can save me, If he can save me
He can do it for anybody, do it for anybody

You going to have to show me what you live for
And how it's better than this God I go in for
If you say the dollar sign you cannot deny
That you got a God homie because somebody got to print those
You telling me the streets is what has you
You telling me the streets is the cancer
I've never been a genius in math but
If the streets the problem they can't be the answer
They got my little brother on lockdown
Little homie fresh doing ten in the box now
Spent years telling them what I'm telling y'all now
Praying that you listen before you hit that prison compound
Everybody wait until it's too late
Three to five got you trying to move straight
The D.A. cut a deal and you skate
Hell is real ain't no cutting deals at them two gates

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