

Because

Black Thought

Because it's hard to find your love, I found it out
Because you better not stay, you better not stay
Because it's hard to find your love, I found it out
Because this love is so non-desirable, oh

I'm from where too many lives twenty-five years or fewer
Nothing we receive is brand new, it's just newer
While brothers drop down to their knees and make dua
Popsicle sticks race down the curb into the sewer
The next American hangman sketched in crayon
Gangland all a façade that you can spray on
Killin' birds with one stone is what we stay on
Wingspan never too wide for you to prey on
The ways never cease to amaze or inspire
Illiterate, the signatures been forged in fire
Broken spirit, some assembly required
It confirmed the door of no return at Elmina
Screamin' into the ocean for emotional support
We never won awards, we was wards of the court
Puttin' swords to umbilical cords to cut 'em short
Translation: vacation is at a last resort

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We took shoestrings, lemon drops and chips from the deli
Knocked 'em out the box with spinner tops and skelly
"Do it, you'll get to it," what Mr. Womack would tell me
I was locked, my celly read Niccolò Machiavelli
This inheritance was negative, beverage is the devil's piss
State's evidence, give us anything instead of this drama
In the mirror like Yayoi Kusama
Had me turnin' to Muhammad, to Buddha, to Dalai Lama
If I would snatch a shoulder bag from somebody mama
Am I cancerous? Can't discuss what the short answer was
Hungriest ones take the money and run
Sometimes simultaneously taking one of your lungs
What I mean is, I've seen everything that's under the sun
Niggas below the poverty line live under the gun
We all schemin', savages ain't vegan, what the fuck is love?
Don't need a reason to die, we die just because

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I was on thirty-four cruisin' through Medina
I was just a Neo 'fore I had the nina
I had the snapback with the t-shirt
Practicin' my ollie, I could hardly get my feet up
Had to hit the staircase just to roll the reefer, uh
Now I'm smokin' big Cohibas out in Costa Rica like pura vida
Havin' flashbacks of niggas gettin' clapped at in front the cleaners
On 34th Street, until this day it haunts me
It's why I had to move raunchy
I know killers in Marcy, so please don't taunt me

I spent some summer times in Canarsie
Me and Quan gettin' stopped and frisked by Hutch and Starsky
They was lookin' for hard drugs an' armory
Mama told me not to let that shit bother me
Poppa said to move cautiously
So the streets would never father me
But you don't know that part of me

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My girl told me I should watch my tongue
My skin gets red too easy, she don't wanna change her name like Washington
Wonders where I got it from, my parents' marriage was a toxic one
Mm, oh well, I'm 'bout to cop a gun
Hope I got to use it, it'll help blow up the music
I know somethin' slightly off with me, drama is therapeutic
Ego hates feeling futile, sometimes I move without scruples
Like havin' Mrs. Perfect with me and still chasin' approval
From other women, I'm a glutton, I can't run from who I become
Dad's around the corner, haven't seen him in like three months
We don't speak much, I don't handle balance well, got a fragile shell
My money split the king and queen up, then the castle fell
The tension in the air is still crisp
Sometimes I wish this game was over like I'm Lil' Flip (Flip)
Sometimes I'm wishing that my brain came with a kill switch
I don't vacation, dawg, I guilt trip, real shit, yeah

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