

Cheat Codes

Black Thought

Uh-huh

Two-fifteen

Young gunners in beast mode, K-9 teeth show
Cheat code playing with unlimited free throws
Playin', their feet move faster than a Capri stroll
Where they run in the strip like the women in peep shows
Pay the price, gamble with ya life like Pete Rose
Bust a move, paper bubble like Veuve Clicquot's
Who got the streets of Philly flooded like Puerto Rico's?
You get McNabbed like Donovan, it's finitos
Theologians point to the trap house that God is in
Go on, take his name in vain, like a phlebotomist
I'm the one that tell you what time it is
Never been into selling you promises, it's hot as a pot of grit
s
That's not a myth, Blackness is not a monolith
A lotta niggas probably gotta see psychologists
To understand why we wallowing where the bottom is
And common sense isn't what they teaching in colleges
Shit, it's real when you done lost your last feeling
Jump, then bounce back off the glass ceiling
Back to stealing, to Xanax and smack dealing
That's appealing, go grab your kids and shield them
Where hustling became an art
The mantra is managed, not defanged
Where shit ain't for the faint of heart
The rated R, everybody wrists got razor marks
In projects, township favelas and trailer parks
The wave been a vibe
Better head for the church, mosque, or synagogue
Chase the Grim Reefer with Henn-ocide
We need it like a hole in the head, thorn in his side
It all take its toll in the end, strong niggas die
Made figures who name bring became king
Or became fathers and sons facing the same thing
In the hood, mouth full of blood, tasting the same sting
Playing a game, trying hard to hang by the same string
You better get the cheat code or get RICO-ed, nigga
Bad credit get your shit repoed, listen