Fuel

Black Thought

P is for the city
P is for, P is for, for the city
P is for, for the ci-, ci-, city
P is for, P is for the city where it all began

I'm an Ernest Hemingway portrait painted by Ernie Barnes
Clean sneakers and dirty horns, last soldier of thirty gone
Who lost hope but still journeyed on
Yet I'm the reason we gon' have to get the gurney for him
Karma police carrying customized cuffs for me
I hope these taped up guns'll still bust for me
I had the whole world, it wasn't enough for me
It got me feelin' like the Lord lost trust for me
I made a means to an end when there were no wins
I burned bridges, I had sworn to be eternal friends
The last ones I ever intended to turn against
Until we grew our separate ways like fraternal twins
So to the chosen few with whom I need to reconcile
My mother's mother, my only brother, my second child
I've always loved you, although that was rarely said aloud
So take forever, I guess better late than never proud

I'm gonna breathe in the bellows with the apple on my head
It's hard to gain perspective with the world in your hands
Gonna drown in the shallows, ashes in the bay
Never lookin' back until there's nothin' in my way

Yo, identify with the dead or the livin', I don't know
Maybe my people set up to fall like a domino
America, the beautiful, go ask Geronimo
What's the worst they could do to you? I bet my mama know
I bet my father know your Honor'd throw the book at us
Even if justice wasn't blind, she'd never look at us
I want that clutch of what I could not touch
I was tryna get what I could get before I get locked up
And when that death clock struck
I was depressed enough to go ahead and press my luck
They held me down so long, I figured I should just rise up
Like helium from the delirium
Tryna change my skin color like a chameleon
But are my best years of life behind or still ahead of me?
What would I leave behind if I was over everything?
The foundation for creation of a better me
That's honestly the true definition of legacy, do it

I'm gonna breathe in the bellows with the apple on my head
It's hard to gain perspective with the world in your hands
Gonna drown in the shallows, ashes in the bay
Devil on my back and there's a demon in my way

God damn it! I said now
Told you once, can't fool me twice
Hate to be the bearer of bad advice
What I see before my eyes, bear witness
P is, P is for the city, P is for
Fuel the fire (P is for, for the city, P is for, for the, for the city)
To light the path of least resistance

P is for the city, for, for the city
Resistance

Yo, they say my seed is a future threat, that's all too correct
For that two fifths of a man, that barrel to your neck
God damn it, the hot hammer get all due respect
For the young cell block cannon that calls you collect
After runnin' multiple rings like the Dream Team
Tryna breathe and touch keys like Kaseem Dean
Supreme cream, his hands so dirty, it seemed clean
Scream murder, watchin' 30 for 30, here go the theme, nigga

I'm gonna breathe in the bellows with the apple on my head
It's hard to gain perspective with the world in your hands
Gonna drown in the shallows with the lovebirds in the bay
Never lookin' back until there's nothin' in my way

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