

Escape

Blackalicious

Where he came up at, it was like kill or die
People with guns packed, livin' that 'illa life
Where poverty was rampant, bloody murder in the night
And people striving so what others wouldn't win the fight
Cause see this one dude, lived on the other side
Of town, a big house, father and mother tried
To give him everything he wanted, things that others tried
To have and wanted to obtain, they taught the brother right
From all around then, crack epidemic hit
The brother selling drugs; it's you the ladies kick it with
It seems he had the most respect as well as dividends
He got out of going to school so he could get it in

Escape from the block, get out, get away
Escape from the block, constant mental elevation
Escape from the block, create your situation
Escape from the block, and make a better day

Now as some time's passed, he's in and out the pen'
He's had a few kids, still isn't sinking in
He's doing lots of OxyContin and some Vicodins
Upon returning to the block to live that life again
It's full of young guns, he used to get respect
But now he's turning thirty and he's an official wreck
His baby mother hardly ever lets him see his kids
His whole crew he grew up with is dead or doing bids
So moved away far, but still he bangs his block
His family members closest to him tell him change his spot
Of residence, he get on out and let your life unfurl
So you ain't ever really trap cause we live in a world
But he's a street dude, living by street rules
He'd rather die repping his block than ever be through
Being respected as an OG, someone no one dares
To cross, but what he doesn't realize is no one cares

So many young cats, that wanna rep the streets
Ain't even from that, I wish this shit would cease
How many people that you know retiring from hustling?
How many grown men over thirty that are doing nothing?
See back in high school, it was the thing to be in
Instead of living like a nerd, but hate the things you seein'
The past ain't nothing like the future: now the nerd is ballin'
And the only thing you got is lint inside your wallet
Now as respect goes, think of a different plan
Instead of gangster I would rather be a grown man
Because a man handles his business building better days
And a gangster only ends up in the jail or grave