

Why your chain don't shine like the rapper's do?  
Why you don't bleed for your city?  
Tell me what's your appeal  
Prove that you real  
Better have 5 killers on you  
Based on the game and the things we know  
Most live a lie for sure  
If I let you say what's good  
Guess I ain't good enough

Those cassettes out the attic, unraveled foreign magic  
Made me check the mathematics, sense the havoc  
Had me skipping class to study flows  
Put it in to practice, run the show  
Every minute, every second, headphones stuck onto the globe  
Yet it go, "why ain't you hood? yeah, why ain't you hood?  
Why ain't you rapping like you ain't understood?  
Drugs, sex and violence, all left in silence  
You ain't hear the shots, getting chased by the sirens, tell me"

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Am I supposed to run the street, my block, am I supposed to bleed  
To mould my life in bars and exhibit them at your feet  
My boss's dirt swept shoes, I need those too, I'm close to match the cost  
Money trees in growth but patience nearly done been lost  
I know we dropped what we had cause I ain't make that paper like them rapper  
s do  
Hard but bitter truth but all y'all want the sweetest juice  
Presented, wrapped in gift wrap, sit back and get clapped  
Chit chat, and finally shut your trap once you can see that  
Chain 'round my neck, uh, diamonds in my rings, ye  
Showing off my stacks, screaming fuck all o' y'all opinions  
"Nice, let's televise his world and it's demise" (Huh?)  
That's all that you desire, entertainment in your eyes  
Ain't that right?

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