

Evil Freestyle

CANON

Hands up, don't shoot
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Growing up, I could never trust a cop for my own good
Black and blue was just another gang in my neighborhood
You got good guys and got bad guys on the same field, my people still trying
to find acceptance with the same ones that'll hate them and that's evil

I woke up been feeling like Moses
Why do people still believe that they own us
Just because my family woke up in Egypt doesn't mean I belong where they wronged us
I am a black man, I gotta real wife, I gotta real life, I gotta family
You ain't listen when we sat and we kneeled
Collin Kaepernick we going to plan B
Why you gotta go and reaffirm the way I feel while being around cops?
Yeah now an officer wants to see us dead cuz yo daddy said I was the opp
I'm sick and tired you keep claiming it's ignorance, tell me Canon how we pose to be different
I shouldn't know more about your history and how they've treated us because of my pigment
Hear you saying get the facts, all facts, get the whole truth, show some respect
You concerned with a statement from officers that would kill a man, his knee on his neck
Now we on one, forget it I been on it, time to organize what you gone do to me
Flip over tables and chairs incinerate it but don't burn down your own community
Tired of the same old system
Tired of the same old victims
Tired of the same old Christians talking
You ain't even listening
Look If he can't breathe then we can't breathe that's a culture
How you scared to fend for you life with guns out the holster
Niggas is tired of murder, yeah I said it niggas tired of the same verdict
I'm so sick and tired of giving them verses, I'm so sick and tired of nothing working
Don't stop and frisk before you stop to witness that's a real person
Now them bullets flying and somebody dying and it wasn't worth it
Every part of my body inside of me, feeling ready to go riot and ride
But my family is all I that got
Should I cock it back or keep it inside
Why should worry about what you dont understand
My people I stand with the pain
Tell me how am I suppose to be fine when it's black people dying again and again
No don't call me
No dont text me
I don't want empathy
Don't try to check me

You do not get to tell me how to feel
When all reality you do not respect me
I got love for the right ones and wrong ones only God can judge you
These ain't the old times my people tired so it's hard to tell you what they
won't do. Yeah

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That's evil, I cannot breathe yeah
Can't tell me that ain't evil
That's evil I cannot breathe
Tell me that ain't evil
That's evil, I cannot breathe yeah
Can't tell me that ain't evil
That's evil I cannot breathe
Tell me that ain't evil

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