

**Evil**

**CANON**

(Hands up, don't shoot...)

Yeah

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 don't 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 don't 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

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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

(Hands up, don't shoot...)