

Statik Selektah
Yeah, you know
New generation, mon, Jamarican
Representin' for the world

Was in Jamaica and the Bab pulled up on us with K's
My uncle had a licensed pistol, that's why I was afraid
The gun was pointed at my mouth, ain't wanna swallow a case
Was with my pops and I was nervous I'd get shot in my face
He saw me trembling, that's when he said that I'd be okay
Was always tall so people thought I that I would lie 'bout my a
ge
I was a yankee, they could see I was a foreign exchange
Looking back at it right now, that was a horrible day
Was so confused, stuck tryna figure out just what we had did
Way they treated us, you would have thought they wanted us dead
That's why now when I see cops, I do not wanna be friends
They suppose to be protecting us, but treat us like threats
Did the limit, wasn't speeding, didn't go thru the light
All I know is I came outside just to go for a ride
Had a seafood dinner 'cause we went to Hellshire to dine
Took a trip to feel alive, but we came to closer dying

Ever stare into the barrel of a rifle
Foreigner I ain't feel welcome from arrival
For survival, ducking 5-0
Two much bloodshed, so we haffi end the cycle
Ain't no telling how the situation might go
Especially if I ain't from there, I be mindful
For survival, ducking 5-0
Two much bloodshed, so we haffi end the cycle
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Two much bloodshed, so we haffi end the cycle

Yeah, we haffi end the cycle
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