You know the block is hot
The police parked up the road
We ain't tryna caught
But it's still gonna get sold
Who the fuck are you to take food off another man stove?
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We just get tryna get by What I'm tryna imply We ain't getting employed So they give us no choice and I think back to a time When I could still here that voice In the back of my mind Telling me to keep going And I could see that I'm growing I ain't tryna do time But I'm a need me a moment So I could really get focus And maybe figure out some things While I'm here sitting in lotus I never had really had noticed Alot of niggas was bogus Some people posed like they coaches When they were really just vultures Just tryna steal from our culture Remember seeing them roaches The days we needed new groceries And thats just me being open Everything gone get better is what I really be hoping

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