

Yea, yea  
Look  
I'm tired of drive bus  
And niggas with no drive  
That's down to ride and riot  
And bringing down my environment  
Can't walk to the store to buy vitamins without my iron  
And a fresh shirt that's ironed  
Cause if I'm dyin' then I'm flyin' into heaven impressive  
If it my time, then  
I at least want to look good in my hood  
The same colors as the signs is  
The ones that leave your sister cryin' with  
Your mother  
Unc, pops, and brother  
See when I leave the house I make sure I tell them I love ya  
Remember I was 9 or 10 I wouldn't even say that I liked em  
Cause my parents would say they love each other then fight again  
Confused  
8 year old me with a knife in hand  
Her throat in his  
She ain't innocent neither  
Life will teach you  
You should never try to fight a man  
Where do I begin to tell you why I'm gettin high again  
Why I'm fuckin' crying again  
Young thinking about killing them both to stop the violence  
Man

I look good but I'm not okay  
When you living in the hood  
Where them shots gone spray  
When your house not a home  
Know you lose your soul  
As a boy they tell you it's not okay to cry  
To cry

Cops, guns drawn front lawn  
Pointed at my pops and moms  
Whats going on  
Not no gang shit  
Vile and domestic cars  
Neighbors done heard it all  
Late night in my room sad  
Wiping tears on my durag  
Cops asking "Which out of the two had hands on who first?"  
Officer I had no idea  
This flu hurt  
I been sleep this whole time, that's why I'm crying  
They know that I'm lying  
They already don't care and feel like I been wasting their time  
So they leave my bedroom  
Convict my moms for the crime  
I know she felt betrayed  
It was all in her eyes  
My father had scars, but she thought I chose no sides  
But matter fact I chose both sides

Cause I chose none  
But trust me I done seen everything that y'all both done  
But out of all that I seen  
Whether nightmare or dream  
The one that hurt most of all  
Was your son

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