

Hell, so many of my peoples on bail
return ticket given first step out the jail
return to that living that'll leave em in the shell
they throwing up walls since conception in cells
providing for theyselves before they hit the 9th grade
living on blocks not cooled by nightshade
get Bramstoked off coke and fight day
rope-a-dope till night falls then ice faith
its hard to keep your head up when a nigga's brain's heavy
in that rain steady cookin tryin to get those thangs ready
same face coppin either clocking on your bread or
watching for the cops fiends coppin for the feds
we minstrels, living in the cycle like ovaries
and the hood's fertile ground to birth disorderlies
this nation got my patience in restraints
its a warzone, boondock saints inside tanks
feel your blood pressure rise, your heartbeat jump
feel it move when everbodys feet stomp
this shit can move mountains we can make the surf break
make the earth shake, till the earth quakes

X2

streets hide teeth under gumbottomed feet
washed up dreams flood the drains underneath
over cane niggas slain laying under wreath
from belly of a mother to the belly of a beast
feast, let the jury say amen
12 at the table like christ came in
released when hell has ice yay thin
and satan takes forsaken souls ice skatin
little ghetto boys on the block waitin
for the same f**kers cuffin em to bring the weight in
inflate prison rates cuz the state raised them
sit them in a cinder block state playpen
fate of a section 8 case stay grim
so the guns stay toted and the clips stay loaded
bait for the prey when the big rims spin
so the hunted lose focus and the beast stay bloated
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