Valley Of Death

CunninLynguists

Now I seen obscene times before this hip-hop game came
Like the cops that checked me, left me in mate
To a system where Gingerbread Men are to overbake
Put to work in the dirt for a buck and quarter a day
Choppin' down trees for the next prison that's made
And separate us from slaves for thirty dollars in pay
The jailer got a tailor and an F250
Standin' on Dirty Acres feelin' goddamn filthy
Natti stands for his, suckers crawl for others
Understand the biz, I suffocate undercovers
Cause somebody gets paid, our lemons are simply beginnings
My sweat been the sugar in some cracker's lemonade
Got my brother in Baghdad, hands clenchin' grenades
While we hustle like house niggas, try'na buy chains
Back asswards for try'na buy change
I'mma walk through the Valley and rally through my pains, nigga

I'mma wear your confederate flag and be a rebel
Burn this witch down, Gretel with heavy metal
Cancelled, for pissin' on our hopes and esteems
Since I's a youth seen it, seen it like they broke in my dreams
Weave it together, I need all the yarn you can swing
From filthy farms we learned about what type alarm you can ring
Are you gon' listen? It seems the only sense you got is vision
And since we shed our senses now the sense is steady slippin'
And since we stopped our youth from prayin' senselessness is li
vid
And the rich don't really give a fuck cause they don't gotta li
ve it
I see hard livin' e'ryday, you never payed a visit
To ya'll the 'hood's a museum, in truth we just exhibits
In truth we just some digits, a means to an end
By any means from our KY we gon' win
Since ya'll won't listen, I oughta use fists in place of my pen
So then maybe all this shit'll sink in

Dwell in the Valley of Death, fell in the pits it holds
Been to the mountain top where streets are paved in gold
But I know "Only God can put out our flame, until then we gon'
face our pain"
And I know "Only God can put out our flame
Until then we gon' stake our claim, on these Dirty Acres"