

System

Curtis Waters

Sell your soul for a good price
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That's a dream never think twice
That's a dream

I'm not your purse
I'm not your product
I'm from the dirt
You're coppin' Prada
My people hurt
It's gettin' harder
My people hurt
It's gettin' harder
I need some money
I need some money, man
I'm fuckin' hungry
I really need a hand
Ain't nothin' sunny
Back in the motherland
A fuckin' cycle
That we all runnin' in

I'm boutta fuck the system up
I'm boutta fuck, I'm boutta fuck the system up
I'm boutta fuck, I'm boutta fuck the system up
I'm boutta fuck, I'm boutta fuck the system up
I'm not your product
I'ma fuck the system up
I'm boutta fuck, I'm boutta fuck the system up
I'm boutta fuck, I'm boutta fuck the system up
I'm boutta fuck, I'm boutta fuck the system up
I'm not your product

Fuck all pigs they're a part of the system
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Ain't no peace for my brothers and sisters
Ain't no peace for my brothers
They do not want us to breathe
Can't even walk in the streets
To them we're all just machines
In the American Dream
They say that they just want peace
But then they leave us to bleed
They'll never see what we see
They'll never see what we see

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