

No Commas

D Smoke

No hay nadie más preparado que el jovencito de Inglewood
Supa Good
Inglewood

I told 'em I'm the one for the job, no commas
And I'm serious, period, no commas
Wanna enjoy my family and my friends with no drama
And stack 'til I'm delirious, period (No), no

Ain't a dollar sign tag on some peace of mind, jack
We can take a loss, we gon' get it right back
We can take a loss, we gon' get it right
We can take a loss, we gon' get it right, yeah

I can be your boss, put game in your life, uh
Or you can spin your wheels, that chain off your bike
These niggas on they heels, they feignin' the fight
I'm here to feed my fam, they want they name in the lights
Dipped the paint in my pain and illustrated my plight
Gave it 'til I had nothing left, so I guess that I'm right
Writin' 'til I don't see no wrong, head to Rome on a flight
Then it's bon appétit, better not be no bone in my swai
Went from bologna sandwiches, listening to Thelonious
Gifted like homie had a B-day on replay
And grandma kissed him and said man of God
You was made to withstand the odds
Learn to play your cards, stay true to you, and take charge

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They buyin' everything in my city lines
Property value rising, they gon' gentrify
This ain't rocket science, here, let me simplify
We think we owners, but we only renters, why?
The system ain't broke, it's designed to keep us declinin'
Until we reach the bottom line and can't see the sky
Swimmin' in our misfortune, distortin' our vision and eyes glistenin' (Smoke
, chill out)
Remember our fallen peers, they listenin' (Ayy, my nigga, chill out, Smoke)
Sorry, my dear, they eat that venison (Ayy, nigga, shut the fuck up)
With no remorse, resort to militance (Nigga, shut up, nigga)
They'll shoot up a church, mosque, or that temple shit (Nigga, you tryna get
us killed)
And we shoot up ourself, why everybody aimin' at a nigga like me?
Brown skin, kinky hair, walkin' in my Nikes
Town shit, Inglewood 'bout to belong to whitey
Unless we buy this shit up and fry the shit up like snapper
Invest in our own society

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No commas, no drama, word to tío Obama
Mamá dijo, "No te preocupe', mijo, you got it"
You 'bout to blow, dejar un hoyo en la tierra Osama
Just keep on giving 'em cuts, con las tijeras, you'll come up
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Just keep on giving 'em cuts, con las tijeras, you'll come up (Gon' pay you
back)