

Memory Loss

Deltron 3030

You try to get over you're gonna go under
You try to get over you're gonna go under

Literally it's 3030
I don't got time to be wasting time on you slow pokes

I want y'all to, get open, like the ocean
Brothers be buggin' like "He's from Oakland?"
What? I'll whoop you insinuatin' we ain't capable
Stupid ass niggas is gonna rape a ho
A few out a thousand
My town is foundin' fathers of the black panthers we provide answers
You don't wanna believe then y'all some blind bastards
They got you set up real good: generalizing
Industry rising while energies declining
Niggas think I'm whinin'
Really? I don't give a shit
'Cause everybody's dyin' but y'all think that's the end of it
That's why it's so easy to be a Benedict
Or imitate cause they wouldn't teach ya algebra when you was eight
Now you fourty-eight and you hate children
Forgot where you came from now you're straight illin'
Don't fight the feelin'
You better deal with it

(People have a memory loss
They try to get over)
Try to get over you're gonna go under

It don't matter what you do or say
Try to get away but I'm gonna catch ya
Wanna compare yourself to them
Well guess what homeboy you don't match up
I'm my own individual so I know it isn't true just because you say it is
'Cause anything that's truth got proof it ain't you
That's simply just the way it is
Sing

Lookin' up the sky is red
City's burning up over head (flame on baby)
We can make the best of it (rock that)
In this post apocalypse (right on)

(People have a memory loss
They try to get over)
Fake mothers trying to get over
Word

I'm on some real shit
So real brothers feel this
'Cause we know reality is crazy
That's why nothin' amaze me
Look in the past
You might have to go farther then the book in your class
My niggas cookin' some crack and moms get the first hit
That's ok with you? that's ok with me
I'm not here to judge the way you be

I got my own complications the government shoeless rations
Plantations is man-labor for 5 bucks for hourly intervals
I get a G for that
So believe what I spit to you is given back
Don't think that I'm livin' that dream
When the I.R.S. repossess most of your cream
It's like I dream when I die I wake up
I see all the people I disrespected and try to make up
It's praise to the creator, relate to nature

(People have a memory loss
They try to get over)