

## Sad Condishun

Derek Minor

This whole world is in a sad condition  
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But I keep on battling on

Uh, aye, aye, good morning  
The Garden where our innocence died, we're still mourning  
I rolled up on your cousins like, "listen shorty you're more than  
Dope boy, jump off Bentley, you are important"  
But he ain't tryna listen, man he keep on cookin' rocks  
'Cause he tired of seeing his brother with them holes off in his socks  
Momma bring these men home, his father they are not  
But they touch him one more time, might just wind up getting shot  
Aye, full of rage and pain, I see it in your eyes  
God is their hope in all, I'm looking at the sky  
Thinking if we ball, it'll change how we feel inside  
But the Gospel can only change how we feel inside  
Christ died for us, ultimate price for us  
Didn't stay in the ground, got up and rise for us  
So even if this world is broken, can't never break us  
My faith isn't in it, my heart is something greater

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I got a problem with myself, I think I need help  
Ain't tellin' me I'm rich, I think I need wealth  
I think I need the belt, baby I'm the champ  
Is you seein' these jewels? Maybe that's the stamp  
They call it Grade A, skipped over school, never made a grade "A"  
But I'm staring at this tool that they call a AK  
Don't that count for something?  
Money on the scale, no I can't count for nothing  
No key for my chariot, I just push a button  
They call it futuristic, but I call it stuntin'  
I'm just living my life  
Looking out for my throne on this incredible night  
One mil in my crown, what an incredible sight  
You ain't never seen ten fingers shine this bright  
I say hey, it's all cool, but it don't mean a thing  
'Cause when you die, it dies, you're an imaginary king

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I'm from the hood where they mask up, strap talk to get cash up  
Crack flippin' that trap bruh, act tough and get clapped up  
Yeah, where bodies rot, yeah you can smell death  
They say the block is hot, I say that's hell's breath  
Dreads all in they hair, kush smoke in that air  
Window into his soul, you can see the pain in his stare  
Uh, since he's a young'un his momma has been the geek  
On the streets where, where you could just die for a pair of sneakers

They like, "look you can be whatever, " "lil homie sky's the limit"  
Make it about the hood, but he just see peeps dying in it  
All around's him destruction, that's the norm for his family  
Tore down his projects, now all that he's known is abandoned  
Sadly he's been conditioned that this has to be livin'  
Tell him do better, you'll have to supply a definition  
What's even sadder, internally he is broke  
Nobody that'll show that in Jesus should be his hope  
And that's sad...

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Blinded by the world, we stumble 'cause it's all dark  
Never thought that I would be tempted to fall hard  
Simple man, yeah, and life is real as ever  
I study him to learn exactly how he did it better  
Perfect, not a flaw, not a mistake  
I used to shine bright, now I'm just praying I don't break  
Erosion over time, my cleats turn to skates  
The stress from my slides, you can see it in my face  
Grace is all I'm leaning on these days  
I crossed the road and sinners comin' from each way  
Save me, oh wretched man I am  
Without these nails in your feet, I don't know how to stand  
Without these nails in your hands, I don't know who I am  
Help me turn from this lust, get me out of this jam  
My soul's at stake, and I could die tonight  
Chartered the king and he hit me with that private flight

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Stuck in the sphere of what's near, sad conditions keep me here  
Tried outer space, I'm out of place, and I can't breathe up in that atmosphere  
Every minute that I'm in it, feel the pressure thicken  
Take my diesel from this scene and this pump injured me from breathing [?]  
So I say where I'm from, outside the box don't feel like home  
I wish it did 'cause where I live will be this way till I'm gone  
Conscious students acting foolish, learning to be unruly  
See these pupils taking light, folks die for what they refusin'  
Yeah, movie did a massive thing, same-sex marriages  
Preacher choked their children out and then they wanna pastor us  
Plus I did dirt, yeah, hard intent to hurt all  
Friends to me, enemies, millionaire, slum dog  
Hustle man, no Martin man, just tryna find a come-up quick  
Sad condition, heart is sick, sadly man I'm loving it  
Need to get up out this world, packing for a rocket ship  
God ain't sent a rocket, but he sent his Son, I'm outta here