

# Burn It Down

Derez De'Shon

Yeah, twelve killing niggas every second  
Got me stressin', riding 'round with illegal weapons for protection  
We been begging, we been begging, we been begging  
Fighting this oppression, still getting neglected  
Burn that shit down 'til its melting (Burn it down)  
Burn that shit down 'til they get the message (Burn it down)  
Burn that shit down 'til they respect us (Burn it down)  
Burn that shit down  
Momma pray for me, even when you ain't sleeping  
So scared to die, I don't sleep, I be up geekin'  
Got smoke with the opps, plus the cops  
Got me ridin' 'round with Glocks, screaming "fuck polices"  
Or policies, you know what I mean, and I mean it  
I ain't never seen racism, 'til I seen it  
Niggas hanging from trees in 2020, I can't believe it  
20/20 with that chopper, I bet I'ma hit 'em  
What the fuck I'm 'posed to tell my children?  
Since we colored, we ain't got no privilege  
Since we colored, we ain't really got no meaning (Fuck no)  
Since we colored, they kill us for no reason  
No, no, no, no, I ain't going for that (I ain't going for that)  
My ancestors been fighting for too long for that (Too long)  
And this dick on that .40 is too long for that (Swear it's too long)  
Fuck 'em  
Twelve took my breath away when I heard him say "I can't breathe" (I can't b  
reathe)  
Kaepernick took a knee, but twelve took a life with their knees  
Over 400 years niggas been protesting for peace  
Even protesting peacefully, but get shot and get beaten  
How long you think we 'gon keep going for that? (How long?)  
How long you think we 'gon keep going through that? (How long?)  
How long you think you 'gon keep doing us that? (How long?)  
How long you thought it would take before we react?  
We smarter than we ever been (Ever)  
And we know how to shoot F&N's  
Taking headshots, ain't no legs and limbs  
Taking headshots, fuck the legs and limbs  
I been ridin' round, feeling like a monster  
Police tryna take me from my son and my daughters  
I ain't pussy, and that's the way I was brought up  
Streets taught us, never let 'em take nothin' from you  
President got us twisted like a Backwood  
Let me know if I'm tripping or is it that good  
I ain't seen a cracker hanging yet in the backwoods  
I wish the KKK would, I swear to God its gonna be a massacre  
If I start snatching up white folk like I'm a wrestler  
And make 'em come to my house, work for me, and call me master, while they l  
ocked and shackled  
And take 'em away from all their family and children  
And now they try to run away from me, I whip 'em  
And if they go against me, I probably'll kill 'em  
Would you respect me, or call me a killer?  
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