

Wake Up

Discrepancies

I see you're hurting and in fact I know you're mad
From perfectly identical insertions of our past
The anger that you've pushed down surfaces at last
You're certain that they're doing it on purpose and you spas
But meanwhile I was shot down last week
By another young brother same color as me
Left me in a blood pool damn, did me wrong huh
Laughed like it was cool must of heard it in a song huh
And the last thing I saw was my daughter on the porch
What was once a loving dad, now a problem to report
Realize the bigger problem is the problem we endorse
Watched her hero transform from a father to a corpse
And of course the perp was a young black male
And of course the victim was a young black male
So report the ignorance that you have tracked well
When you rap, make money, kill niggas, make crack sells
Can't you see we're in a state of emergency
We're obsessed and possessed with possessions and currency
And you glorify the curse that you throw inside a verse
We hate how they treat us, but we treat ourselves worst
Let's stop killing each other and start killing the ignorance
We'll succeed if we proceed with persistence and diligence
Think of the women and the children if you're needing some sentiment
The bullets hurt worst when piercing the innocent

I see you're hurting and obviously confused
Understand that this country was designed for us to lose
That doesn't have to depict the destiny that we choose
We really need to switch up the recipe of cool
You don't think you can succeed but trust me I know you can
We have too many niggas I want you to grow a man
We don't have to yell pause just for me to hold your hand
We are a stolen people we're treading on stolen land
Intelligence isn't popular, and the only thing that's stopping us
Is ignorance and hate man this poverty is costing us
All of us, not bloods not the crips but all of us
The biggest gang in the whole world is the one they call haul us up
Can't you see we're in a state of emergency?
We're obsessed and possessed by possessions and currency
And you glorify the curse that you throw inside a verse
We hate the way they treat us, but we treat ourselves worst
So before you pull that trigger could you be more considerate
Mr. officer trust me our family is missing us
Think of our women and our children if you're needing some sentiment
Those bullets hurt worst when they're piercing the innocent