Spar

Dreezy

Aye mayne, I like the depth of this song, ya know what I'm sayin'
Not the death of the song but the D-E-P-T-H of the song
Ya feel me, the complexity and shit
I like the topic
Kodak Black man

Look my word is bond as fuck
My life is hard enough, they not rewarding us
They disregarding us, and if I go to DC, I'm tryna spar with Trump
I'm not a politician, just can't ignore the stuff

This really just a free verse, I put my life in reverse
I dug up out my old pain and put it on a t-shirt
So many sides to this shit, not here for the popular shit
Your own people will ask, "When you gon' 'Pac for this shit"
Before I die, I'ma teach, I light a blunt then I preach
Ain't no facade you can see, that I can only be me
I got a daughter to raise, one day she gon' be a queen
I'm tryna get shit together, so she can have anything

My word is bond as fuck
My life is hard enough, they not rewarding us
They disregarding us, and if I go to DC, I'm tryna spar with Trump
I ain't a politician, just can't ignore the stuff

I take this life how it come
Got heart but still won't show love
If I tell people where I'm from, they might think I gotta gun
Got J's that's still in the box
No tax or bands on my ones
I took my feelings out this shit and put my trust in my funds
Tat my dead homie on my sleeve
Don't need glasses, see what I see
Told me at ten, what I wasn't gon' be
Nigga ain't make the league, so we turn to the streets
Cops wanna blast 'fore they see ya I.D
Might do the race 'fore a nigga catch me
Damn if it be another R.I.P
It's a black/white world but I only see green
Killers gettin' off innocent, when the clip showin' that he did the shit
Try to talk and they ain't listenin' but they'll point it out if you get ign
orant
Fuck with you if you a benefit
That's why I pay off cash at the dealership
But I got money stashed for the bail and shit
But I'ma write it off, good penmanship
Can't say we representing when half the office White Supremacist
This can't be, "Land of the free"
If kneeling might cost your position
I'm supposed to respect the system
They call our brothers, "Sons of bitches"
And when my Unc' came home from prison
For the same shit y'all tried to turn into a business
Take our culture, our blueprint
Pay the knockoff to come model us
Hurricanes come and swallow us
Opp niggas tryna put the dot on us

We pourin' Henny, cause we all bottled up
Granny said, "Scratch ya lottos up"
But the bible says it goes full circle
I'ma tryna find me a good purpose

My word is bond as fuck
My life is hard enough, they not rewarding us
They disregarding us, and if I go to DC, I'm tryna spar with Trump
I'm not a politician, you can't ignore the stuff

Ain't old enough to hit the club to fill my cup with rum
But I can go die in the army or go to war for them
Ain't old enough for marijuana cigars, spark my blunt
But old enough to spend my life behind bars, that dumb
Told magazines that got me in articles
When I'm in Washington DC, I'm doing fraud n' stuff
Ain't worried bout Donald Trump
Ain't worried bout seeing no monuments
These people got weather control
Where the hell you think Hurricane Harvey from?
The weather ain't got no name
Where the hell you think Hurricane Harvey from?
These people control the rain, these people be diggin' bonkers up
But they only got 2 more years of slavery to do harm to us
I feel like Kunta Kinte nigga, I'm the one who fought for us
I was in the clubs and 6th grade, fightin' the adults and stuff
Feel like Kunta Kinte nigga, I'm the one who fought for us
Ever since the 6th grade nigga, I was the one who fought for us
Ever since the 10th grade nigga, I was the one who fought for us
So I feel like Kunta Kinte nigga, I'm the one who fought for us yeah
I fought for us, nigga I die for us, nigga I risk my life for us
I risk my life for us nigga and I'll die for us nigga

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