

100 Days

Duckwrth

Is it more chalk on the board or chalk on the ground
100 days for 100 rounds
'Cause everybody dies on the South side of town
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Momma used to say
She said
"Boy don't you go outside
Don't you know them drive-bys happening outside
Tinted windows keeping by
Ill intent in they eyes"
Them boys be bucking out them shots
They want to see my demise
I will not be that number either do or you die
Get shot or shoot a nigga so I grab '45
I know my momma taught me better
I'm just trying to survive
Up in these streets
(Streets) streets (streets) streets (streets) streets
But the streets keep calling
1-800-KILL-A-MAN
Called you in the morning
If you pick up the telephone
Hit a son of the morning
Lucifer got his dirty hands up in the cauldron
Mixing up a potion while you sipping with your squadron
Hypnotic and hypnosis the government condone this
Turn your brother to your enemy while you reload the clip
He was giving greetings you was thinking he was talking shit (nigga)
Shot him in the belly
False solutions of the hypnotic (hypnotic) hypnosis (hypnosis)
On a count of three
You will be in a trance
One, two, three

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Pain, pain is what I feel when I see someone of my skin tone laying lifeless due to gun violence
Pain, pain is what I feel when I see a community mourn the loss of a soldier fighting an everyday war just being a colored person in America
Pain, I'm talking pain so deep and ugly with one 'u' I'm left speechless looking for a message, a message of hope, a message from you