

# 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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100 Days...

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