

I know if I was to simply say to you that if I got that spitfire
Get fly, I'm gonna help you get by
Bite my lip until it bleed if I let you crash
Body hit the water, splash, all for a wad of cash
Passion-plea to self, so it's not his last
Lot is cast, take you from a broken past
Open with his smoking stash
Promise no more; he done broke his last

From affliction to addiction, wound to infection
From a rookie to professional, secret to confession
Every level is progressional, pushing every envelope and boundary protecting
you
Slowly decomposing, you oppressing, you depressing, you be stressing you out
Testing what you about now, you grown with clout now, and drowning in doubt
now
Ain't no question you sick and tired of the situation you facing
Asking God, "Why? How? Why me? Why now?"
Trying to get your mind right
Trying to keep your grip tight on life, in spite of the chaos and the battle
internally
Defining your existence and your position eternally
Our mission in this industry is assisting you in shaking off them tendencies
, exposing you to destiny
Spit truth lyrically in every vicinity
Diminishing strongholds of foes now

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I proceed to put the pieces together
Obvious is the beat that meets every endeavour, whenever
Head on, popping and bucking to say it wrong
Opportunity ducking, all of them stuck in their zone
Freedom of speech, empower the streets
Fuel the cowards to spin hours for peace
They're growing poison, thinking they're doing a moral service
Whoopy-doo, they black with money
I should be proud but I'm nervous, like a gun in the hand of a killer
It always amazes me when the burn the flames off of the scrilla
Black man, wake up
Black man, feel me
Dr. King said we will overcome - will we?

Blood on the streets of Memphis for the cause
Moment of silence for death as we pause
Raise the terror alert, give me time to hear from error
And hurt the bearer of news in an era that's almost gone

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Let you crash, body hit the water, splash, all for a wad of cash
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