No Cable

IDK

[?] to the congregation
Congregation, rise and let us pray
'Cause I'm rotatin' with my true playa partner by the name of IDK
We tryna figure out, when in doubt, why all this petty shit gotta come our way, you know I'm sayin'?
Put an end to the mothafuckin' hate
Let us rise and let us get straight, you know I'm sayin'?
We gotta demonstrate, we gotta congregate
And, through this bullshit, man, we ain't gon' do none but aim and penetrate

Why all my brothers tryna infiltrate my circle?
Why all my sisters tryna spin my wheel
And taste my cheddar 'round and 'round
Like these women turnin' into gerbils?
Guess the family mattered less when I was more an Urkel
Yeah, but now I'm Stefan'd up
And everything I do is everything that they fond of
It's funny how I went from paperboy to makin'-that-paper-boy
But I'm still tryna throw it at houses
My credit was fucked up, but now it's in fair condition
I'm tellin' the banks to help a brother, they never listen
Like almost every nigga in the world with the chains and the girls
Goin' through the same struggle, just from a distance
We think they winnin'
And speakin' of winnin', the Redskins losin'
That's a representation of where I'm from
'Cause when the guns pop, we lose a life and that's the real conclusion
We watch 'em change the channel while we make excuses

He was just a drug dealer, record wasn't clean so we see him as a thug nigga (Police described the shooting victim as a known drug dealer- change the channel)
He was just a crazy man, he blew up the school just to mothafuckin' say he can (Students evacuating with their hands up, the suspect [?] - change the channel)
I love this girl, this girl loves me even though I'm a girl too, she my- (The newly updated [?] Act gives same-
sex couples the same rights as heterosexual couples- change the channel)
Aw, fuck it, we all brothers and sisters, we all brothers and sisters, we all brothers and-

Paper is power still
Paper is power still
Paper is power still, paper is power still
Paper is power still, paper is power still (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
My hittas separate from plenty of stupid shit
I do a [?] to them like Zion and Duke and them

Why every time I see a white person I question myself like
Am I gonna scare 'em 'cause I'm black?
But when I put my white voice on and ask him for directions
He just gives 'em to me with a dap and then smiles
See, not everybody racist and shit
But we just tryna be prepared for all the hatred we get
'Cause if I make the wrong turn and stop at a gas station
Listen, there's a small chance that I could probably be lynched
In 2019, and probably still in 2020

And probably 20 years later 'cause this shit ain't gon' leave
It's never gon' end, that's why I gotta scribble this pen
'Cause I got a voice and no one in my generation don't ever say shit
'Cause it ain't cool to talk like this
But chalk lines tracin' of bodies make me drop my shit
My job is this, say truth to make your jawlines drip
So if I get flipped, this message is in all my hits

He was just a drug dealer, record wasn't clean so we see him as a thug nigga (Change the channel)
He was just a crazy man, he blew up the school just to mothafuckin' say he can (Change the channel)
I love this girl, this girl loves me even though I'm a girl too, she my- (Change the channel)
Aw, fuck it, we all brothers and sisters, we all brothers and sisters, we all brothers-

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