

The Cycle

III Bill

You can hear the strings of the violin welcome me in
Feels like the pain under your skin when you livin' in sin
Sounds of a dirty syringe, heroin gon' swim
Polluting the souls of the project kids
Born to drug fiends, growin' up to jail bids
Broken dreams and promises fuel gang violence and
Pigs always show up when the guns is done firing
Another family crying, another funeral
Another retaliation, another burial
And that cycle gonna continue until you see the God in you
Kings and queens of the earth with a lethal virtue
Crack rocks shape the block like an earthquake do
Drive-bys in the hood with the plates removed
Bandana gun handle for the flag you choose
Putting they conscience to sleep when them hammers is used
Penetrate the penitentiary swallowing balloons
Poison the prison system crushed glass in your food

History repeats itself (The Cycle)
Kids having kids killing kids (The Cycle)
Drug addiction gettin' passed down through the umbilical
Until you wake up you're just a slave to the cycle

You can hear the snatch of click like hollow tips when you fillin' the clip
Hundred dollar spliffs spillin' the piff
You don't even get high anymore barely feelin' the lift
You need a whole fifth of whisky to drift
Take it back to the cycle that twist
Like a python to eat itself to muffle it's hiss n a puddle of piss
Self-destructive pitch drunk in the whip
Jump the curb struck a bitch and hit her mother and her kid
Ain't nothing new under the solar system
Cause even in the summer time the soul of the street is ice cold like winter
Deep freeze like 40 below boots
And no more fights around here no more the shorty's all shoot
Three sixty round table
Shot with a three-pound four Jesus piece and a cable
Different generation same shit though
Same blood thirst, same ignorance
Same motivation when the gun bursts

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It's like a cycle
Some will go home some will go witness
Like somebody gotta lose in order for you to win
You got your delicate predicate felons who couldn't swim
Got caught up in a tide now he's facing a five to ten
Try to game but who sayin' bucks you slang dust
Now you came up big chain truck
You can't trust niggas around who permanently press you
These niggas bank for they colors but they don't really rep you
Hang you out to dry, got they crooked eyes all in your spot
Airing out your dirty laundry now they all in your socks

Wolves in sheep clothing, heat holding, calling the cops
Got the police rolling out a beast controlling the block
You was on top now you in a box caged in
Through the years full of cheer now your world's caved in
Born and raised in a family of made messes age ten
A cycle's still repeated at the day's end and great gems

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