

# 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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