

Violent Times

III Bill

Oh I'm in love with the drugs, I'm in love with the women
I've got "Drugs, Money, Sex." tattooed on my arm and I take it from coast to coast

Yeah, this time is really rainin' on me, I've got no cover
The only one who thinks I'm handsome is my own mother
The street game is a bitch and I don't love her
When you dope, they jones, so I keep my poems gutter
I speak clearly into mics and I don't stutter
These other clowns talk loud and they won't shut up
I have declared war therefore from here on
There ain't no army that can attack that I ain't prepared for
I am in rare form, scarin' the norm
All night long 'til I disappear in the dawn
In between heaven and hell, my spirit is torn
Between the Virgin Mary and fly hookers wearing a thong
I'm on so many drugs that my eyes are blurry
But they still can't hide or disguise my fury
He who lives life slow will die in a hurry
Live by the gun, you fire in a violent flurry

We're livin' in a violent time and my eyes designed for crime
We kill for a nickel or dime and there ain't no way you can vic me for mine
cause I'm
Livin' in a violent time and my eyes designed for crime
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We underground like the freedom movement
See our car in the street, salute it
These are bars from the psycho unit
We stay strong despite the lack of union
Cops throw us in the jail like the camps in Munich
Exiled in the palace of the most polluted
Fallen stars from ghetto spars and block shootings
Another soldier taken away to stop you and us from improving
It almost seems change is just an illusion
I'm losing my life before my pride
I'm a student of the revolution
Put me in a noose if I'm a nuisance
Give me a truce or get strong abuse from troops
That wanna break loose from the force you're using
We're rebelling in the form of music
Speak truth and I hope you use it
It's a sore world how Bush views it
We gotta take the power back and get through this
If not, there's no future for our kids, get to it

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It was the first robbery of 2006
Banana clips, a couple cops got shot
Listen to the sound of the police
When the bullet rips through his knot

You hear nothing, just another tear drop in the plot
Another kid gets killed by a stray bullet
Another grandmother cries in the pulpit
It's bullshit, we need more justice of the people
Yet we sell drugs even though we know it's evil
It's a way lot more complicated than that
And that's why half the projects gravitated to crack
Nowdays the hustle game is all fucked up
Have you up state, doing 15 years for nothing
Not guilty were the first ones with good alibies
Cops is pissed, they got the whole hood paralyzed
Fuck all of y'all, prosecutors never can hurt me
Cause I've got big retainers with the best attorneys

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