

Guns And Butter

J Hus

Most of them are not doing what I'm doing
Why?
'Cause it's not about where you come from;
It's about heart!
You come to a place where
You know
Being smart ain't enough
You gotta have heart!

I told my baby "I can't love you"
I'm still tryna find out what love is
Looking in the mirror
Tryna find out who J Hus is
Now I'm in a next mans drum
They put me through pain, that was practice
I wear my heart on my sleeve
Pull up my mask and I breathe
Then I leave his brains on the mattress

Oh why, oh why, oh why, why must we live like this
I know deep down, mummy didn't wanna see her kids like this
In the dunya
It's guns and butter
They invested in guns
And then they robbed all the butter

My fore-fathers brothers were picking corn
And I ain't nuttin' like them
But I'm sitting in my drum and I'm picking corn
200 bails in the duffle bag
Feds wanna put me in a cage
I can't even access my fam
But why you wanna call me a criminal
You invaded my ancestors land
Growing up in the village
Been through passa with a couple brothers
Shots flying back and forth
To me, to you
Like the Chuckles Brothers
It used to be us verses them
And now it's me verses you
You used to be more than a friend
They wouldn't wanna be in our shoes

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