

# ROCKABYE BABY

Joey Bada\$\$

Yeah, yeah  
I said niggas pop shit all the time  
Me I don't trip 'cause they know I'm never lyin'  
Lookin' between the lines  
Feel like Ali in his prime  
As-Salaam-Alaikum, alaikum salaam  
Peace to my Slimes, and peace to my Crips  
Neighborhood police and they always on the shift  
Protect my Bloods, look out for my cause  
When it's all said and done, we be the realest there was  
Who else if just not us?  
If you 'bout this revolution, please stand up  
We ain't got no one to trust  
Time is running up, feel the burn in my gut  
And if you got the guts, scream, "Fuck Donald Trump"  
We don't give a fuck, never had one to give  
Never will forget, probably never will forgive  
Uh, I guess that's just how it is  
And they still won't let the Black man live

Feel the energy surge through my veins when I flow  
Mentally, I can never be controlled  
No sympathy for foes, my enemies exposed  
Will they remember me when I'm gone?  
I say rockabye, rockabye, rockabye baby  
Shotta boy, shotta boy, shotta go crazy  
Me nuh play games, so please don't play me  
Look at what they made me

I'm part of the reason they still Crippin' out in Brooklyn  
Before I was an artist I would book 'em, mm  
Push ya shit back while on them front line, nigga, ya lunch time  
I'm by them stop sign, you love that wi-fi  
On mamas for them dirty dollars, brains on collars  
Park the car around the corner, I'll be there in a second  
The murder weapon on me, fuck if this bitch start flamin'  
The cops patrolin', get that punk ass American flag ceremony  
Aww, damn am I going too far?  
Give you some flavor to borrow  
Bitch yeah it came with the car  
It's off-white, leveled the hard  
You ball, might come with a charge  
Your kids don't know you no more  
Your girl's draws stay on the floor  
No phone call accepted in weeks  
Your son picked up on your beef, real shit  
From gettin' lynched in field into ownin' buildings  
Getting millions, influencin' white children  
And oddly we still ain't even  
Still a small percentage of blacks that's eating  
Same routines, the same dope fiends  
Them nightmare dreams, forever murder season  
Bad intentions to them picket fences  
They gave us guns but won't hire us, nigga?  
So we killin' senseless  
Homies murked on the bus benches  
Retaliation 'cause his mama cryin'

Kept it gangsta 'til I modify 'em  
Rockabye, rockabye

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