

He yellin' "9-1-1", the paramedics ensue
So in this game of fake news, nigga, we know what's the truth
Can't be led by false prophets out here singin' the blues
No Billie Holidays, just modern day meteoric moves
Stuck in the groove, you choose, cruise, eventually lose
Your point in shambles from the gambles
What the fuck did you do?
Bones and booze is hard to handle when you built like you
This simple shit got niggas shook
Got them lost and aloof
You could have been better
You could have been humble
You could have been smarter
You could have been quicker, ya bastard
Couple of screws loose, they fell out of your picnic basket
Tell me what you do to hide the pain
I know that you mask it
Nigga would you move the way you do
If you knew the truth?

I pray to my God
Can we survive
What will we do when the tides rise?
How can we prosper?
How can you see through them blind eyes?
CNN, Fox News, sellin' all lies
History repeats these feelings like the end times
Niggas die, shot down on the front lines
The prophecies bein' fulfilled as I speak now
Before the clock strikes twelve, hope I get mine
Pray I didn't miss the deadline

Wake the fuck up, and get on your shit
Yeah, you could throw the fuckin' towel in and call this shit quits
It's obvious, it's in your face, how the fuck you not convinced
Only so much empathy in me, I'm out of it, I'm spent
So go on down the dead-end like all the novices did
Supplyin' a feelin' that's unknown, yeah, it's too real for the kids
So right before the bomb blows, bitch, I give you a kiss
Bein' aware is a burden, and bitch, I carry this shit
Y'all niggas awkward with this, shoot like Shawn Marion did
Just pay attention when you step, it could be treacherous shit
'Cause it could be any moment, any time, my nigga, you dig?
Your standards of livin' lowered
Lo and behold, we know what it is, eh, eh

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