SYM

Kano

Suck your, suck your, suck your, mum
Suck your mum, suck your mum
Yeah I said it, suck your mum

Suck your mother and dad
If you think niggas just love these cuffs and riots
A million footsteps to make it in, woah, oh, oh
It ain't easy to just dry four hundred tears
Different whip, different chain, different bracelet
Different thing but we still take the same shit
Get your paper but you don't get complacent
If we don't hold each other down, we won't make it
If we don't...

That might be the hook I could retire after
Not like when Tyson sparks ya
Like twisted fire starter
I worship bars and I'll die a martyr
I got my Nikes from Pardner
I had the snidest braders
The O.E was selling war, that shit to the grimiest dances
Eediat tell me 'bout grime interrupted
Like my stripes in sharpied
On my shoulder like I ain't a soldier in this rarse ting, crarses
Left a boy alone, forget some pussy and some plantain
'Cause of the sweet colour of our skin
They wan throw banana skins at John Barnsey's
They tell us to go fuckin' back to our own country
But they won't even give us back our own countries
Every entrance to a door
Has a footprint left by the ones that came before
Let's talk about the day the wind was rushed up on the shore
They promised us so much and then they left us to be poor
Need superhero capes for the stuff our mum's had to endure
Just heading to the store, no blacks, no Irish and no dogs
The system's taking course and the most powerful are fraud
They trap us in estates, won't even educate us boys
And wonder why we break the law
This ain't for the culture, it's for the connoisseur
This ain't for the club, it's for the mandem on the curb
They're tryna take away our art, how we supposed to earn?
And express what's in our heart, I beg you

Suck your mother and dad

Look, yep we here, we here
Landowner got keys here
Vroom vroom in MB's here
Pure part to get cheap beer
Jerk man 'pon the streets ere
Fish fry and get steam ere
Rice with our gunga peas ere
Great grandkids are making G's ere
We fly back to spend G's there
Nuff rice so we'll be rich ere
Then meet the queen but we kings ere
Got London turn up!

Bare man a wear gloves and collars
We bring light but darkness follows
So we cry then laugh tomorrow
Dry your puddles, mic in the basement
Had a voice then we parted with the station
No choice but to fly in the face of
Bias and hatred, grind 'til you wait in line for the pay checks
The might for the game is spiteful and heinous
But my generation, times are a changing
Die if I cave in, trying our patience
Lying so blatant trenchifyin' our places
But minds are awakening, tightening up laces
To fight in the AM
But at night, yeah we're raving
At night, we're raving
Ice on the brain ting
[?]
Selecta

Suck your mother and dad
If you think niggas just love these drugs and crime
A million footsteps to make it easy, woah, oh, oh
It ain't easy to just dry four hundred tears
Different whip, different chain, different bracelet
In the field but we still take the same shit
Get your paper but you don't get complacent
If we don't hold each other down, we will make it
If we don't hold each other down, we will make it
Different whip, different chain, different bracelet
In the field but we still take the same shit
If we don't hold each other down, we will make it
If we don't hold each other down, we will make it

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!