Mass hallucination baby
Ill education baby
Want to reconnect with your relations
This is your station baby

Look inside these walls and you see them having withdrawals Of a prisoner on his way Trapped inside your desire To fire bullets that stray Track a tire just tell you I'm tired and ran away I should ask a choir what do you require To sing a song that acquire me to have faith As the record spin I should pray For the record I recognize that I'm easily prey I got ate alive yesterday I got animosity building It's probably big as a building Me jumping off of the roof Is just me playing it safe But what am I supposed to do When the topic is red or blue And you understand that I ain't But know I'm accustomed to Just a couple that look for trouble And live in the street with rank No better picture to paint than me walking from bible And called his homies because he had said he noticed my face From a function that tooken place They was wondering if I bang Step on my neck and get blood on your Nike checks I don't mind because one day you respect The good kid, m.A.A.d. city

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All I see is strobe lights Blinding me in my hindsight Finding me by myself Promise me you can help In all honesty I got time to be copacetic And finally made decision to hold me against my will It was like a head on collision that folded me standing still I can never pick out the difference ? or cop on the bill Every time you clock in the morning I feel you just want to kill All my innocence while ignoring my purpose To persevere as a better person I know you heard this and probably in fear But what am I supposed to do

With the blinking of red and blue
Flash from the top of your roof
And your dog has to say proof
And you ask "lift up your shirt"
Cause you wonder if a tattoo
Of affiliation can make it a pleasure to put me through
Gang files, but that don't matter because the matter is
racial profile
I heard them chatter: "He's probably young but I know
that he's down"
Step on his neck as hard as your bullet proof vest
He don't mind, he know we never respect
The good kid, m.A.A.d. city

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All I see in this room 20 Xanies and these 'shrooms Grown-up candy for pain Can we live in the same society It's entirely stressful upon my brain You hired me as a victim I quietly hope for change When violence is the rhythm Inspired me to obtain The silence in this room With 20 Xanies and 'shrooms Some grown-up candy I lost it I feel it's nothing to lose The streets sure to release the worst side of my best Don't mind, cause now you ever in debt To good kid, m.A.A.d. city

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