

DOWN BY LAW

Killer Mike

I just think timin' is everything
Like nigga, this it, this, this one right here
That ain't easy
Stay motivated, stay inspired
I owe it to myself, stay down on it
And it ain't been hard throughout the journey
It's been a journey
Ooh
Ooh
Hey

Hello, hello my niggas
Hello my, hello my niggas
Please keep it mellow, my niggas
Stop sippin' yellow, my nigga
You itchin' and twitchin' and glitchin', my nigga
Listen, my nigga (Shh)
Snakes in your circle and them bitches hissin', my nigga
My nigga don't listen, one thing I hate 'bout my nigga
So I just pray 'bout my nigga
Nigga, it's hard, niggas done gave up on God
Maybe God gave up on us
Maybe She angry we worshipping all these false idols, so devils just preyin'
on us
This for the junkie, the fiend and the loser
Prayin' to God in the back of a cruiser
I pray that prison can cure your addiction
And devil's affliction don't hurt you no more
Needin' no reason, but I'll let you know
I was so young when I stood at that store
That I did not know that the money you paid me was meant for your babies and
now they just poor
It was just business, my nigga
I am not vicious, my nigga
I had no vision, my nigga
I wanted Gucci and Fendi, my nigga
Gucci, Givenchy, my nigga
But none of them crackers ain't love us, my nigga
All of them crackers said fuck us, my nigga
Mad 'cause they women in love with the god
They fuck us and suck us and love us, my nigga
Back to the trap, back to the Dickies and buffs
Lookin' like I drive a truck
Fuckin' my bitch? Shit, better be rich, she buy a new bag of weed
Goddamn it, I don't understand it, but if she's an addict, this Gucci purse g
on' get her geeked
Thick with her ass, she in some Betty Shabazz, pretty as Coretta Scott
All that I got, she got the face of a model
She got the heart of Assata
She from the gutter, my nigga
Wife and a mother, my nigga
Winnie Mandela, my nigga
Free Leonard Pelletier, my nigga, Obama
Please free our mama, my nigga, Asada, my nigga
Please free Mutulu, my nigga
Heart of a Zulu, my nigga
Free Larry Hoover, my nigga, free Jeff Fort, my nigga

Fuck all the courts, my nigga
Movin' like Malcolm and Martin and King
Lift every voice, this the song that I sing
Born in the womb of a beautiful teen
I am a beautiful, wonderful thing
I am a king, my woman's a queen
Master Fard said we are the God
I study hard like John Henrik Clarke
Even in my days of whippin' the hard
I'll tell the devil that Black man is God
Keepin' it player, just playin' my part
Lean on my Demon and post in the park
Jewelry on gleamin' like Rakim Allah
My Eric B. is my nine in the car
You try to G me, get nine in your jaw
Bless all the felons that handled the raw
Fuck all the tellers that ran to the law (Hey)
Watch out for the hitters with sticks in the car
My name is Michael, I'm down by law

Won't you help us, oh, holy Father? (Oh, holy Father)
And I could show as a martyr (I could show as a martyr)
Like nobody's gonna live forever and neither am I
Two shots for the city that raised me (Atlanta, Georgia)
Thanks for the pain that you gave me (I'm so thankful for ya)
Because without it, no one would've known that I was even alive
I'm down
This shit is so Atlanta, down by law