

# Folded Flags

King Iso

So many fighting for this country  
When they die all they send home's a folded flag  
Where I'm from the gang-banging go to war  
All because of what you wore and the folded flag  
The whole world picks eyes still shooting  
They'll ride and do it all just for they flag  
But I'm just like you, no red, no blue  
We can all wear a soldier rag

I see folded flags on doorsteps  
Folded flags from your set  
Folded flags from war vets  
Folded flags bring war, yeah  
Folded flags on doorsteps  
Folded flags from, yeah  
Folded flags from, Iso

Instead of living our lives, now worried 'bout others seen  
Rappers ended by signs, symbols and color schemes  
Mindset caved in, they don't know what to think  
The allegory category, they don't know what it means  
Deafening definition and tell 'em a bunch of things  
Here we are in our heads, but head the one that leads  
Mirrors are nightmares we married, but what's a ring?  
Merrily homie, barely, life is just but a dream  
If this is what they call woke then I'm probably somewhere sleeping  
I'm full of the food for thought that's the knowledge that slumber brings  
Hibernating or cryogenically I've come to freeze  
Lifestyles I'm living like cops when they cuffing me  
What it means is another reason why sisters and brothers speak  
From what we teaching this other region's deserve to go suffer, preach  
Music the devil's ears is war I've come to breach  
And box me in like Apollo, what are my other Creeds?  
Crips bang the left, Bloods the other thing  
Folks on the left wing, folks on the other wing  
Fighting to stay afloat, it's plain they've come to see  
The land, should change gears to flourish abundantly  
Aggregating the culture, planting a bunch of seeds  
All about self hatred, difference is what it breeds  
I say self 'cause we're all one to some degree  
We fall out under arms then aim my gun and squeeze  
I know some cats banging stars for stripes  
Funny thing how our flag got stars and stripes  
Money brings waged war, but it costs your life  
Some seems ironic how I'm talking, right?  
What we need is resources, but hog 'em like  
Other people ain't worth it, we're all alike  
But we bleed for that flag with a heart of spite  
Until every flag in the world all is white  
'Cause when I think about it all I see is

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Homies in the hood be packing military issues  
PTSD, we got military issues  
Wishing that I could bring my dawgs back  
Rocking so many dog tags  
They be like "You got a cemetery with you"  
Soldiers' ain't returning to the chicks they married  
Can't call them troops on trial, that the dignitaries is true  
We wave and salute 'cause it's brave what we do  
But some of 'em only wave a preliminary get through  
The hard times push a hard line  
People don't know bout the dark side  
Got you feeling like I can't do it no more  
We can go to war and then shots fly  
Picking up a murder weapon  
You'll be get to killing a murder direction  
Not to mention kids are hurting probably 'cause their baby's souls caught up  
in a crossfire  
I've seen it  
People headed to the graveyard working part time, deleted  
Take 'em out of every database and all the archives, no grievance  
Then live with the only deadly damage until your heart dies, receive it  
All the venom is it 'til we choose up, picking our side  
All the kids been Called to Duty on the Fortnite hearing Far Cries  
Funny how the Mindcrafts the Art of War, do not lie  
Troops have got MRE's we attack ramen and pot pies  
Substance I'm the top ramen, put me in your top five  
I get the feeling that if I die  
It will literally stop time  
Any minute I can go so I gotta give you this when I jot lines  
I want you to live free, not controlled by who's in our minds  
Think about control the next time you're at a stop sign  
I caught up at a red light that's when the 'op slide  
Then you get a feeling, reminiscing of when Pac died  
Everybody go to war thinking about the lost lives  
And the common goal is peace don't make me pop mine  
My news feed, food for thought, is seeing moms cry  
That's the worst pain is see the look in moms' eyes  
And to think it's all the same when the plots rise  
Flags flying, get folded  
Yeah I got mine

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