

I know it's difficult, but  
You know, the odds really are in our favour, man

Things just ain't the same for gangsters  
The whole world 's changed, everybody's a stranger  
These young dude's running around, saying they bangers  
Quit the law bangers, the click and bang yah  
And I done seen too many teens chasing their dreams  
End up blood stream contaminated and feening  
And now they leanin' on words that he said  
Or She said, we said,  
"Look at him, he dead"  
See, we ain't ever know Martin Luther the King  
Most of us probably couldn't tell you much about his dream  
We like Malcolm x, 'cause spike made a movie  
With his arms stretched up with the AK's and Uzi's  
So excuse me, You tryna connect to, a whole generation is raised by gangster  
s  
Who probably never knew pops, we had Tupac  
An old boom box, chilling in our tube socks  
And plus Dre taught us how to roll a 64  
And Snoop Dogg taught us how to roll a sticky drow  
So if they wanna reach us with Jesus  
They gotta do it better than some screaming preachers  
'Cause homie, we don't believe ya, we've seen grandmas,  
Raw bodies, cold knees with heaters  
So we're skeptical, it's easier to believe  
That there's a Heaven for a thug than to mess with you  
It's hard to rise

Listen to the melody  
Because we're together

Hey shout out to 9th wonder, no you ain't gotta ask  
We both know the same page like a paragraph  
And all music, ain't the target of discussion  
But it seems the radio has got a problem playin' substance  
Listen, partner, they're lying to us, they're selling pies to us  
They teach us how to be gang bangers and nine shooters  
I've been where you've been, seen what you've seen  
Grew up with old dawg, looking mean on the screen  
When Nas was street dreaming, and Biggie was still breathin'  
And cash ruled everything around me, creamin'  
Folks tryna make the hood life a good life  
While they in the 'burbs wishing us a good night  
And some rappers teach us how to chin check 'em  
But I still ain't heard a song about being movie directors  
We in your hood, man, we've been where you've been  
Been stabbed, been shot, been pinned in the 'Pen  
Difference is now when we pick up the pen  
We articulate how, God has made us all better man  
I'm a college graduate, yes some God-fearing role models  
With daughters who do not aspire to be pole models  
You are not what the media impose on you  
God made you and he rose for you  
So you rise