

Badlands

Lutricia McNeal

I'm talking about the badlands
Ain't nothing but a sadland
I don't blame it on the city
But the badlands put its mark on you
I see Johnny at the corner
As the Popsicleman
All of a sudden he's got a gun in his hand
Now Johnny's in a wheelchair
'Cause of the Popsicleman
At the wrong place at the wrong time
Now he understands
I need to find some peace of mind
I need a rest, I need to unwind
This hangin' and bangin' goin' on
This ain't no hell, this is my home
Talking about the badlands
Ain't nothing but a sadland
I don't blame it on the city
But the badlands put its mark on you
Bad Land!/You gotta know the streets muthaf-
a/It can't be no one
time beef muthaf-
a/Can you feel me really/I hope you rocking mic's
/than you ain't slinging dope/Check the masses who major in the
gunblast on yah filthy rich ass/cause you ain't never cut class
/
But they did/now they're f-
n' underrated/Y'all showed no love/so
now their hearts are full with hatred/And ain't trying to throw
no
joints, or no bullsh.../Just drink liquor, smoke hydro and just
pull
sh.../Stay jigga without the man, stack the grand/cause the plan
done
work/Now we're duckin' from Uncle Sam/Blam! Take that on yah
way out/Stay out. Yah days out - lights out!/Back to my hideout
/You
inside out makes the inside edition/A scar is my tradition/Doin'
' you
in intermission
Swing appears courtesy of Dr. Records
"A lot of sad things has happended to people that I know and
grew up with. Some of them are no longer with us. Everytime
I go back to N.E.OKC it dawns on me how sick it is that it has
to be this way. I'm happy that Swing laid his fat rap on this
song and that he voiced his opinion since he is from New York."