

KOB Intro

Maino

K.O.B. bitch
I don't wanna forget what I've been through
I don't wanna forget what I've come from
I come from a form of hopelessness
And I turned that shit to hope

I speak for my niggas in that jungle life
No dads, had to watch their mother struggle nights
Beef cookin', grab the semi, squeeze the nozzle tight
Can't escape feelin' trapped inside a hustler life
Goosebumps, feel a breeze on them cold corners
Get excited, come out runnin' when the dope call us
So what's worse, killin' cops or them cop killers?
The system's broke, why the fuck they let them cops kill us?
The city's in a protest
My nigga still fit, work them kis like it's Bow-Flex
On a stairmaster tryna climb, we need progress
Old lady screamin' somethin' comin', she see more death
My brother's life inside the hands of 12 people
Money, cash, hoes like we chasin' 12 evils
Diamonds on my left wrist, what kind of world is this
We can't find jobs but they jail us, big business
My homie said, "The shit you said is true"
They don't need to turn up, these people need the truth"
Niggas need proof, who else gon' give it to the youth?
We really out here sufferin', they got us by a noose
Damn, if you a king you need to rise and lead us through
Cause it's more to life than just a couple watches and a coupe
Put yourself inside the mind of a cop before he shoots
Black babies dyin', mothers cryin', don't know what to do
Give us that real shit, we need to feel shit
Separate the lames from the ones that's on that trill shit
Street dreams, talkin' hundred mil' shit
Black mask, black mag wrapped around a steel grip
My music is the soundtrack for niggas that'll squeeze gats
Drama lit, homie hit, send at least three back
My big bro got a life sentence just for three cracks
Couple fences, couple letters, flicks, he just need that
Yeah, I'm a street nigga's hope
Nothin' more dangerous than a street nigga woke
My music is the wings, let my street niggas float
Give in to the pressure, bet my street niggas won't
I told 'em I'm a sleep when I die
And I really hope the Lord can hear our screams in the skies
So I promise I'm a be the realest nigga in this life
Witness the crown, see a king rise tonight

When you look at my brothers, what's your first impression?
Does the sight of us leave you guessin' or do you understand the stressin'
The aggression, the look of no hope on my niggas' faces?
Like the Lord overlooked us when he handed down his graces
You see embraces, fall short on the numb tips of street entrepreneur fingers
Stuck in the walls of the project halls where the coke smell still lingers
External blingers is all we can be cause on the inside we been given nothin'
to shine on
And a gig is harder to get than coke, so my niggas get they grind on
Cause the TV tells us, aim high nigga, make all goals lateral

But that takes paper that we don't have so, niggas put they souls up as collateral
Now, some niggas reclaim 'em, some blame 'em, make an excuse to sell 'em
But when a nigga goes from not doin' to doin', what can you tell him?
Not to be a nigga? Shit I gotta be a nigga, that's how I pay the bills
And I'm a do that whether I got to sling this coke or exploit these rhyme skills
See America makes you an opportunist, and at the same time they institutionalize you
So the fact that niggas get these big record deals
Big money and go to jail shouldn't surprise you
That's what they do, you see most of these guys
Do have raw talent just an infantile education
So the business feeds 'em all the weed and ecstasy
And a little bit of paper to provide some pacification