

My Bandana

Maino

My bandana
ur my star
ur my moon
my guitar
we dont know
where we are.
still we stand

They say people like me
end up dead or in the jail cell
no food had to eat off crack sales
before u try to judge me off of my life style
put ur self in the shoes of a black male
Whats my chance's of getting outta poverty
its my god given right to pull a robbery
Society labels me a misfitter but in the street im looked at as a real nigga
My bandana in my right hand i fold it up and tie it around my whole head
They dont understand why i keep a rag, why its hanging on the back of my pants
I keep 1 maybe 2 or 3 represents where i come from
its a g thang salute all the young boys and the OGs
every thug in the country knows me

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I keep a rag cuz u never know bandana my face
Why let it show incase u gotta let it go
Damn near more than good from queens to foreign hood
Hoodstar touch the block like the man in office could
My bandana pass down for my son, sons and brother
one 'fore he turn 21. gun salute biggie out the coupe
while i shoot up and down the block thinking how to get the
The jake dont see a celebrity
they see a set up plotting to knock u down before u get up
U talk and live it. Just left my homie came off the visit.
revisiting good times back before he did it
Had the weed going and pop another bottle. they thought
we never make it here victim of the hollow
Out here everybody got a hammer i never change for the camera thats on....

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