

# 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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