

# Same Sh!t, Different Toilet

Pharoahe Monch

Peace! Peace, God  
I cant call it  
Same shit, different toilet  
When will the struggle end  
Square one, back again  
I'm about to lose control  
Please, ease my soul  
I'm gonna get me a gun

They're burning crucifixes on my lawn again  
They wanna hang a niggas like an ornament  
It's Tormenting, Im mourning over yesterday  
Still yawning inside of a tournament I can't win  
"Good Morning!" Shot gun blast passed by my head  
"I'm a man I tell you, I'm a man" I said  
Push my daughter and my wife in the closet and slid my son up under the bed  
Filled the Smith & Wesson with led  
Looked in the mirror and said "Breathe! Now c'mon, breathe!"  
I'm bout to bring 6 klansmen to their knees  
A cold story that my old man told me  
If you're wondering why I hold so much pent up hostility  
Inside of my soul and the memories still mold me  
Just take a glimpse into the mind of an OG  
Underneath the Oak-tree in the shade where I hang at  
Thats the same spot my great gran used to hang at

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(What Up P)

Same shit, different toilet  
Cant call it, long line of alcoholics in the fam  
My man gave me work and I sat up on the strip and got knocked  
A long line of homies in the can  
Jail is the ship that don't sail that holds the slaves  
And the judge have you asking for bail like it's the wave  
Meaning the slave even pays to be caged in  
Which is motherfuckin insane  
It's like we picking cotton again  
45's a klansman shit is rotten again  
The gave us AIDS, gave us crack, now they plottin' again  
That boy ran, so they shot him, then they shot him again  
The same shit make a tissue new  
400 years lets make the issues new  
Why you love a dead black visual  
I'm about to grab my gun, shit is critical  
The devils are evil and all miserable

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