

# A King's Nightmare

Polo G

Spittin' verses, I'm desperate, I need a mansion and a coupe  
You done signed over your life and now you slavin' in the booth  
Now we hang ourself with chains, they used to make us rock a noose  
Shorties hoppin' off the porch 'cause it ain't shit else to do  
Nothin' but trouble in the hood, normal sentence for the youth  
You a king, you not a gangster, I'm just tellin' you the truth  
Please just take my word, 'cause they done scrambled all the proof  
His big bro ain't tryna warn him, he just taught him how to shoot  
Out there warrin' with each other, will there ever be a truce?  
Why the fuck we into it? I'm going through oppression too  
Feel death in the air, it's like a nightmare, this shit is scary  
Riding for gang, now your casket is gettin' carried  
Mama break down, you gettin' put in that cemetery  
Shit fucked up my mental, seen too many obituaries  
These bodies keep dropping, summer cold like it's January  
When you die, they gon' praise you, now they see that you legendary  
Just another cold case, look what they did to Kenneka  
Hear them screams after that chopper sing like Aretha  
Homicide puddles, I got blood stains on my sneakers  
Out here playing life or death, tryna run from the reaper  
Shit been fucked up at the crib, lashin' out on the teacher  
Grandma taking me to church, I fell asleep on that preacher  
Chains, clothes, hit the block, hard-headed and eager  
We just tryna stay afloat but this shit gettin' deeper  
I'm just tryna talk to you and tell my life through these speakers  
Yeah, I conquered them struggles, I just had to stay focused  
Told myself that I'm the greatest, I won't wait 'til they notice  
Wouldn't nobody help me up when I was down at my lowest  
I'm the only one believe when everybody was hopeless  
I done got so used to funerals, can't show no emotion  
Man, this lifestyle crazy, swear this shit get atrocious  
Like one minute on that block, you just laughing and joking  
Now your mans shot up on that ground, gasping and choking  
In them streets deep, we was mobbin', went from innocent to goblins  
Had to take, we started robbin', catchin' white folks while they jogg  
in  
Battle scars, we hate the rain, bullet wounds steady throbbin'  
Fiends lookin' like zombies, half-dead, they just noddin'  
That peer pressure comin' at you and it's too hard to dodge it  
Got dreams to make the league, late night plans, might sabotage it  
My homie made the news, he 'posed to be on ESPN  
Came and left the same day, RIP to the twins  
Doctor said he could make it but his chances was thin  
My homie just came home, did three in the pen'  
Back in them streets few weeks later, now he locked up again  
I wonder one day will we wake up? Is the cycle gon' end?  
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