

# Wishing For A Hero

Polo G

Well respected in this hip-hop, lil' Polo be spittin' facts  
A lot of rappers doin' way more stuntin' than givin' back  
You ain't my color, then you don't know the struggle of livin' black  
Cops kill us and we protest, what type of shit is that?  
Man, if the police shoot at one of my brothers, I'm blickin' back  
We hate each other, so we just wanna score and go tit-for-tat  
All these shorties want is points, they ain't chasin' a different stat  
Really riskin' it all, what's the point when that nigga rat?  
We seventeen, got forty years in that court when we gettin' cracked  
Stuck in the system, they just watchin' us fail while they sittin' back  
The government cuttin' checks, but can't cut a nigga some slack  
It's hard to get a job, so we hustle and flip a pack  
It's all a set-up, no wonder why they call this bitch a trap  
Life was messed up, a matter of time 'til that nigga snap  
Post-traumatic stress, so them triggers keep gettin' tapped  
R.I.P. Malcolm, I promise to conquer and fill them gaps  
Them corners leave a nigga boxed in, tryna break free  
Crazy how I love the same block that tried to break me  
Pray that I ain't in my own hood when they take me  
This all we know, a life of peace what we can't see  
I'm from where we unheard and we can't speak  
We go to school, they try to tell us what we can't be  
Profit with a billion-dollar mind like I'm JAY-Z  
They killed Martin for dreamin' and now I can't sleep  
Why would the devil take my brother if he close to me?  
Now if you scared, take my soul, you see my bros in me  
We missin' you, man, this ain't how this shit supposed to be  
Feel like I'm stuck, I wish them streets never proposed to me  
Out there posted in the field with them soldiers deep  
So now the other side wanna put a hole in me  
Like every day might be the end of the road for me  
We die young, so I couldn't picture a older me  
Fightin' demons, let them drugs take control of me  
All in my head, go and kill what they told to me  
'Member we ain't have a thing, same clothes for weeks  
Hardbody, that's how them situations molded me  
Needed money and grew accustomed to this fast life  
Pressure from this way of livin', so we blast pipes  
Shit got me stressin' three hundred and sixty-five nights  
Them people workin' against us like we don't have rights  
It don't matter what this money and this fame can give  
I've been hurtin', tryna smile through the pain and tears  
Wish we could go back to them days when we played as kids  
A lot of shit changed, that's just the way it is

That's just (That's just the way it is)  
Some things'll never (Some things'll never change)  
Oh, oh, that's just the way it is (Way it is)  
The way it is (Ooh)  
That's just (The way it is)  
Some things'll never (Some things'll never change)  
Yeah, that's just the way it is (Way it is)  
The way it is (Yeah)

Never, never (Ayy)  
Some things'll never change (Some things'll never change)  
Never, never (No, that's just the way it is)

Some things'll never change

Mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm

Mmm-mmm-mmm

Mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm

Mmm-mmm-mmm

You finally made it big brother

You're the G.O.A.T