

Who are you to judge us?
You don't live among us
You know what shooting kites is?
You should keep your mouth shut

Guerillas wildin', racial profilin'
Sometimes the biggest fight is to not prove y'all right and
How do you know what's right?
And your code of conduct please
Monopoly's a corporate greed and got the nerve to call us thieves
Yeah, we're not so different
Your product is just as addictive and y'all just wanna fit in
You're longing a sense of belonging
The broken seeds of Maslow's hierarchy of needs
The need to be needed and we ain't so different at one point
Every boy just wanna be like his daddy at some point
He was Hercules, a mystery, an absentee at one point
We all saw the city was doing the fathering and I'ma be just like that
Bleed blue and breathe smog, run the numbers
These are our best odds, inner city PTS
Kinda like a war vet, 'cept the P stands for present

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You get jumped for your Jumpmans
And walk the same streets tomorrow
That's the best way to get to school, got shoes I could borrow?
Jon Perez tio put him over in the flats
Let his cousin break his jaw, then went and got matching tats
These are rites of passage, inner city bar mitzvahs
You're officially a man which means
You're expected by any and all means
To respect the clan you came from and put first your team
I know you understand this
The code exists on every college campus
We ain't so different, you just like me
'Cept y'all call 'em fraternities

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