73rd and San Pedro,
Uncle Sunny and Odell
Take your pick on what killed ya
Bullets, cancer, or jail
Huh, what a life.
Listen

I came out a town in gangs And a gang of grace Cuz fo' sho' sin abounds and round these parts Crowns is made of tin foil And them boys play Halo with real guns Lay low Right there I blang slang That twice born rhetoric Our Papi pound the ground And out came all humanity Write heavy handed Sharpie ink laced with mercury Magnetic raps to draw out all impurities Round the time the good Lord took mama winnin The light bulb turned on This world ain't my home I huddled up to Triage With curb servers and griots That's such an L.A. reference All good if you don't get it But for those who would listen I break you out your radio prison Redefine manhood, blackness, and time Shape and define culture Let me fashion you some shades Introduce you to a trend that transcends the will of men LORD

I ain't a product
I ain't apologizing
You ain't a number
Pay them no minding
Ring the alarm
We came to redefine cutter
Carve truth in his heart
And love on her arms

Hey, I'm literate in graffiti
I am not at all kidding
From the heart of the city
That Stevie lived just enough for
Jackson, Mississippi: My people toiled the soil
And share croppers' pop coppers got they kin lynched in
That was the lynch pin of the mass migration into Texas
Rest of us would push west still
Manifest destiny
A black American family
Wanted better for they kids
And landed in Southern Cali
Who knew it was a war zone, my uncles got recruited in

Shawn and Kiona seen death out in Compton
But they ain't fall victim
Cousin Brandon either
We should have framed the tax return and moved us to Covina
There I met the mic and spray can instead of blue rags
And fell in love with flairs and entiendo Spanglish
Stand on my own and rep the Son of Man
And brand my own chest so I would never blend in
LORD