

Intro

Propain

"You don't get freedom peacefully. Freedom is never, uh, safeguarded peacefully

Anyone who is depriving you of freedom isn't deserving of an a-
of a peaceful approach"

"We are-we decided, you know, I mean, why-why do all this work, put all this
work, and then-then just give all this money to these major companies if we
could do it ourselves?

Black y-owned companies, you know like"

"Don't support the phonies, support the real, you know what I mean?

How can these people be talkin' 'bout how they so real, they don't care abou
t our communities?

How can they talkin' 'bout what they all this, you know, the hood, blah-blah-
blah, they don't care about our communities, you knamean?

Listen to the words that people say in they lyrics, and tell me, if that's s
ome real sh-, if that's real to you"

Yeah, I prayed to God for this cream
Blood of a slave, heart of a king
I told my dogs, "No matter how hard it seem
Never fall and never part with the dream"
Even when the devil tried to tarnish my gleam
Man, he had me eatin' off crumbs and harbin' with fiends
They ask me, "How you survive through all the awfulest scenes"
A desperate man to do some marvelous things, ha
They label us thugs soon as we jumpin' off the mattresses
Streets was all we had, our only choice was to adapt it
Niggas riskin' freedom tryna feed his boy, it's tragic
But we too fuckin' broke to die, can't even afford no caskets
Nigga, we ain't takin's no courses from Stanford
Just the school of hard knocks and we fucks with the hardest classes
Laws come through this bitch practicin' army tactics
And if you look wrong, your ass is they target practice
Fuck, I pray that the storm will pass us
Our whole life just seem like one big-ass karma reaction
That's why we rob or jackin' a Mike and Jordan and Jackson
Or posted on that block with the rock, hard as granite
Gulity by blackness, my nigga, Lona Maches
Gave my dog thirty years while the real killers is laughin'
That's life, but what's more important shit happens
And niggas still incriminatin' they selves over iPhones
So really fuck Trump, we worried 'bout Tyrone
Younger where I'm from, 13, totin' the firearms
Pullin' up at they iPalm, poppin' and gettin' they Pac on
In the hood, we don't practice bygones, feel the drift
And we still young for Rollies to conceal the risk
Big foreign whips, 22's spin like Emmitt Smith
Bird lander with the pitch, shit, it's hit-or-miss
Niggas sell whatever around this bitch if it gets us rich
I give these niggas hell but the pen godly
Fuckin' hurricane, this government been Harvey
We been starvin' on the outside hopeless
Judges takin' niggas out the game like coaches
But don't get it twisted, I ain't frontin' like I'm woke
Because black, white or green, if you touch my daughter, I'ma smoke ya
I'm tryna turn this lone star into a black car
Go marry my black broad then burn off like I'm NASCAR, I sip

G got the flavor
Never gon' win-who is you, youngsta?
'Ight, Oscar, 'ight, baby, you like it's your first time in here, so I'ma ju
st gon'
Go-now it's alright, have a seat
Nah, not right there, motherfucker, that's my bunk, you on the top
You got to earn ya keep, nigga
And I tell you somethin' else, you keep these niggas out your business
Niggas gon' ask you 'bout your case, and you don't tell these niggas 'bout y
our case
Ya-yeah, yeah, everything good, you got your phone call?
Okay well, I well you that, keep that goddamn shit to a minimum
'Specially when I'm sleep 'round this motherfucker