

## 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 approach 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 about 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 some 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