

# It Ain't Safe Outside

Propain

And that's when they say they saw these two groups of men arugin' outside  
And the arugin' then escalated to gun violence between the two groups  
The US broke year another record for new Coronavirus infections just yesterd  
ay  
As cases continue to rise nationwide  
This man kneeled on a man's neck  
For eight minutes and forty-six seconds  
Yeah, look

They say pain don't last forever, that shit a myth  
Bein' real gon' be your curse and a nigga's gift  
That block cold before the winter hit  
The streets don't love a soul and boy, this shit don't come with memberships  
That judge hate us but with years, he get generous  
Still we Barry Bonds, riskin' stripes just to make a digit flip  
All we know is jump shots and pistol grips  
Or call a play and try and run that shit like Emmitt Smith  
Run it up then we run it to the dealership  
Damn, I know that's some nigga shit  
They still think we slaves but only nah, they ain't sendin' ships  
And laws don't give charge when they pop us, they just gettin' it quick  
Oldheads said, "A change comin'," he could feel the shift  
I told 'em, "Keep dreamin', school, not from where my vision sit"  
And I know bread can't fix it all, I ain't ignorant  
But broke don't fix a motherfuckin' thing, my focus gettin' rich  
Or die tryin', I came in with only fifty cent  
Independent, doin' it biggie on some Diddy shit  
Nigga, yeah, I'm tryna chase a buck  
They call him underdog for a reason, my only way is up  
See y'all could play that foreign role with them, you can't fake with us  
Bread don't make you real just like that pistol, that don't make you tough  
It's stress when you down, but it get better when that paper touch  
Get up off your ass and go and grind if I ain't sayin' enough  
Shootin' money to my cous' until he out the can  
In pictures we look like legends in the South of France  
Open shirt, sippin' Rose, we on a yacht in Cannes  
Just some motivation to show my nigga he still got a chance  
Realest in my city, nigga, that's bein' modest, fam'  
But trophies never made satisfied the way these dollars can  
So bitches bone, rubberband that money, every knot or gram  
Reportin' half, got 'em cookin' books, bitch, we dodgin' Sam  
Focus, no disrespect Corona, but I'm Black  
We've been fightin' to breathe since these crackers brought us over  
'Round this bitch feelin' low, ironically we never sober  
Bills due, your mama cryin' and daddy hocus pocus  
At the same time, your own people turnin' into cobras  
Niggas that you grew up with hate to sit when you growin'  
So we marchin' 'bout these cops, but I'm still lookin' over shoulder  
'Cause the chance is high that you gon' die the niggas that you knowin, damn  
That's fucked up, but a honest phrase  
Honor of my pops, that nigga left, but the trauma stayed  
You should see that pain on my mama's face  
The folks I love the most, they broke my heart into a hundred ways  
Damn, I be numb for days  
We don't get no therapy, we just walk around like nothin' faze  
Shit, just another day  
Bitch, we outside and it ain't nothin' safe

Yeah, this shit ain't nothin' new to us  
Born to lose, race to win though

It ain't safe outside  
But long as I'm here, you're safe right now  
I said it ain't safe outside  
I got keep that thang on me, I know they wanna take my life  
No, it ain't safe here no more  
'Cause I'm here, I'm here  
No, it ain't safe here no more  
There is no man I fear