

[Intro]

They felt that they were laying tracks, for the generation to come  
I think my mother knew that freedom wouldn't come in her lifetime  
Just like I know it won't come in mine  
It's a matter of, either you stay like this or somebody sacrifice  
Somebody laying tracks, so we can stay in a 360 degree  
Deadly circle, somebody used to break out and risk, you know losing everythi  
ng and being poor and getting you down  
But someone has to do something, had I had a father, had I had somebody's op  
portunities  
I would be able to [?]

[Verse 1: Punch]

I was taught never trust a nigga, far as you can see him  
Teach a nigga how to fish, is supposed you try'na feed him  
Look a man in the eyes, that's the best way to read him  
Cause faces they change, but point of views remain  
I got a strange feeling, that I'm a little bit different  
Beyond the customs and tradition is a project living  
My korean warfare, grandfather's affliction  
Was stress and I inherited his heart condition  
[?] there's an addiction, was heroin needles  
Petty hustling, the evils, the street man lust  
So I'm mixed with that lethal combination with trust  
I've only scratched the surface, what's underneath this verses  
The feeling of a young boy lost, without a purpose  
Still waters run deep in the street we were submerged in  
Police lurking, try'na catch a nigga surfing  
He ain't going back to jail, so he bust a verse

[Hook: Kendrick Lamar]

This is for my everyday ghetto nigga  
It don't really mather where you from niggas  
Before you leave the house, kiss your moms nigga  
Cause you don't know when that day had come nigga  
Cause only lord knows that I know how you feel  
What we gotta do just to live  
We try not to get our cap peeled, try not to get your cap peeled

[Verse 2: Punch]

It's hard to get to know me, let you hear between bars  
Taught your soul self contained on my childhood scars  
I was involved from a far, affected by the street laws  
Concrete walls, not even earthquakes could shake them brick walls  
[?] projects this is me y'all  
Dope dealers have it all and then freefall  
Caine numbs the pain up and down the ghetto seesaw  
The voice of the youth, they hear me and they see y'all  
They don't see a diamond in the rough, they see flaws  
They just see how we was raised and they would be in awe  
Against all it gets hard not to kill niggas  
It's like a full-time job not to grab the semi auto  
And go kamikaze on somebody who plotting  
Probably on my body laying lifeless, ungodly sacrifices  
To the streets, this is the trinity  
Money matters and murder the hood's DNT

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

They say the average man only lives to 25  
Well I made it past that and a nigga still alive  
Which means I'm in a rare I'm indebted to death  
That's the way that, I'm still tracing that steps  
Leaving my footprints in the sand, the concrete rose  
That grew on infertile land and blossomed to a grown man  
My only fear is pops holding moms hand  
Dripping tears on my casket, I refuse to let it happen  
By any means avoiding the city traffic  
Shooters got the green light, they blocking you right of passage  
A young kid turn 7 city madness  
A picture painted on the street's canvas excuse my brashness  
I'm trying to live to see past this  
Staring at the world and my rear view past tense  
In no particular fashion, I'm on borrowed time I'm on this ground with a pas  
sion

[Hook]

[Outro]

Generation to generation to come  
They won't come in mind  
Sacrifises, sacrifises, sacrifises  
Deadly circle, deadly circle