

MJ

Walking in the middle of traffic
Living like Tragic
Living in the wrong
Bitches it's like a bad habit
Third eye open, coasting, smoking
Spitting out the flow
Them niggas not even knowing
Who the fuck is this?
Young brown skin kid
Thinking he can spit
Looking at the world like "Fuck this shit"
I was creeping though the dark
But I found light real fucking quick
I-
Open up the mind
Start to realize
All propaganda my niggas telling nothing but lies
Infatuated by Gucci belts and [?] pants
But this what the media supplies and demands, hah
Ain't that shit real fucking funny?
How broke mothafuckas will do anything for money
Swagged out, lowked up
Thinking they was tight
Walking in my shoes you won't stand up a night
But its alright

Because every man ain't made equal
Some are hard as rock and other niggas are see-through
So let us pray for the niggas
Who gon' to die tonight
Riding for their causes
Gripping up on a knife
Love some, lose some, it's all part of life
Trying to maintain
Mix the bowl with the Sprite
Look into my eyes
Just know it'll be alright
When you feel like giving up
Just put up another fight