Roots & Will

Rotting Out

"D.F.T.S.D.S.O" (Don't forget the struggle. Don't sell out.)
"D.F.T.S.D.S.O" (Don't forget the streets. Don't sell out.)

In all this darkness, you were the streetlight.
The words you spoke are buried in our minds.
A broken kid yet you put faith in our eyes.
Respect to the will that we'll keep alive.

Kids of the night, we had to survive.
We did what we did to stay alive.
An indescribable struggle that you somehow defined.
Roots so deep, they can't be denied.

You made us feel like we were from New York City.
LA kids screaming like you're still here with us.
Decades apart and your words still ring
From the lower Eastside to the LA streets.

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