

ACAB

Supa Bwe

Na na, haha
Do you love me or na na na na na (Na na)
Look, look
Yeah

Do you love me or just seek attachment?
I'm probably thinking revolution, just depends who's askin'
Every leader we ever knew, got them in open casket
Ain't no fakin' the substitutes when there's moments of action, uh
"ACAB," like I need a taxi
All cops are bad, loyal to they badge
Thank God gives me the blessings that I thought I'd never have (Ever)
The closest of my friends, I treat them just like family (Forever)

"ACAB," like I need a taxi (What)
They tried to lock me up for weed as if it's evil actions
They come for me, I'm 'bout to flee until my feet get ashy
But with my speed, it's like they need a bullet just to pass me (Okay)
I take a knee, they put a knee on me and get to laughing (Okay)
Say "I can't breathe" and then those words become the biggest caption
You just a coward and a bitch with badges
Hope that I live to see you see us snap you
End of an organization, I pray it

Never cared about symbolic wins to pacify the Libs
Real niggas know we still locked up like a baby to a crib
It's up to us to decimate, the world ain't get it how we live
Since the fall from brokenness was made to break some ribs
So fuck a speech, we aimin' for the lids
Shut casket, all my niggas with shut caskets openin' their lids for this
I ain't no savior, I'm a result of the pigs
I pray one day we organize enough to revolt from this shit
I play my part, and grow this wisdom in the meantime
I'm using instrumentals for the sentiment to see time
It's keys for us to start unlocking if you just rewind and realize these cop
s been some bastards and some felines
Progression is the goal, fuck these niggas tryna freeze time
They hidden in the system, dressin' up like they gon' feed mine
Straight facades, I peep they still prayin' for the decline
It's "ACAB" forever, and fuck you if you can't see why

Oh, right there?
"ACAB," like I need a taxi
At least them niggas want me in the back seat
They want me in the big house, they mad my pad is Maxi
And matter fact they want my body in the Talla-hatchie *Whistle*
They want my scalp, they know I'm half Apache
They know I'm grabbin' half a ticket off of half a rap sheet
They know my Mama' Grandma' Grandma put the Wall on Black Street
They know my Mama' Dad' Descendant of the Gullah Geechee
They pour the Fiji, try to whitewash while they pull the squeegee
They scared of skulls and bones and Ouijas, give 'em heebiejeebies
If that pandemic don't pan out, they gonna Eazy-E me
They booked my partner for a P then tried to CBD me (Wooh)
If CPD hear this beat they can't wait to beat me
I ball on these niggas then pay all of the court fines
March all of these pigs off of the cliff and make some pork rinds

More swine only leads to more crime
Every tattered vest and mass arrest was just a war crime
ACAB, bastards