

Chi-Raq Dreaming

Taylor Bennett

Chi-raq kid big city dreams
Watch them all burn up for love of the green
Dope flow over dope game or a dope fein
Smoking dirt green cup full of codiene (damn I Feel So Good)
Purple rain in the back of my throat
Help me write another note
Or provoke my thoughts
That I lost in the bottom of this potion
Hoping smoking loose my emotions
Motion slowly over dosing
Real hip-hop gone flip flop
No doubt in the back of my mind
I could get shot in the ass lead to my spine
Ricashay to the head (now you know) he dead
Could of been the best rapper in history read
Instead I'm misery cause you been dead
Brenda had babies and babies was lovers
But lovers was lieers that turned in to thuggers
Them thuggers grew and they beat on mothers
Ska-skeet on my mothers
Dope fiens was my mothers
No daddy or mother I fiend for a lover
No cover or brother protect me from others
Burning my feelings please spark up another
(But G's Got Yo Back) and that's why I love 'em
A criminal family
That terrorize barely
Portrayed as a monster
Engage in it rarely
Engaged to the game
Could have sworn we get married
Same dirty bitch that had stole both my parents
So I got on one knee and I showed her the carrots
I pulled out the ring and she told me shed wear it
Traded a Glock and I swore that id bare it
Whenever I'm crusing just me homies
Incuse niggas lacking or see an opponent
Opps on my block tryna pop rocks
Gotta pop up
Flash that blast that ash that pass that better let it go
Smoking that mid that loud that dro
Lord help my soul you just don't know
(Yeah, yeah) I'm a sinner but my heart is made of gold
Hunt for my soul
Die for this gold
Living is nothing
Surviving is something
Chi-raq jungle my niggas be hunting
Yea I'm in the field but the feel ain't real
Till you feel that heat like the back of a grill
Formaly farming for forigenly grills
Shit sound sick but I want it to be ill
Tryna flip this blow into Beverly Hills
Till Beverly falls in the hood and its all good
Wood grain won't jag but the jag on the hood (Yep)
From the mid west
If you ain't bout cash get a bullet to the chest

Yo hands up high on squad on set
No time for the bull catch a bullet to the chest
Always on bull chi-raq what I rep
Bear hug
Black hawk
White sox
Layed off payed off made off made up short cut fade off
I'm May-day cray-zay
Know you hate me
Love me maybe
I don't give a (fuck!) cause ya'll niggas can't rate me
Quit playing
Rearranging
Rip strip grip motherfuckas endangered
Real angel put a baby in a manger
Never gave a fuck about soci-etys nieghbor
Only bout fucking these thots getting paper
I ain't even know I was seen as the danger
One thing wrong go off in an anger
Click-clack-blam mutha-fuckas get Bangerd
Think you could live on the side that I came from
Never ever clever without a berreda ready
To turn his brains to spaghetti And (Fuck'em all up)