Yeah

The homie Don P called the big fella in to talk about this repetitive ass cy cle that we livin' in the hood

No matter how much we struggle, how much we fight

It seems like the perpetual quicksand is always grabbing us and pulling us b ack down

So I'm not here to play the victim or no shit like that you know what I mean But with that being said

If a pussy run his mouth about yo boy I'ma sock him Hang a chopper out the window of the low, get to choppin' Mind frame of a slave in the days of pickin' cotton Only difference nowadays your favorite rappers say it's poppin' Pushin' product to my people, living evil for the profit Stay hungry, gotta get it any means, that's my logic Who gives a fuck about destruction, who I'm crushin' for this dollar Hard times make me holler, gots to get up out this squalor Push a cherry red Impala with these cherry Chucks on Who gives a fuck what you think of me, let it be known So proud of my pedigree, strong as King Kong Until the last breath of me, this the shit I'm on Mind frame of a soldier, I'm at war with my people Wicked teachings from these demons planted deep in my cerebral Yet I'm smart enough to know it but the knowledge ain't enough To get the fuck up out of here I gotta get above quicksand

I ain't never been a quitter, they don't come no realer
I'ma stand up nigga, quicksand
As long as I'm livin' all I know is go get it
Ain't no fucks given, quicksand
I'm in too deep, no turnin' back now
I'm playin' for keeps, quicksand
I ain't had no sleep, I am these gutters, I am these streets

I pray for anyone living under duress to be blessed Created to be free ain't no reason to see any less I peep the social media leading to giving me stress The black lives matter is really a lot of BS Could we just attempt to be honest with one another Talk about the kid you know with no father who got a mother Older brother was a positive figure in the community Who caught a case and ended up wasting his opportunity As soon as we get real with the will to address the evil It becomes crystal clear every one of us still inequal Don't believe in any system that was made to defeat you If any of it matters at all it has to be fecal I've had it up to here about the talk about reparations We need to steer the focus on getting some education They say it's the white people hating, they ain't attacking you Nobody black is packing up tryna go back to Africa Facts

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Yup, they in the trap now
I said them backyard niggaz don't back down
They used to bend a couple corners with the straps out
They got a short fuse, they'll act out
Got lean, got dope, got the packs now
All day in and out up out the crack house
Got to worry about the law and the money and the bitches
No love for the game, nigga e'rybody stitchin
What's real?

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