

# Don't Shoot

## The Game

Our Lord, grant us good in this world  
And good in the life, to come keep us safe from the torment of the fire  
As we keep our hands up high and scream for justice  
Ferguson, rest in peace Mike Brown and all the young soldiers out there  
God help us

Time to take a stand and save our future  
Like we all got shot, we all got shot  
Throwin up our hands don't let them shoot us  
Cause we all we got, we all we got  
God ain't put us on the Earth to get murdered, it's murder  
God ain't put us on the Earth to get murdered, it's murder  
Don't point your weapons at me

Seen the pictures, feel the pain, scandalous how they murder son  
Tired of them killing us, I'm on my way to Ferguson  
Talked to TIP, I talked to Diddy, them my brothers walking with me  
Mothers crying stop the riots, we ain't got to chalk the city  
I seen Cole out there, thought I should go out there  
They left that boy for hours in the cold out there  
They killin' teens, they killin' dreams (It's murder)

Yo, come on we gotta stick together, we all we got  
Police taking shots and I ain't talkin' bout Ciroc  
I'm talking bout Emmett Till, I'm talking bout Ezell Ford  
I'm talking bout Sean Bell, they never go to jail for  
Trayvon over Skittles, Mike Brown Cigarillos  
History keeps repeating itself, like a Biggie instrumental  
America's a glass house and my revenge is mental  
Rather use my brain than throw a cocktail through a window

I got the keys to the city still we left in the cold  
Hands in the sky, still was left in the road  
Ribbon in the sky, Michael Brown, another soul  
Stole by the system, black men we pay the toll  
The price is your life, Uncle Sam want a slice  
Black dress code now we looting in the night  
Now we throwing Molotovs in this holocaust  
And I know they hate to hear me screaming, 'I'm a Boss!'

Tired of the okie-dokie, lying you Pinocchio  
Driving while black, tell me, where am I supposed to go?  
Gun shots hit the car, now I got the holy ghost  
If excessive force was a drug, then they overdosed  
Got us tryna protest, it's a slow process  
Heard it's a lot of rotten eggs in the crow's nest  
People praying on they feet, police holding on they heat  
Turned on the news and seen a tank rolling down the street

Yeah, I seen a lot of ice water tossed, and I know it's for a cause  
My only question is, what we doing for the loss  
Of Mike Brown? Cause right now, I challenge you to use your talents to  
Speak up, and don't you ever let them silence you  
Cause action speaks louder than words, that's what I heard  
Shot down with his hands up, that's what occurred  
Man that sound absurd

Matter fact to me that sound like murder  
We want justice

Ay yo Game, I had a crib out there, I used to live out there  
So I know how niggas feel out there  
People stressing, protesting, unity is a blessing  
So it's time we come together, use our voice as a weapon  
I am Michael Brown, cause I stand for what he stand for  
News say we're looting, paint pictures like we some animals  
On my NWA CMG  
Holl'in' "Rest in peace Eazy and fuck the police"

Heard another brother slain up in St. Louis  
Sure the mother feel the pain, but what you famous doing?  
I'm sure the general population trying to be more active  
But when the light finally catches you, you ice challenge  
Okay, and I support the ALS just like the rest of them  
But you have yet to pay your debt, so you just flexing then  
Cause everybody care for a minute, then stop  
People only there for a minute, then stop  
And what's the point of giving if you ain't giving your all?  
We never getting ahead, might as well give up your heart

Where does it end?  
I got my hands up, what else am i supposed to do?  
(Rest in peace to Mike Brown)  
Where does it end?  
(And all the other warring soldiers)  
Tell me, where's the love for everything we're going through?  
(That will not be on the news or televised, ah)  
Mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy me  
Hope that God can save us  
Mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy me  
(As we lead in peace)

Martin Luther King had a dream!  
But they ain't respecting Jesse up out here  
And they don't really respect Obama out here  
Lights out, go dark it's like a nightmare  
How the fuck you play the game, but they ain't playing fair  
It's going down, armageddon right here  
Right now, not on TV, but right here  
Put your flags in the air if you don't really care (Wave it)  
We need justice, yeah, we need justice here

I heard he surrendered but we all saw how they did him  
Television broadcasts, a confused country  
I'm a resident of a nation that don't want me  
What's done is done, the town erupts in fury  
And I'm already hearing bout this lopsided jury  
Three faces like his, the rest another story  
A lot of motherfuckers need to act more worried

The revolution has been televised  
If I sit here and do don't do nothing, homie, that's genocide  
Fuck that, we have arrived!  
And who cares who ain't on our side cause we on our own  
How do you preach peace to a family that just lost they own?  
My brodie Game just banged my line like "We gotta do something"  
All that marching and that peace ain't gonna fucking do nothing  
Fuck it, my moms, sorry, I'm ready to rage  
The police done let the animals out of the cage, oh lord it's

Stand up