

Fucked Up World

Trae

What don't kill me make me stronger
(Preach!)

Ya dig? I dig
It's like it's some kimble slice or something like that
To rockin' this knock ok
I come here every time and light their motherfuckin' throat
Rain drops

Hopin' they'd bury me with ammunitions, weed and shells
Just in case they tribute heaven, ain't no G's in hell
They lock me up for sellin' dope but they move keys as well
I keep my mouth closed cause after all, who did Jesus tell?
God - that's who I talk to on a daily basis
I put in word for my people but they don't wanna pay me faces
I got patience but I'd lose my blessing if they'd make me chase it
I can see the evil in their eyes, they can't even think their hatred
Death gotta be easy cause life is hard
Making decisions that drive you crazy if life is involved
Don't owe no money if your husband or your wife is involved
But divine intervention is what Jesus Christ is involved
Question: what is the dollar signs, a snake through sticks?
Trust a snake and get bitten, the sticks that used to beat us
We just givin' game to all the men, women, boys & girls
That's tryna maintain in a fucked up world, that's right

You already know how they hate me, mane (in this fucked up world)
In the world that treat me so cruel (damn, it is fuckin' time I...)
Imagine though no matter how hard they'd try (in this fucked up world)
I'm a asshole so I do what I do (but remember that in this fucked up world)

Being full with this, I must confess all the enzone to the stress
A bullet warm to the homie head, died as bits
Going, holding my faith, realized that I'm blessed
God be praised, I get up late before they put me through this
Ain't nothing promised plus it's hard for me to smile knowing this shit hurt
s
My brother doing life, somehow I feel like this shit don't work
I'm living for today like ain't no place for me tomorrow
Gotta make it if I have to beg or borrow
Go walkin' with the homie late night, hope he forgive me for my sins
Hoping my space ain't occupied to think that I'd get in
These haters got me messed up, I'm livin' with my fist off
If I don't make it home they choose to pick up where I left off
Loyalty and stripes, it ain't a day I take the west off
To stop it they gon have to take my chest off
I never meant to cause drama to my brothers or mama
Even though I feel I'm losing my mind to this fucked up world

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Shot 'em to death and left for bleedin' for his fan there to see
Less than three months after my Machiavelli deceased
Fuck Gadhafi, I carry on with the weight on my shoulders
So the lesson's count my blessings, now I'm leading the soldiers

ABN outlaws, got my H Town niggas
Got my weight up with my hapers, paying back - now I'm bigger
Still fucking in this game mane, hugging the block
Industry try to black ball us, we remind 'em of Pac
Some of the realest in the game, I'm just statin' the facts
Bear witness, can't you see that we're under attack?
We never meant to cause drama, we just tryna get dollars
I wrote a letter to the president, to Mr. Obama
I ain't seen too much change, feel like shit getting worse
I try to go to no more funerals, I'm sick of the church
Spit that ghetto gospel, hope for black boys and girls
We outlaws in this fucked up world
In this fucked up world

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