

These young brothers, see that wall?
They're not playing
They'll kill concrete
Young black man is so bad he'll burn walls
He's mean, what made him so cold?
That they would fire at one another

I pray to God to see the day that we could feel each other
We in the zone and everybody's trying to kill each other
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Why is it drama? Lil' homie why is it murder?
Why is it hot outside the day we beefing like burgers?
They starving the dealer, show up at the table like servers
Niggas are sinister, knock you off of the block like a hurler
Everyone watching, better have the heart of a lion
There's somebody dying, they unloading the clip without trying
Mamas are crying, babies bellies needing their fathers
They keep to the minute he never cam back home, didn't bother
Is it his fault? Or is it cause he's looking for stripes?
Thuggin' in traffic, but trying to miss those colorful lights
He's booking the system, find him somewhere deep in the night
I pray he don't loose it, waiting on the day he get right
Come on

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Why is it gangster? Why are they not thinking about living?
Permanent sinner loosing everything and not winning
Passing the church, tell the preacher that he wouldn't finish sinning
It's going to be a minute, catch him on the corner, he's bending
Why is it pride? Why is he out looking for power?
Loading a 40, trying to make it rain like a shower
Pray you get prey, probably why he trying to devour
He'd rather die real, before he'd either go like a coward
Burning the flag, tell them he ain't throwing no towel
Running with shooters, only trying to play with the foul
He is not tripping, it's gonna be whatever you're perplexing
He is the muscle, people end up stiff when he's flexing
Yeah

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Why is it genocide? Why are they out banging for colors?
He's in it to win it, tell them he ain't thinking about others
Play with his money, he might just put the clip in his brother
I can't understand it, trying to down the kid of his mother
Why would you try him? He spent half his day trying to fight them
Nothing can buy him, cause he knows the world wants to fry him
Watching the coroner try to find a way to supply him
Body for body, aiming at your tee and they dying
What is the business? Trying to hit them something like tennis
Still in the hood, modern day society menace
He's playing for keeps, know if you don't get them your finished
If you think evil, nothing good but dimes in his image

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Do you hear me?
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Now this is something
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