

Newark Intro

Tsu Surf

I wake up, pop another chill pill
Prayin' these niggas don't kill me before this deal will
I don't eat off every plate, I pay the bill still
Drove through the hood last week, niggas gettin' killed still
Just got that "why Bishop hit Steel?" feel
That starving "never had a meal, chasing a meal" feel
Little fresh, playin' daddy and chess
Thinkin' three moves ahead, premeditate before the kill feel
When you up they wanna see you down
And when you down they don't give a fuck
No random text and they ain't pickin' up
It get late and then them triggers bust
Trapped in a hole, cook it and cut it and bag it up slow
Family to feed, he really just prayin' them packages go
Cold outside, the strongest survive
Did some shit that was even wrong in my eyes

A place where everybody sin
And an enemy could look like a friend—Newark
A place where some crooked-ass cops
Steady runnin' around bangin'
Momma gotta be your pops—Newark
Tryin' to make somethin' out of nothin', chasin' bread
All these crabs in a bucket, they want me dead
Cane killed Abel, that ain't your brother
Mom Dukes doing her somewhere
When nanna playin' mother—Newark

Another flight leave at 10 again
Be back in a while
Another news flash, another kid gone, another Zimmerman
Speakin' of that case I said "wow"
Killed a kid in the hood and left with a smile
My homie killed a nigga in the hood and lost trial
Ain't chilled with cuz since, he still bagged right now
Can't forget him at all
One of the reasons I spit it this raw
I just ain't in court, I could be behind him
And he remindin' y'all of me with bars
We pray that we never get outta here
Your brother, your sister, your aunt, and your momma here
Snakes, rats, gorillas, sharks, apes, some llamas here
Ironic, you tryin' to live and everybody dyin' here
Old 'Kiss got me reminiscin'
Sittin' low, Swan drivin', tryin' to hit a victim
Newark proud across the chest
It's no place like home, I think Dorothy said it best

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When nanna playin' mother-Newark

Thinkin' about all the shit that I've accomplished
Still feel unaccomplished
Got the Batman fans watchin', told them I got them
If this don't work it's back to robbin'
Just tryin' to fill the freezer, me and my accomplice
Won't starve again, I promise
Them choppers still down in the basement
Timberlands still on the pavement
Past done flashed in my brain in pain, I try to erase it
Memories that only haunt me in my dreams
I still taste my own blood, I still hear them screams
Grandma texts me she proud but I curse too much
Wanted to text her back "you church too much"
Whatever that mean, just tryin' to do this rap thing
She pray for me more than I do, so you know what that means
Means she probably right, shit, I could die tonight
Slippin' alone, no strap, no homie that's gone ride in sight
They say, "You wanna get to Heaven, gotta go through Hell first"
So this for that lil nigga that wanna eat but gotta make a sale first
Wasn't good with math class, but he know how that scale work
Never went to Disney, well, he'll probably go to jail first
For shorty who got pregnant by a lame
She tryin' to be a mother, he out tryin' to get stained
Outside it gets so fuckin' cold
Only could try and stay warm when it's your fuckin' home
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