

Blame It On The System

Turk

Blame it on the system,
We came in and they're losing,
I ain't killed a black man and a white man and they losing.
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Every second, every minute, every hour, every day,
Put a nigga head behind bars and put the key away.
They find him guilty for the chart before you plead the case.
Yeah, you're guilty to proving innocent then
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They find him guilty for the chart before you plead the case.
Yeah, you're guilty to proving innocent then bitch's name.
Real tough doll, no, it ain't fake,
You gotta stay strong, homie, don't break.
Stay sided, nigga, and don't turn, stay,
I keep it gangster like a G, that's the only way.
I don't take money, no, I've never been a sneak,
I didn't get time, twice enough, not do the shit again.
You say why do tell, and you can tell on a friend,
Put you out there so a nigga can do you in.
It's a dirty world, but you still spin,
You can't do nothing about it, but try to nail in.
We be losing them dollar, them people still in.
You stressing out like a diamond, not blame in,

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Fuck the state, jury, judge, and the victim,
Call it on the seas, me convicted, mafia connected,
He read that, assault witness riffle is suggested.
I'm all ready, all ready, bottle tested.
This your morning, I won't send another message.
The system can't call me and the fatch can't catch us,
These hoes can't break me and these haters can't stress us.
Folks can't get any murder to these rappers.
They try and give me life, they ain't trying to give me justice.
Bang bang with the gabble, no discussion.
We're running from the fuzzes, they're jumping out in dozens,
Nigga write back on the block like there wasn't.
Could never stop the hustle or the bullet out this muzzle.
Pistol ripped, bult, knocking pieces out your puzzle,
Pointing out the child, you must wanna die,
You gonna get the business once you step your foot aside.

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Get on the judge and the judge tried to suck it to me,
Tried to get me 30 years for a steal, but he couldn't
Gave me the max and they send me to max,
Twenty trillion one, what you know about that?
It's hard when you're black, you don't stand a chance,
Sentence you to death if you kill a white man,
And they cite, man, we never write, man,
Go to child with your life, shooting dice, man.
To the police, we are perfect target,
They mine gold, trying to get us out the fucking market.
Make you a convict, now you're starving,
Can't get a job picking cotton 'cause of your charges.
Ain't nothing changed, cause we rock,
You're out your damn frame if you think your looks should stop.
Is still the same, man, this shit will never stop,
Blame it on the system, don't blame it on hip hop.

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