

## Down for Some Ignorance (Ghetto Lullaby)

Vic Mensa

Yea, I know you down for some ignorance, down

Sosa Baby

Coolin' on the block and we down for some ignorance  
No love to the opps cause we down for some ignorance  
I just bought a Glock cause I'm down for some ignorance  
My mans just got popped, now I'm down for some ignorance  
Scream "Fuck the police" if you down for some ignorance  
Turn up on CPD if you down for some ignorance  
Fo'nem ride around and you know they with da shits  
Might pull up on your block, let it blow in this bitch

Get down, down for some ignorance  
Down, down for some ignorance  
Down, down for some ignorance  
Down, down for some ignorance  
Get 'em

Don't forget the heat, watch out  
They might catch you lacking, watch out  
On 47th street, watch out  
By your mama address, watch out  
Rock you right to sleep, watch out  
Like a little baby

Gotta keep a strap on me like straight jacket, bitch I might go crazy  
Tuck your scary ass in bed I'd like to sing to you a little ghetto lullaby  
Grab your gun and light a blunt and pop a pill and put a middle finger in the sky  
Two niggas in a black Toyota with a strap that's loaded and I can't control 'em  
Ready for a game of Texas Hold'Em  
Meaning they ain't no joker and they poke ya for that white Sammy Sosa  
Catch you lackin' on your granny's sofa  
Home alone and he 'bout to roll up  
He don't know we about to roll up

Up for revenge and I'm down for some ignorance  
Run up in his crib, lay down all the witnesses  
Finna take a ride and we packing it's a business trip  
Me with the cannon in my hand can you picture this

Hide my pain in the past, behind my face in this mask  
Foot to the gas, buck on the dash  
I might Spaz on your goof ass  
Don't make me blast, shit come off safe  
If you don't open the safe  
Totin' an eight, open the door  
Open his face, with this vase  
Blood on the carpet, no conscience  
Beat a nigga like a 808, so heartless  
Ran out the back door of the apartment  
Stash the bloody gloves in the garbage  
These nightmares turn us into monsters  
Memories on 47th street haunt us  
You a ghost  
Fuck around with them fuck arounds

You can fuck around and get smoked

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Get 'em

Niggas on ya head (watch out)  
Wanna see you bleedin' (watch out)  
They just took a L (watch out)  
They gon' make it even (watch out)  
They know where you live (watch out)  
They gon' catch you while you leavin'

(Is that a face in the staircase, bitch I might be tweaking')  
Listen to the voices in my head  
Welcome to my fucked up reality  
Ever since you did that home invasion  
'Cause the universe can feel ya energy  
Mentally ill, fuck Dr. Phil  
All these pills ain't Benadryl (Chiraq)  
No oil but it's been a drill  
Let me show you how the jungle feel  
Lions, tigers, bears (oh my)  
Tryna dodge the feds (watch out)  
If the National Guard was actually hard they wouldn't be scared (southside)  
And these kids grew up with no moms and no dads  
Blew up with these rhymes and notepads  
Even if they did they'd dump heads  
One a one way street to nowhere  
Everything to prove, with nothing to lose  
You fools at Fox News  
Couldn't walk a block in our shoes  
They'll lay you down

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Get 'em