

Might Be Wrong

Vince Staples

We might be wrong, might be guilty
We might be right this time
You tried to warn me, this war that would kill me
I sacrificed
Die to the world, I took the money
So for my life
Can't sleep at night, you shoulda seen the crib though
So fucking nice

Speaking on the unjust way the justice system is justifying crimes against our kind. Justice is supposed to be blind, but continue to cross color lines. Hands up, don't shoot. Shot. Stand your ground. Blacks don't own no ground to stand on so we stand on our words. Black and hooded is the official probable cause for cops to keep weapons on. I can't breathe through the chokeholds and gun smoke. These realities and appear to inform black boys and men of the dangers outside their doors. Slain in society by sworn protectors. Protected by their peers, grand juries full of friends. No charges brought against them. They kill and arrest us, transgress and oppress us. Damn, cuz

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They searching, they searching cells. Hold on cuz, (Oh it's the -) there's police in this motherfucker, you ain't hear them? You ain't hear the alarms? Three, four, five... six, seven, eight, nine... ten, eleven. Another day in our block

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