

# Blacks & Browns

YG

I'm a nigga and I can't go outside  
We looking bad on the news black on black homicide  
I'm a nigga and I can't go outside  
I need them dollars, got these problems with this llama on my mind  
I'm a nigga and I can't go outside  
They make it harder by the day, gotta keep this hope alive  
I'm a nigga and I can't go outside  
Cause if my homies say it's on then you know I'm down to ride

We make it hard for us with all this black on black crime  
In the same state we gotta pay our tax  
If we get locked up it's double rate  
We get popped then retaliate, and they sell us these guns  
In these fucked up schools where they teach us what they told to  
Half the shit I learnt in school I ain't never used  
These fucked up rules the government trying to control you  
That's why we saying fuck the law, we act like we the ones with the juice  
It's fucked up around here, soon as you locked up around here  
The rest end up stuck up around here  
So I'm speaking for my peers cause I still see their tears  
I ain't sugarcoating nothing nigga, this is what it is  
They supply us with the county to make us feel comfortable  
Couple years pass, we in the same spot we was before  
We was content on that section 8 shit  
At the first of the month we got them groceries for them kids  
But nah, they're fucking up our mental  
Keeping us slaves so we can't be successful black people  
We need to come together, fuck they system  
Tired of being a victim, tired of racism  
So I'mma spit this ism 'til this shit stop  
Cause this that, nigga, we all we got  
We need to stop hating on what the next black got  
Give him his props to figure out how he ran shop  
So our kid's kid's can be good  
On a house in the hills, and with a house out in the hood  
(Sound good) Cause them folks that be wealthy  
They never thinking of tomorrow, they so unhealthy  
We killing ourselves, they killing us too  
They distract us with entertainment while they get they loot  
They never gave us what they owed us, put liquor stores on every corner  
Welcome to Lost Skanless, California

Haha, buenos dias motherfuckers  
I'm Sadboy Loko and I'm here to speak for my people

We need to come together, look around  
They made the border for the browns cause we're not allowed  
Gotta get the green card for me and my child  
Those assholes payment under the table that don't last a while  
Those jobs getting passed around, they dog our people  
Why we gotta look for work at Home Depot?  
It was us before the natives, why we ain't equal?  
But why you give us no perks, fool we need those  
"And we're trying to make America Great"  
Fuck you esé, somebody bring him to the Treces  
And (\*static\*) just for disrespecting  
Black, brown or pale, it don't matter to me

The only color that call shots in this world is green  
And at eighteen they want you to sign up for war  
That's why most rather bang and hang around at the store  
So to you it's just another selling corn  
To me, we out here hustling for the mortgage  
Fuck you think we crossing the border for?  
Why you think in a bedroom there's more than four?  
You explored my country but can't accept my people  
But who you want to run your business? My people  
My flag is green white, red, in the center's an eagle  
Brown Pride, fist high, this is for my illegals

I'm a Chicano and I can't go outside  
A brown cop harassing me, I guess we all look alike  
I'm a Chicano and I can't go outside  
This happens daily, all the time, I can never ask why  
I'm a Chicano and I can't go outside  
They make it harder by the day, tryna keep this hope alive  
I'm a Chicano and I can't go outside  
Cause if my homies say it's on, then you know I'm down to ride

Don't shoot...don't shoot officer, don't shoot, my hands up...my hands up...  
Multiple shot are heard