

Bandana

Maino

My bandana
Your my star
Your my moon
My guitar
We don't know
Where we are.
Still we stand

They say people like me
End up dead or in the jail cell
No food had to eat off crack sales
Before u try to judge me off of my life style
Put your self in the shoes of a black male
What's my chance as a kid knock? a poverty
It's my god given right to pull a robbery
Society labels me a misfitter but in the street I'm looked at as a real nigga
My bandana in my right hand I fold it up and tie it around my whole hood
They don't understand why I keep a rag, why it's hanging on the back of my pants
I keep 1 maybe 2 or 3 represents where I come from
It's a g thang salute all the young boys and the OGs
Every thug in the country knows me

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I keep a rag cause u never know bandana my face
show incase u gotta let it go
Damn near more than good from queens to foreign hood
Hoodstar touch the block like the man in office could
My bandana pass down for my son, sons and brother
One 'fore he turn 21. gun salute biggie out the coupe
While I shoot up and down the block thinking how to get the The jake
don't see a celebrity
They see a set up plotting to knock u down before u get up
U talk and live it. Just left my homie came off the visit. revisiting
good times back before he did it
Had the weed going and pop another bottle. they thought we never make
it here victim of the hollow
Out here everybody got a hammer I never change for the camera that's
on...

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