

Pieces Of A (Black) Man

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Pieces of a black man (uh huh)
My thoughts travel, trapped on savage land it's like taboo (taboo)
Stuck in time, so many young boys bustin' nines (Bustin')
Some servin' state bids, cuz they hustle blind
Pieces of a black man
My thoughts travel (yeah) trapped on savage land it's like taboo (yeah)
Stuck in time, so many young boys bustin' nines (Bustin')
Some servin' state bids, cuz they hustle blind

Yo when times get trifle
I'm subjected to street survival
See many never complete they cycle, other retreat to bibles
Livin' holy, but currency seem to control me
Movin' coldly, in the presence of old parolies
My mind mold me, keep me in mack mode like Goldie
Police know me, but ain't got enough to hold me (yeah)
I follow rules, through the knowledge, swallow jewels
A form of teachin', from the streets never taught in school (uh huh)
You caught you lose, a wise man utilize tools
Solitude certifies all moves
So I walk this path of the old dread, that lead me off the Ave. (Yeah)
Absorbin' fast, learnin' from niggas I lost in the past (Yo)
It's poison plays in these foul days
Housin' cops & they foul ways, and walkin' through a wild maze
Holdin' my brain, tryin' to maintain
Sleet, snow, or rain, I gueses the game'll never change

Pieces of a black man
My thoughts travel, trapped on savage land it's like taboo (taboo)
Stuck in time, so many young boys bustin' nines (Yeah)
Some servin' state bids, cuz they hustle blind

Since the genesis, paraphernalia circle my premissis
Poor images, project life drained my innocence (Uh huh)
It's all the worst genocide, I guess the water's cursed
My old earth identify, though her soul is for the church (uh huh)
She prayed for peace, hopin' I'm saved before she lay deiciest
To say the least, the warden's to wise to play the streets
I know the ropes, certain niggas to slow to cope (yeah)
& though I sold some Coke, it was only to stay afloat
Amongst the frozen hearted, some bentin', some departed
Inhalin' chocolate, tracin' back to where it started
The Crack wave 2 for 5, deuce & tres
The Mack sprays, puffin' lye, truth & days
& though it sound ill, through all the foul shit, I'm down still
All aroundn real, rough is the grounds in Brownsville
I know the ledge, meditatin', holdin' my head
Eyes red, it's Doe Or Die till I'm dead

Pieces of a black man (black, uh huh)
My thoughts travel, trapped on savage land it's like taboo
Stuck in time, so many young boys bustin' nines (What)
Some servin' state bids cuz they hustle blind
Pieces of a black man (yeah, travelin' C'mon)
My thoughts travel, trapped on savage land it's like taboo
Stuck in time (buck, buck) so many young boys bustin' nines
Some servin' state bids, cuz they hustle blind

I played all positions, plus learned from each mission
Politic, wit all teyp niggas wit different diction
I did it up, from young in some cunt, the way I hit it up
Buggin' off my first Philly Blunt, and how I lit it up
But time flyin', playin' these corners'll let it slide by
Puffin' lye, homicide, coke supplies dry
So play the game, other slow up change the lane
Awaken, unchain the brain in exchange to take away the pain
It's a part of scriptures, put together wit different mixtures
They tricked us, got us trapped in takin' pictures
Interogatin', locatin', destination'
Estimatin', or play a part of them investigatin'
It's on goin', from them killers, to them broads hoin'
Unknowin' first time fellons on trial blowin'
So burn your clips
And sit back, learn your shit
The last of these real reps left turned legit

Pieces of a black man
My thoughts travel (yeah), trapped on savage land
it's like taboo (taboo)
Stuck in time, so many young boys bustin' nines (bustin')
Some servin' state bids (what, what) cuz they hustle blind
Pieces of a black man (black man)
My thoughts travel, trapped on savage land (thoughts travel)
it's like taboo
Stuck in time, so many young boys bustin' nines
(buck, buck, buck, buck)
Pieces of a black man
My thoughts travel (travel) trapped on savage land, it's like taboo
(taboo baby)
Stuck in time, so many young boys bustin' nines
Some servin' state bids cuz they hustle blind
Pieces of a black man