

The Ecology

Fashawn

Underage girls having seeds at the age of seventeen
Baby daddies signing up for the marines
Black streets filled with crack and pipe dreams
Fuck peace, niggas is purchasing red beams
P89s, Glocks, AR15s
It gets so hot, cops don't want to intervene
Cause they can get popped too, simple and plain
All the OGs dead, it's a new ballgame
A bunch of young guns in charge who ain't got heart
A few gave a listen to the lessons that was taught
Those who took heed was the ones who succeeded
The ones who didn't wound up sharing showers
The strong move silent, the weak get devoured
Too many fake hustlers, the drug game is sour
Rather live like a animal than die like a coward
Writing lyrics in the midst of
My niggas sniffing powder lines like it's 1989
Just trying to survive in these days and times
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Cause where I'm from, brothers die everyday, sunny CA
Understand the ecology on how we behave
Baseheads, drive-bys, it's just how we was raised
Murder for capital, we got to get paid
That's the mindstate that boosts the crime rate
Just lost souls try'na find their way
Through this puzzle, every ghetto, N.Y. to L.A.
Deep inside, I know it's time for a change, wish I could reach them
But I got both feet in the grave and still sinking
The environment'll drive you insane, flooded with demons
They motive is to get in your brain, make you a heathen
Even have you sniffing cocaine, slanging that reefer
I know a lot of niggas that pump, they claim they eating
They need to dumb it down, never seen a hundred thou'
Loudmouths with loose lips who unloyal
Fiends smoking out aluminum foil
Just to cope with life's ills, too much on my mind
Just trying to survive in these days and times
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I swear, unity went out the window, what a shame
Back then we was all kinfolks, it ain't the same
I dream of that day when little kids can play in the streets
Not worried about getting hit by strays
Wish I didn't need herb to calm my nerves
Wish "peace" was more than just a five-letter word
It's hard to be optimistic
When you live on the same block as the killers who just got out of prison
Still walking with my head up, there got to be something better
Than this scene of police sirens and paramedics
That's my philosophy, you feel the same?
Then follow me; this is the ecology