

# I Refuse Limitation

Goodie Mob

One time  
Uh for these freaky hoes I lust  
But I'm still flickin ashes a lot of other motherfuckers snort dust  
But that's they thang  
A lot of us fall victim somehow  
But that's that game  
Won't try to explain  
From books to bricks  
Now I see crooks and tricks  
Caught up in the mix  
Of everyday in every way but the right  
I control the substance my people fiend for at night  
Lord knows I do wrong  
Sound like the same old song  
A lot of niggas singing  
Homeboys conceal your weapons  
Cuz ain't gon be no smokin session in heaven  
No more be buckin yo luck  
Seven eleven on the first roll  
Don't let the streets rock and roll yo soul  
Swats GA by way of Cascade Heights  
Gunshots roadblocks sidewalks and ice

Sold me out for 3.5 grams of neighborhood clout  
Now what the fucks we bout  
I'm back home from the bullshit  
Puttin in work  
Meanwhile others dug ditches and covered themselves in dirt  
One squirt  
And you locked down forever  
Can't run from reality  
Lurking you closer and closer away  
To the same old traps  
Now you never learn from your mistakes  
So now you wear this ass whoopin wit pride  
What side you on?  
It wasn't no I in team  
Only in your dreams  
Saturated with schemes  
Yea you right, God gon deal wit ya  
Fallin from his grace  
Rookie cop moves cause shiftty game  
And 30 days I'm blessed in the hole  
But that's till I go to the state federal  
Penitentiary  
Yea I could did my time standin on one foot  
But see I fucked up royally  
Thought I was slick  
Them herpes-havin ass crackers changed my big check to six  
Times wit Dean Whitaker's sermon of the day  
But when I go to sleep I don't dream no more I just lay  
A wise man knows his limitations  
Concrete, concrete like Greg Street

Sufferin from a severe case of inner-city blues  
I ain't got no clues to which directions I need to choose  
This opportunity to gain is all I got to lose

Cuz I just can't settle for these streets shawty I refuse

That's the shit I like  
Lord got the door  
Shot down to the pavement  
Remove yo hat under the ceiling  
Of this building  
A rebuff from the usher of sorts  
Because Most strive for the diamonds and overlook the gems  
Got skimp wit yo bags  
Boulders become shoulders to depend on  
Which way to explore  
Reform, refrain, we Every thought you walk through the trails is hell  
Airborne for Clone me  
Replace me wit me  
Another nation inside a nation  
Out the land of Scots  
Suction cups to test tube  
Layer of skin  
Supply the crust  
And we'll mix the fruit  
Gunshows supplied me in the hour of need  
Watch em bleed  
Aryan nation be the dealer  
Now who's the killer  
Yup yup that's the shit I like  
That's the shit I like

Uh puttin forth the effort to make a change  
Not doin a lot of talkin bout it what's yo game?  
You slippin you can't never do that  
That's when you get jacked  
For yo life over emotions runnin wild  
Like salamanders swimmin in southwest creeks  
Feelin incomplete  
Another story  
Livin Value lost - it wasn't worth it look what it costed  
Yo life young nigga  
Didn't go out without a fight behind the gun trigger  
Better think fast or get swept off yo feet  
Nigga it hurts to see these drugs deteriorate  
The minds of knuckleheads that want to be base heads  
Don't say I didn't tell you cuz you gon see in the future  
I hope I don't have to shoot you  
If you switch  
Went from hardcore to beggin like a bitch  
Revolutions good to bad  
Hoods to rags real niggas to fags  
What's the news?  
But I refuse to lose

Well I woke up this mornin with the same frustration from situations like these  
Got a call about some work from one of them temporary agencies  
No high school diploma or any college degrees  
I can't enlist but they'll draft me if there's a war overseas  
Oh please  
Of course I can slice some OZs  
But see I'm one of those aspirin MCs  
And uh bills are due so at times I'm doubtful and everyone disagrees  
But I'd rather struggle on my feet than to live on my knees  
So my uniform tight workin all night at Mickey D's  
Got about 90 dollars and some change after the government get they fees

These minimum wages ain't enough to feed my babies  
Purposely these limitations on black folks opportunities  
So I quit cuz I'm tired of being one of those overworked  
underpaid employees  
Stop carin at all went on and did a few small burglaries  
It seems like my face done turned into forgotten memories  
And I ain't gettin away with nothing because I know he always sees  
But see right now I need to see how I can get this here dope sold  
I done stuffed in my pocket as many rocks as it can hold  
They gon get high so I'ma get my money even though it's freezin cold  
Now how many times you done heard this story told?  
Believe it or not, it's some very intelligent junkies  
But dependencies is eatin away at they souls like disease  
Anyone can turn into somebody who covets and envies  
Unequal economics can easily make you some enemies  
And the crime rate never drops to the cops ride around in threes  
I knew he would have killed me if I did anything but freeze  
They found the rest of the dope in some nearby shrubberies  
In a dimlit room being questioned by these authorities  
And they gave me some time in correctional facilities  
And now my woman's gotta take on a man's responsibilities