

## Tranquility

Isaiah Rashad

Well, thank God for the shooter  
And thank God for the leader  
And think hard for a message  
Blink art on pedestrians, what are you, a believer?  
Tranquility for a Brutus  
And hard road for a Ceasar  
Well, who came from the heavens?  
They killed for a blessin', they gon' do it to Jesus

Them hard streets make a militant man  
Fuck a bitch, be as real as you can  
Our education, they tend to say we killers again  
But I'd rather give this living a chance, I'm getting patience  
I wonder if the world is gon' see us, it's just niggas  
They treat lyrics like I hold triggers like I make difference  
Then downplay, what I'm given like I'm no different  
It make me wanna move to my aunt's house  
I've been on pills since a little one  
Start with Advil then we level up  
I wonder if my son gon' trust me, after songs so ugly  
Bout his moms, ain't mean to see the world so crummy  
They got Tec-9's for Jesus  
So I figured that the second coming wasn't never coming  
Go figure heaven is a hassle cause  
They don't even want a nigga back in Africa

Some of us fall and some of us hover  
Some of us shooters and some of us lovers  
I see the sum of it all, I'm running for cover  
Invite you for supper, but really they hunt you  
What's really 300, who's really a gangster  
Was really the prey, was really in danger  
I'm willing to pray, I'm feeling the angels  
Is liquor the savior? This moment will contain us  
And ride to the far side, I'm looking for peace  
Just spread the cigar wide, a moment of ease  
Hard benches for my brothers that be roaming the streets  
We don't always be the leaders that they want us to be  
I'm just hoping that she praying while she down on her knees  
See I often treat these hoes like their fathers would be  
Good Lord, my flaws, blind you, got you time for, my flaws