

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