

Righteous Minds

Joey Bada\$\$

[Intro:]

Yeah

Make sure my shit sound tight

[Verse:]

I never knew the world could be this mad
Only vision I had of sex was callin' me bad
I never knew the world could be this cold
Only time a nigga died he was playing a role
But now the niggas get their souls stole so often
They only did is offer gimits is awake in their coffin
From NY to cope it down the hole
She said that office offers abortions
Without precaution,
Power to the people,
There's too many who wanna be Jordan
Too many forces thinking they could make a fortune story
Too many wanna be actors instead of achiveing their masters
At least the bachelor would know too many wanna be rappers
That's just statistics they'll be steak before he'll pay Christ
Like niggas in the White House supplying white towels
Or Jim Crow Laws you probably missed it
Hard to be persistent when you tryin' to fight for your existence

[Chorus:]

It ain't easy living life like this
When you tryin' to be righteous
But know a nigga might just
Leave you lifeless for prices
High tech devices
So keep your tech down
Or meet your Christ
It ain't easy living life like this
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[Verse:]

Person, mad nervous you surrender of the sturving
Look them in the eyes flicks makes you die
You know you merk 'em right there
Plus his hide is like right here
So you know that if you would fight fair
Then you'd have him like cry scared
But don't forget to tack your heart
By your right hand
So listen loud and clear
You don't wanna lose your life there
Don't you show a slight tail
Or let 'em sight fear
Just let 'em dissapear in the night yeah
What your life is, rabbi the clack is
Left alone in the apartment
Someone's been jobless someone make dollars

Shaking it topless and
Daddy be gone said it
Took off like ashes
Dizzy gain knowledge
I'm keeping it with the synopsis
Saying shit like that make you wish you were adopted
To escape the pain you joined the gang
And get intoxicated
Had no shame, nothing wrong with some Mary Jane
The only thing is you do with the game

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[Verse:]

Imagine me fed up
A go getter, for more cheddar
Pour never, no more lettuce
'Cause I know no better
No error no steals
No Kirk, No Lee, no school
No OJ, no talent, know me
But if I did say act right
What if I pack crack white
With my sack tight
Joined the gang fight
They click clack tight
Sledding the vibe
With the black stripe
And get my friend's the back knife
'Cause that's life
Nigga

[Chorus:]

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