

# To My Mans

Keith Murray

To my mans L.O.D., Def Squad  
Hey yo, this goes out to my man  
Adriana Knockout Beauwright  
And Anthony Apple Ames, word is bond

I'm talkin' to my peoples all across the land  
Relate to the situation at hand  
I know everybody done been in some shit  
And ready to lay niggas to rest just to prove it but check it

We done did it, seen it, done it, been through it  
Swigged it, guzzled it, copped it, smuggled it  
Rocked it, chopped it, locked it  
Now we got the whole neighborhood goin' through it

Ay yo, money in the hood make the game go good  
We only rock black Timbs, black jeans and black hoods  
Karl Kani wasn't even out  
Dressin' fly, rockin' jams is what it was all about

We had dreams of doin' shit niggas never even heard of  
Then damn my partner got murdered  
I was with my man, I'll never forget you baby

I'll keep holdin' on  
I'll keep holdin' on  
I'll keep holdin' on  
I'll keep holdin' on

Ay yo, close the blinds when you cookin', my neighbors be lookin'  
My nerves is shaken so f\*\*k it I'm off to Brooklyn  
To see my cousin with the devilish grin, devilish way of livin'  
But f\*\*k it, he's still chillin'

Adriana Knockout Beauwright drunk forties all night  
While I did the mic something right  
Catchin' wreck or we was playin' ball  
Gettin' busy in any little hole in the wall y'all

Street soldiers with good head on our shoulders  
Wanted to go to school to be doctors and lawyers  
Well, I got caught up in the system with two ounces  
Had to do a little time in the big houses

Before I even knew it I felt it  
Ay yo, yo your cousin Knockout got murdered, what?  
Damn, that was my man

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I'm on the cuttin' edge 'cause I'm young and black  
Now I feel like I got a monkey on my back  
But you know I'm stronger than that, of course  
I puff on El and stay mental just knock 'em off

I'm just a bill on Capitol Hill  
Listenin' to my Squad members tell me 'go for the kill'  
As I smell the vapors linger  
I saw jealousy bring the anger in the chest with a banger

I'm on a rage against the machine, what I mean  
I want to see my people with more than just first of the month cream  
The situation's always lookin' grim  
Pregnant teenagers with kids that can't take care of 'em

For the niggas who did it, word to life I'ma get with ya  
Peace to my peoples, I never forget ya 'cause you was my mans

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