

# King Cotton

Lil B

King Cotton, I'm king cotton, I'm a tell you like this  
It's your boy Lil' B

I'm honest by some shit that I ain't even seen  
Demons in my mind, blood on the field  
We got stripped of our love, had to pick out cotton  
Hard work on our field, long nights forgotten  
Put in next to the... drugs, fast food  
Killers... much quicker, don't forget your eat vegetables nigger  
Often the kids turn killers, stripped of our pride  
Our home connected to blogs  
In the streets wave Rome and Africa  
We'd probably be in a throne  
Shit you never know, they ship the slaves back to Africa  
We enslave ourselves, talking about Europeans to hate ourselves  
Identity problems, the magazine...  
The news tell me something different  
Call this negro a nigger, call his color in black  
Bitch let's face the facts  
A toast to have more work for americans and blacks  
It took a civil rights moving, just to get us attack  
How the fuck we couldn't vote because the color of our skin  
I ain't no radical, I ain't no racist  
I'm question I'm anxious  
Down south it's much worse, we on a slave just started  
Fucking slave masters, niggers all the bitches retarded  
You tell me?  
And we always forget about the native americans  
But really, we on earth  
Fuck the names and the labels, stereotypes  
Generalizations, try to put me in a box took my soul and raped it  
I can never forget it, but I have to forgive them  
I move on with my life, I got love for the world  
Why the fuck they burned that church with them 4 little girls  
And I say quit, you feel me  
And they say quit dwelling on the past it's over  
But what the fuck they learn at school how the fuck is it over?  
How the fuck can I forget about the people hanging off a tree?  
For the simple fact they look like me  
What am I supposed to tell my kids when they hearing these things  
What am I supposed to tell my kids when the cops pull them over  
Can't even wear a hood... they think the car is stolen  
But on the real life changing for the better  
Cause this music gonna bring us together  
Quit saying black and white, because it ain't no color  
Real words of separation, that's hate my brother  
A lot of them laws, they was created from hate  
A lot of blood and war created by the United States  
Lot of drugs and guns kept the people in place  
I refuse to have a race, bitch I'm gray, you feel me  
And I'm saying let's keep it true to my roots, that's the people  
Where I come from instead of rapping the...  
Niggers dying on the block  
Better think about it just watch  
My grandfather was a slave, that's the fucking truth  
King cotton, I'm king cotton  
King cotton, they call me king cotton, I'm king cotton

King cotton, I'm king cotton  
They call me, I'm king cotton, I'm king cotton