

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