

Open Thunder Eternal Slumber

Lil B

Woo! You know we in Berkeley California right now
Riding on the freeway
Passing Emeryville, going through Oakland
Shouts out to Richmond, San Francisco, Lil B

One day to live, cause you living in the moment
The past is the present, the gift is my performance
I'm working for the future, cause I live in a computer
I could tell you things that I've seen
A lot of guns in the streets, saddened dreams
Spacebar, backspace, trace your steps
I'm on the block like Jahvid Best
Smoke a lot of weed, have to calm my stress
With the thought when the money would come
My problems have changed, step back I am not in my chains
Sport back like I'm out the game, I'm out of your lane
Think twice nigga, follow your brain
I've got riches and I act the same
Niggas is lame, I'm too real, you don't want new chains?
I had to open my eyes since I got that fame
Sit back in my partner's office
Nigga laughing, reminiscing, how I took them losses
Then I promise one day, if I take that loss
Take the whole city back, open up that coffin
No sir, I don't believe in Jesus
He was slaved to the world, in the books of preachers
I feel weird cause I go against my own body
Keep it too real, I got a new deal
Niggas is fake, but their money and their coop real
Actually, what's the root of how you feel
No disrespect, I found myself in church,
Paying respect to the Lord, like everyone else
But the picture of the blond hair and blue eyes
Is something that I ain't feeling
I ain't saying that I can't
But I ain't gon' be another slave to the race
And I got friends around the world at 21
This is on my mind, practice forgiveness
With nobody talking when I made the wishes for real, business
Niggas fell down, hopped off those fences
Feel bad because I made mistakes
And still got raped by the system, still forgive 'em
Spend your childhood in the courtroom system
Fell down, nobody gonna pick 'em
No money, no lawyer gonna pick 'em
And just forgive em, leave em to play nigga
Leave em to die, leave em to ride
I'm surprised he alive, for real, you poor you die
And rich get killed cause of the money they got
Man the sports get money while the doctors saving lives can't peel
9 to 5 can't even pay the bills;
We need to manage the money for the builders and plumbers,
The welders and purifiers to pay for their lumber,
I might go to LA for the summer
Venice beach music, open up the thunder, eternal slumber