Brownsville Girl

Don I in the ghetto We know the hour of the guns Well we are the scars of violence Son, turn in your gun Think my shit is too real for 'em A young girl's killed by a stray bullet in Chicago Same thing in Jamaica Queens right in front of McDonald's The ghetto's on fire, the pyro's nothin but sorrow that's burnin inside the souls of the future kids of tomorrow We used to use hip-hop to teach us the way For some reason these fuckin artists don't reach us today My lil' cousin got popped, he was slippin, he wasn't totin Plus was sippin too much of that vodka Puffy promotin My mother died, niggaz was sendin me 'gnac When it was ironic that shit was called Hennessy Black Sippin that make a nigga wan' pick up a Mac And stick up a spot, when I should wanna rip up a track Said fuck that! Get Yafeu on the chat Say Yaf', we gotta bring our community back Bring the concept of havin black unity back And come with the shit to get rid of that baffoonery rap That's soon to be looked at as lunacy, cartoonery crap The sooner we maneuver that, the sooner we could react In fact, it's triple G's, now who runnin with me? And I'ma rep until the pack of wolves come and get me Uh-huh, uh, Sai, Sai A young girl joins a gang out in Brownsville, Brooklyn That's down where they got the coke pounds still cookin The prostitutes lurkin, they still out here hookin The booker's still feelin niggaz that's black and brown lookin This lil' girl one night, they gave her a burner right Told her she wanna be down, she gotta earn them stripes A adolescent that lack the lesson to learn in life She shoots a kid in the back, pow, turn his light, out That was the seventh shootin in less than a week The reason I feel is what I should address to this beat Checked it and see, it's funerals consecutively It's the God and by the power invested in me I'm tellin niggaz to chill and go easy on the gunplay Besides, you gon' have to learn how to fight someday Develop a warrior's spirit Let your fists talk more than your lyrics and you'll get no interference Check, it's real wack, that blacks only kill blacks I know that sound off the wall but it's real facts I shot about eight people and they all black I'm a dumb muh'fucker's what I call that Tištěno z www.txp.cz

Saigon