

# Keep Me Down

Scarface

We made something from nothing  
And vowed to never tear it apart  
We turned the street hustle into an art  
That would quickly change life forever for us  
No more riding bikes or catching the bus  
We on the roll up, money to fold up  
With cognac and cooked yola  
Got the neighborhood about to blow up, but hold up  
I see this van sittin', this old cat in a fitted  
Trying to get your little homey tore up  
Yo bruh, we ain't working on this corner take your ass on, dog  
Before you make me feed your ass to my hogs you fucking faggot  
I know you want to catch me with this bag so you can hide me  
Or with my 44 so you can 45 me  
You put this shit off in our neighborhoods and sweat us  
And when you finally catch us up you give us letters  
A cold thing  
Just when a nigga reach his gold man  
You hand him a case for easing out the dope game  
And I'm...

Watching us unfold with the times  
He don't really want a nigga to climb  
You'd rather separate me from my family forever  
Instead of trying to keep us together  
You motherfuckers would rather keep me down...

So what I rap about these streets  
That don't make me be no less of a man  
Than a person that do work with his hands  
It's bad enough I gots to deal with all these pressures that stand  
You tryin' to make me stray away from my plan  
Know what I'm sayin'?  
I'm from the gutter, where all we had was one another  
No wheat bread to butter, from one bed to the other  
All uncles and no brother  
My mother's at work  
My grandfather was my dad  
And when he died it hurt  
And as I hold back the tears my eye-wells swell  
I been praying for heaven, I been living in hell  
And these niggas in my age group is dead or either locked up  
The bitches no better, they smoked out or knocked up  
But I still love my hood, that's where it started  
Ain't no hard feelings, we partners nigga, regardless  
That's why you always see me coming around  
Cause I could never turn my back on my town  
But still I'm...

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(2x)

Money never changed me

Money changed the people around  
Now they plot to try to keep me down  
But still I rise like yeast  
Your whole conversation bout B  
Fuck a nigga talking bout me, I'm a G  
The realest motherfucker ever done it  
You can't continue to pimp me and y'all eat from it  
So fuck every soul who ever felt like I owed  
Them a god damn dime, or a god damn rhyme or a god damn chance  
Motherfucker you sad  
You a grown ass man, holding a nigga hand  
Now get out on your own, stop depending on your homes  
To chuck you a bone, and stop throwing stones  
And that goes for everybody thinking it's them  
Fuck you, you and you  
Her, him and him  
Tom, Dick and Kim  
All of y'all stand accused  
Saying fuck to me  
And I done bought your children's shoes  
I'm...

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