

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 gotta 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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