Turn the beat up, yeah

New York, New York; wake up LA Wave hi to the Chi, let's get right today I heard them lil' niggas takin' their life away I heard a couple lil' niggas got life today Is it Farrakhan, Buddha, or Christ today? She on her knees so she know what it's like to pray She got religious so she doin' it twice a day I strap up, no I ain't throwin' dice today When you got money on yo head it's a price to pay And it get cold in the hood, put your ice away They locked Rick Ross up and they ain't give him no bail But a cracker shoot a whole church up and it's "Oh well" Oh well, oh well Hang him with a confederate flag in his cell Let him sit there and rot 'til his body turns to bones Just remember who casted the first stone New York, New York; good mornin' LA Say hi to the Chi, celebrate to the Bay No hesitation like Steph, shoot it right in your face Cause I'm a Golden State warrior strapped with a K How's it land of the free, when we're trapped in a cage? Some shit just never make sense like Magic and AIDS Some shit just never make sense like bashin' the gays Obama must be in the city, it's traffic today Niggas trappin' today just like back in the day We like Roc-A-Fella Records, we packagin' yay And that Dirty Sprite 2 shit slappin' today We got these niggas boxed in like Cassius Clay And my feregammo belt where that ratchet stay Cause the police killing too many blacks today I wake up in the morning like: "who gon' pass away? who gon' bla st today? who gon' have to pray?" New York, New York Good morning L.A. My nigga Hayes blew him and his wife away

This song is dedicated to Stephanie Mosley, who was murdered fr om a single gunshot wound inflicted by her husband, Earl Hayes, in Los Angeles, California; December 18th, 2014. I knew Hayes since we were both signed to Aftermath back in 2005. And if I c an keep it 8 more than 92 with you, he was a good nigga, I never saw that coming. My prayers are with Stephanie's entire family, I am truly and deeply sorry for your loss