

(feat. Saigon, Truck North)
[Chorus]
Monday they predict the storm
Tuesday they predict the bad
Wednesday they cover the grass
And I can see it's all about cash
And they got the nerve to hunt down my ass
And treat me like a criminal
[Black Thought]
Look, it is what it is
Because of what it was
I did what I did
Cause it does what it does
I don't put nothin' above
What I am, what I love
My family, my blood
My city and my hood
Hater for the greater good
I'm back from Hollywood
And I ain't changed a lick
Though, I know I probably should
But, what I'm doin' is not a good look
I never did it by the good book, as a lifetime crook
All the petty crime took a toll on me
I look around at my homies that's gettin' old on me
But still somethin' gotta hold on me
Maybe it's faith
If it's comin', yo I'm willing to wait
I'm not runnin', I done ran through the mud
I done scrambled and such
I done robbed an odd job and gambled enough
Till I'm put up in handcuffs
And pissin' in a cup
If there's a God
I don't know if he listenin' or what
[Chorus]
[Truck North]
Yeah, it is what it is
And that's how it go
Get treated like a criminal
If crime is all you know
Get greeted like a nigga
If a nigga saw your show
A public enemy, to send a eye in the scope
My city like a island where you can't find a boat
Have you wishin' for a raft
And prayin that hope flows
Some real (?) going down on soul (?)
Who lookin' for a chair and some real strong rope
Just to end it all here
Screamin'