

Break the System

The Underachievers

Born sinner, my heart was driven break out the prison
Mentally speaking my nigga they full-out found the rhythm
Now I live decent, didn't even have a pot to piss in
Dead or in prison yeah they thought I'd be another victim

Yeah we crawl sometimes and we walk sometimes yeah
Now we all go cryin' 'cause we all got times yeah

Coppers try'na lock me up and chain me
Judge me by my skin, they don't care where my brain be
Sometimes I wanna take a trip back, back in slavery
Slap the master right in the mouth on the daily
This one is for them niggas didn't make it up off the field
They incarcerate us, modern stages really real
I been contemplating nights, I stay up with the steel
Like I ain't got enough, should I go out there and steal?
This black shit is real, motherfuckas get the reel try'na run up on the track

Feed them shows how we react
We don't take that shit to rap, not at all
This is war by default
But they show that shit on TV is it really our fault?
'Till I have a billi', I will never see me yawn
You could clearly see the snakes when you organize your lawn
So Im'ma scrape the rake and grind out 'till the break of dawn
They love to hate the greats until you won just like Lebron (Lawd)
I'm on one like McGrady, thirty seconds I go crazy
System got so many cracks, I should'a been born in the 80's
I shoot porn with yo' lady, she eat my cum like it's gravy
So I know I ain't the father to that baby

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Grew up with his daddy, incarcerated out the struggle
With a mother who ain't love him 'cause he look just like his father
Started failin' outta school because the times is getting harder
Had to get up on this hustle, chose the dope theme as a startup
He was nice with the clippers nigga, shoulda been a barber
But the hustles on the corners with the Benz was lookin' sharper
Nigga handed him a pack, told him 4PM to show up
So he cut his last class, told his friends to watch the glow up
What a fool, victim to having no role models
Told him 80/20 splittin', he took it with no problem
Even handed him a grip, "with this shit, this gon' solve it
But you ever end up using a clip, then just toss it"
Nigga went to his coordinates, started making loads of flips
Niggas saw him walking shit, approached him hawk to spit
Homie hand was slow to lift, he pulled out his and gripped the stick
Saw like twenty witnesses but ran to his apartment
Try to go to sleep but pray to God the dude ain't dead
But he woke up to the homicide unit by his bed

Further end of story and he sittin' in a jail
In a bunk with his father, niggas made him share a cell
Viscous cycle, all he needed was some education
'Stead they leave him on the streets so they could go out and detain him
Man this shit is systematic, I know everything ain't racist
But the hood is like a death trap and the systems are created
Time to change it

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Yeah, don't fall, pressure makes you go