

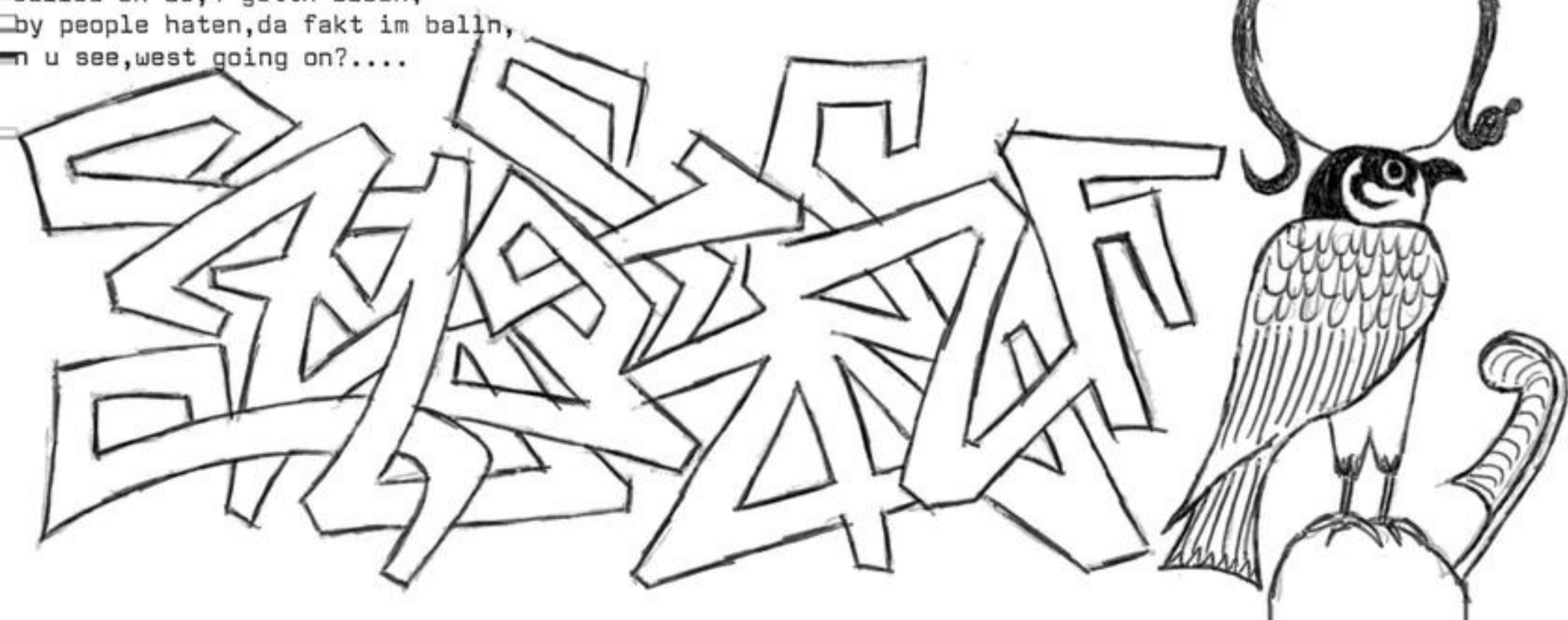
Wrote: 2011
Song: West Going On?
Album: Keepn It Gutta

V1
Growing up, n da ghetto slumz,
neva haven, no food,
so everyday, when i ran outside,
left me n, a bad mood....
N im not sayn, my naborhood,
jus as bad, as Iraq,
but everyday, up n my streetz,
my people, unda attack....
When immigrantz, from everywhere.
dont get along, wit my people,
going 2 war, wit da S.A. gangz,
bekuz we isnt, Mestizo....
Who believe, dat da Europeanz,
are da chosen, by God,
so everyday, us blax gettn killed,
by da crooked ass lawz.....
Where dey brainwashn, all our women.
2 sell out, 4 da moola,
so everynite, dey n clubz dancen.
4 truck drivaz, n cornaz....
Haten a Gee, 4 keepn it real,
not tryna be, wit one chik,
bekuz marriage, not 4 a King,
2 be in, a relationship....
Hearn deze racist, politicians,
invest dey money, n steal,
2 keep us blaxx, n a prison cell,
pickn cotton, n fieldz.....
Just like dey did, da Indianz,
tryna kill us, all off,
n all a playa, can say about it,
is what da hell, going on?

V2
Trippn out, off da grandparentz,
of dis chik, dat i like,
not wantn her, 2 date a blakk,
bekuz i live, a thugz life....
Once a playa, get locked n jail,
all deze femalez, be trippn,
not tryna write, or keep it real,
unles dey hear, u make millionz...
N i dont meddle, n foolz affairz,
like da U.S. of A,
im taken out, all u whak m. ceez,
dat isnt real, n da game.....
Wondern why, everything us blaxx,
ever did, n da world,
gett destroyed, n lied about,
like we wasnt, da onez.....
Not overstandn, why my people,
want 2 die, over kolorz,
n ratha die, joining da service,
4 a country, dont love us....
Kuz da system, is all set up,
2 make sho, we all fail,
when us men, abandon our women,
2 raise kidz, by theyselves....
Who grow up, inside da ghetto,
not ever haven, role modelz,
but just us Geez, n da naborhood,
always tiltn up, bottlez.....
Stereotyped, by da racist pigz,
dat say we all, drug dealaz,
n everywhere, n da United States,
u see dey all, wanna kill us.....

V3
Now everytime, som shyt blow up,
i got 2 flee, da police,
who wanna think, im a terrorist,
bekuz i ball, n da streetz....
Wantn 2 marry, a chik whoz bad,
dat isnt out, 4 my money.
or a chik, dat doesnt love me,
tryna sleep, wit my hommyz....
Thinkn dat, she can get me locked,
calln da pigz, on a ninja,
lying 2 people, sayn i hit her,
so i go bak, 2 prison....
Not given a damn, bout politicz,
ran by som ignorant folx,
who make sho', 2 pass racist laws,
if my people, dont Vote.....
Fundn weaponz, 2 all da rebelz,
going off, n Civil Warz,
n other kountryz, ran by Dictatorz,
bekuz dey all, gettn bombed....
Neva hearn, no Presidentz,
n State of Union address.
address da killingz, about police,
modern-day lenchn, us blaxx.....
Hearn sukaz, sell out 4 money,
maken bubblegum songz,
n swagga jackaz, be everywhere,
bekuz dey want us, all gone....
Gettn fatty, from maken musik,
thinkn i was, da man,
wondern why, my chik dont write,
locked up, n da pen?.....

Chorus:
Even tho, i bail thru da valley,
of da shadow, of death,
u should know, i fear no evil,
toten my glok, thru da set...
Hearn da sound, of police sirenz,
called on us, 4 gettn blown,
by people haten, da fakt im balln,
n u see, west going on?.....



Wrote:2012

Song: Krunch Tyme

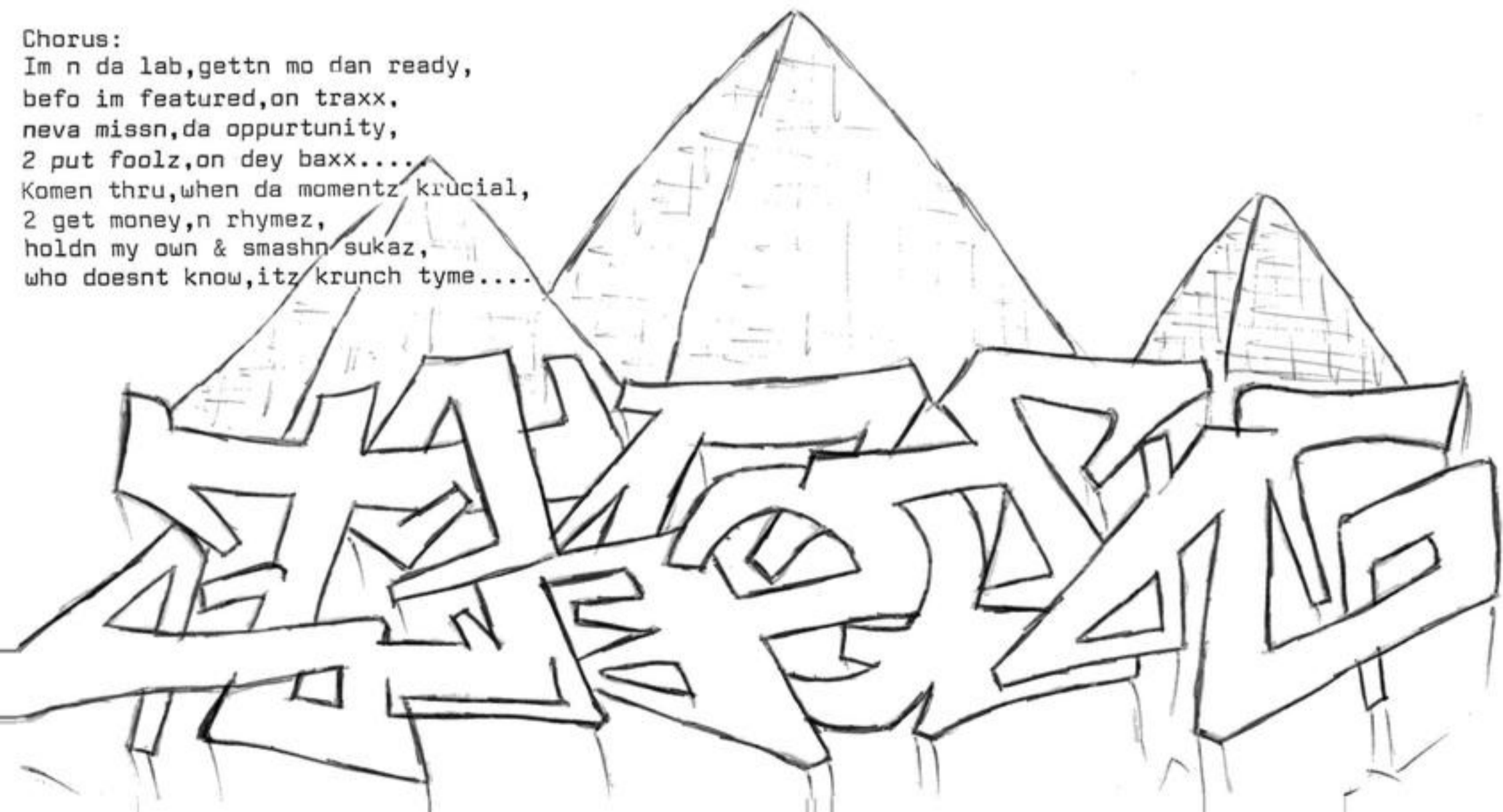
Album: Desert Eaglez & Duffle Bagz

V1
Dey lookn at me,like who is u?,
u isnt bout,2 do nothing,
but i love,proven sukaz wrong,
soon as i enter.da function....
komen thru,when da momentz krucial,
showing foolz,im a leader,
hearn dem kick,all dat bullcrap,
not tryna rap,2 our people....
Kuz now da game,is on da line,
if we dont raise up,da youth,
instead of haven dem,on som cornaz,
we need dem,going 2 skool....
N i just love,how dey brush me off,
not tryna hear,what im spittn,
thinkn itz kool,2 join som gangz,
n keep going,2 prison.....
Watchn my bak,kuz deze foolz snitchn,
n dont like,a "G" style,
where dey all,wanna hate my flowz,
scared of da pigz.like som cowardz..
N dey wishn,da police kill me,
bekuz dey know,im da truth,
balln on foolz,dat try 2 foul me,
so i cant,make no hoopz....
Who dont wanna,hear nathan good,
or see me,smashn 4 doe,
lookn 4 reasonz,2 diss a playa,
as i get n,my freethrowz.....
N everynite,i be n da lab,
until dey give me,my propz,
under pressure,n stayn fokused,
puttn out hitz,on yo boxx.....

V2
In da building,infront of all,
my opponenz,main fanz,
n dey be almost,about 2 boo me,
until dey hear,i go fed.....
Lookn bakk,at my police record,
will show u foolz,i aint scared,
who wish i neva,get no awardz,
but instead,get da chair....
Im facen chargez,im tryna shake,
rite now,as i speak,
askn promoterz,at concert showz,
have dey seen,da police?....
Arriven bent,n a stolen buket,
befo i jump,on stage high,
gettn on da ass,of fake m.ceeze,
telln my fanz,i aint live....
Before dey buy,my albumz out,
dat i alwayz,be smashn,
being raised,around real O.Geez,
wit a street,education.....
Who love 2 see me,going off,
inside da booth,puttn on,
n dis game,come naturally 2 me,
when u think,im showing off.....
While im hustlen,n gettn bread,
i got no tyme,4 no trampz,
kuz i refuse,2 be som fool,
jus gonna sit,on da bench.....
I be doing,what other rappaz,
say dey alwayz,gonna do,
n datz take over,da rap game,
kuz i'ma real,ghetto troop.....

V3
Going in,on u perpetratorz,
thinkn yall Ill,n da game,
n all my movez,is calculated,
once i get,within range....
Im n da booth,wit a gang of foolz
maken me bring,out my best,
when dey lookn,all nervous bustn,
after dey hear,my G-mixx.....
N i'ma do,what quarterbaxx,
alwayz do,4 dey team,
taken my peepz,2 da Super-Bowl,
2 have us all,sportn ringz....
Now everytime,dey hear me bust,
dey standn bak,from dis crook,
given me room,2 keep on smashn,
going off,on da hook.....
Hittn da blunt,befo im yelln,
at da crowd,2 make noise,
derz only a couple,secondz remain
n we down,by som pointz....
Passn da mic,2 other rappaz,
i inspire,2 go hard,
about da struggle,i represent,
when we pulln,bad brodz.....
Taken over,award shows,
2 watch how,other foolz bite,
my ghetto swagga,when im balln,
gettn passed.bak da mic....
Down by 1,up against som foolz.
befo i hit,da winning shot,
taken it in,all by myself,
befo da tyme,run out.....

Chorus:
Im n da lab,gettn mo dan ready,
befo im featured,on traxx,
neva missn,da oppurtunity,
2 put foolz,on dey baxx....
Komen thru,when da momentz krucial,
2 get money,n rhymeze,
holdn my own & smashn sukaz,
who doesnt know,itz krunch tyme....



Wrote: 2014
Song: Ask Me
Album: Konscious Thuggn

V1
Forgive me God,kuz i was hungry.
wantn 2 gank,all da best,
instead of watchn,successful people
have it made,marvelous....
As i watched da World Trade Towerz,
burn down,n 2001,
now everybody,n Amerikkka,
wanna hate,Muslimz.....
Brainwashed,by dey politics,
who dont care.bout religion,
or if dey did,dey wouldnt be,
molestn,all of dey children.....
Who messed up,bout gettn bullied,
everyday,n classroomz,
up 2 da point,dey sayn damn it,
bringn weaponz,2 skool....
Killn off,a bunch of people,
over frivolous shyt,
when da police,harrass us blaxx,
treatn us,like terrorist.....
We isnt gettn,no lawz passed,
told 2 get,against wallz,
by racist pigz,given us fines,
bekuz our pantz,always falln.....
Wishn 2 keep us,all oppressed,
n locked up,n a prison,
rewardn women,on welfare,
2 turn us in,2 da system.....
Thinkn dat all,of sport ownerz,
only care,about money,
telln dey chix,2 hate us blaxx,
like da fool,Donald Sterling....

V2
Women be sayn,dey hate us men,
n dey ratha,date women,
but itz a trip,dey akt like men,
copying all,our mannerismz.....
As da Gayz,all want som children,
dey can raise,n dey home,
2 brainwash'em,into believing,
itz alright,2 be Homo.....
Hearn about,da Palestinianz,
gettn bombed,by da Jewz,
akt n worse dan,da German Nazi's,
dat gave dey people,da bluez.....
Who cant relate,2 how us blaxx,
everyday,be feeling,
being told,we cant have nathan,
when dey stealn,our musik.....
Witness'n women,n all dey kidz,
flee dey country,from murda,
n drug kartelz,dont give a damn,
as dey fly,2 our borderz.....
Wantn 2 marry,a foriegn chik,
i find out,doesnt like me,
bekuz her people,dont feel im blakk,
can help her,n society.....
Not findn people,who give a damn,
about us blaxx,gettn killed,
n joining marches,aint doing nathan,
but bringn n,more piqz....
Writen da President,about our struggle,
tryna make,a big change,
n no matter,bekuz im blakk,
we still walkn,n chainz.....

V3
Lettn my people,know how i feel,
about da world,full of shyt,
who all be akt n,like dey care,
elektn fake,Presidentz....
Dat mislead us,into believen,
dey gon'pull out,da troopz,
who overseas,tryna fight som warz
2 promote,World Rule....
N if der is,really a God,
who gives a damn,how we live,
hope he rememba,der was no love,
4 us yung,ghetto kidz.....
Gettn harrassed,everyday by pigz,
claimn dey doing,dey job,
befo dey shootn,us n da bakk,
gettn promoted,2 sarge....
Not being able,2 find a wife,
n dis material world,
kuz if i aint,maken MultiMillionz
all i am,is a scrubb.....
2 femalez,who think itz kool,
2 get married & divorced,
claimn dey real,by always lying,
on us men,up n kourt.....
Daten som chix,not from da Statez
bekuz im known,across bordaz,
always haven,dat bomb ass green,
gettn high,dan a mutha.....
Being disliked,by racist whitez,
dat took,da Mexikanz in,
who mo'funkd up,about us blaxx,
over here,n dey land....

Chorus:
Dont be akt n,like it aint true,
about dis shyt,i be spittn,
when i know u,dont give a damn,
about us going,2 prison....
Dis gutta shyt,dat i be on,
be haven all,deze foolz mad,
not wantn 2 hear me,going off,
n ask me,if i kare?.....

