

Wrote: 2010
Song: Til Im Gone
Album: Dungen Musik

V1
Haven 2 walk away from proz,
dat be all on my tip,
not wantn 2 think of what dey'll do,
if a hustla got killed....
Maken money, tryna survive,
comen up, out da slumz,
thinkn what would da world be like,
without pistolz & drugz....
N da pigz, always on my tip,
wantn 2 throw me, n jailz,
n bekuz im blakk, i should be punishd,
thinkn dis, just like hell....
Wantn 2 live, someplace betta,
dan dis racist ass land,
who done wiped out, all my people,
n brainwashd, all our kidz....
Who be imitaten, what dey see,
aktn like, someone else,
falln victim, 2 bakward ways,
not tryna uplift, dey selvez....
N find out, how we being played,
since da beginning, of time,
n our women, turning against us,
wantn 2 be, n spotlitez....
Thinkn about, what God would do,
n not da one, n da bible,
out da one, over all dis stuff,
who feelz my pain, n da ghetto....
V i just want, da world 2 know,
when u bumpn my songz,
dat everyday, im n da streetz,
puttn it down, til im gone....

V2
Da last albumz, u foolz heard,
was just me, warmn up,
hopen 2 God, he let me serve u,
befo im gone, n da dirt....
N u bumpn dis, song right here,
2 see what all, i been thru,
haven 2 blast, or get blasted,
running da streetz, wit my kru....
Thinkn why, should i go 2 hell,
when everything, dat i done,
was 2 cast off, deze demonz haten,
n put food, n my stomache....
Growing up, n dis kruel ass world,
where people worser dan me,
wantn 2 see, my people lenched,
n motherz raped, n da streetz...
Wantn our songz, on da radio,
2 glamorize, slangn drugz,
so dey can kill & lock us up,
n daughterz, strippn n klubz....
But i betcha, fanz skip dis trakk,
not tryna hear, da real truth,
remaining blind & playn dumb,
2 what i spit, n da booth....
Only concernd, about how u liven,
n maken pactz, wit da devil,
kuz when its tyme, foe us 2 go,
lets see who all, goes 2 heaven...
N even if, im right or wrong,
jus keep dis, on yo dome,
dat everynite, i come 2 party,
puttn it down, til im gone....

V3
Wantn everybody, 2 think about,
dis real shyt, im spittn,
wondern if, derz life after death,
or jus nomore existence....
N da pigz, wanna lock me up,
not lett'n us, make parole,
sayn we a threat, 2 dey society,
4 only tryna get doe....
N i dont claim, 2 know everything,
i jus grew up, n da ghetto,
being stereotyped, by da world,
dat believe, n da devil....
Dey see me balln, n cant wait,
until i fall, on my bakk,
kuz dey pissed, im liven large,
n dont have 2, do jakk....
So dey wish, dat i get locked up,
or either killed, n da streetz,
kuz i came up, from haven nathan,
2 everynite, maken geez....
N u know, dey not tryna listen,
2 da shyt, i be kickn,
only wantn 2 go out hustlen,
da fast life, 4 mill tiketz....
Where da prisonz, is gettn pakked,
n full of racist ass laws,
aktn like dey, da klu klux klan,
n wishn all, us blaxx fall....
Hopen dey lay me, n a casket,
wit a pound & my bong,
hear people, still play my jamz,
after a "G", dead & gone....

Chorus:

Liven n a world, datz full of greed,
ate, lying, & killing,
tryna skool, all my people dying,
gettn trappd, n da system....
But no matter, what i be spittn,
dey on da blok, pushn crumbz,
gettn time, while dey chix is cheatn,
puttn it down, til im gone....