

Wrote: 2007
Song: Make No Sense
Album: Bukk Wild & Krazy

V1
Waken up, everyday 2 peep.
its funk'd up, n da world.
being dealt, a bunch of bad cardz,
got me mad, at da lord....
Growing up, without a popz.
haven 2 learn, how 2 fight.
all da foolz, n my naborhood,
waitn 2 jakk, 4 my bike....
Seeing hommyz, get sent 2 jail,
foe tryna, slang drugz,
da government, flew n da dope,
just 2 set, us all up....
hangn out, wit da hommyz loaded,
showing off, dey bling-bling,
so da fedz, can zoom n cameraz,
on dem flashy, gold ringz....
V u thinkn, yo hommyz down,
just bekuz yall, hit a likk,
up n kourt, testifyn against u,
leaven u hooked, like a fish....
How all da chix, i used 2 bone,
font remember, my name,
carhoppn, wit every balla n town,
so she can try, 2 get fame....
Wantn a man, whoz a suga daddy,
who gonna spend, his last dyme,
tryn 2 lie & say, she love dem,
wantn 2 be, n spotlitez....
pittn up dudez, get outta jail,
us 2 see, where dey at,
till meetn dudez, who stuk on stupid,
uz its his 3rd tyme, comen bakk....

V2
Remembern tyme, when we was broke,
everyday chasen paper,
soon as people, start gettn rich,
dey changen up, like da weather....
N pro athletez, is gettn married,
2 dey highskool flamez,
get divorced, after 10 yearz,
now da chik, got fame....
Trippn out, on dudez who hustle,
n risk going, 2 jail,
jus 2 see dem, tryna make it rain,
4 som strippa femalez....
Seeing da pigz, cant wait 2 tripp,
2 beat up, brothaz n cuffz,
telln da newz, it was all our fault,
bekuz dey say, he was drunk....
Hearn about, how immigrantz,
be talkn shyt, bout us blaxx,
sayn we lazy, not wantn 2 work,
n only want, 2 slang crakk....
N all da women, not give a damn,
tryna cheat, on dey spouse,
spendn all yo mail, while u workn,
not taken care, of yo house....
Haven 2 deal, wit racist sukaz,
telln us, we aint shyt,
copying all, our movez like chess,
not wantn 2 give, us respekt....
Lettn our women, get everything,
haven da power, wit children,
watchn foolz cry, n divorce kourt,
bekuz a unjust system....

V3
Dey comen up, off da government,
tryna have, all our babies,
2 put us on, som child support,
calln da pigz, u dont pay'em...
Wantn a balla, 2 break dem off,
bekuz she droppn, her pantyz,
not being true, n relationshipz,
n playn, her baby daddy...
But cant neva, stop 2 think,
about da kidz, lookn krazy,
growing up, n a mess'd up world,
not tryna get, a education....
Believen da liez, on dey televisio,
about us blaxx, was all slavez,
u got parentz, who dont know shy
is why we die, everyday....
Immigrantz, from other countryz,
get treated, way betta,
dan us blaxx, been here 4 yearz,
not gettn our, reparation....
Lockn up, all us minorityz,
n som racist, ass prisonz,
not given out, no rehabilitation,
jus 2 keep us, all trippn....
Not wantn 2 find, no real job,
once we get, out da joint,
pikkn up gatz, 2 go run da streetz
befo som suka, get smoked....
Lookn at all, da homeless people,
liven under, a bridge,
n after seeing, da world we n,
i guess it all, makez sense....

chorus:
everyday, when i hit da hood,
you know, im lookn upset,
uz dis world, is so full of bullshyt,
at im pakkn, my tek....
pittn game, 2 my people trippn,
who always fall, 4 dumb shyt,
seeing my peepz, everyday on da newz,
it dont make, no sense....