

REDEMPTION, LTR. 64

"BILLIONAIRE" - TRAVIS MCCOY

I NEVER KNEW WHAT RACISM WAS GROWING UP, BECAUSE I ASSOCIATED WITH EVERY RACE FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD, DATING MANY WOMEN FROM DIFFERENT PLACES, AND GOT ALONG WITH EVERYBODY, UNTIL I GOT OLDER AN NOTICED HOW CERTAIN FOIKS TREATED ME DIFFERENT... AS I WOULD LOVE TO RAISE A FAMILY LIKE BRAD & ANGELINA JOLIE PITT, WISHING I COULD GO BACK TO MY ROOTS, LIVING A POLYGAMY LIFESTYLE, IN HAVING KIDS BY EXOTIC EXTREMELY BEAUTIFUL & INTELLIGENT WOMEN ASIAN, PUERTO RICAN, AFRIKAN, INDIAN, ETC. FROM DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE WORLD, SO THAT WE CAN RAISE A RAINBOW COALITION OF KIDS WITH DIVERSE BACKGROUNDS AND TEACH THEM OF OTHER CULTURES & LANGUAGES, TO GROW UP EMBRACING THEIR BROTHAS & SISTAS ETHNICITY, AN TO PUT AN END TO RACISM, AS RACIAL PREJUDICE IN THIS COUNTRY, IS THE PRIMARY FORCE THAT HAS SHAPED THE MENTALITYS OF WOMEN & MEN, WHERE IT DONE CREATED PEOPLE WHO ARE NOT LIVING THE WAY WE COULD LIVE NATURALLY & CULTURALLY, IN NOT LETTING THE RACIST PEOPLE OF THIS SOCIETY DICTATE THE WAYS WE SHOULD BALL, BECAUSE THE PROBLEMS OF NOT KEEPING IT REAL & NOT COMMUNICATING WITH EACH OTHER IN ORDER TO COUNTER THE NEGATIVE BEHAVIOR & ATTITUDES TOWARD EACH OTHER WILL ONLY GET WORSE, AS I CONTINUE TO NOTICE YOUNG PEOPLE WANTING A WOMAN WHO BRAINWASHED, NOT KNOWING HOW TO RAISE OUR KIDS, AS THEY ARE ILL-EQUIPPED IN TEACHING THEM THE FUNDAMENTALS OF LIFE, BY RAISING A HOUSE FULL OF KIDS THAT ALL TURN OUT SUCCESSFUL, OUTSTANDING, & CONSCIOUS KIDS, WHO KNOW WHO THEY ARE & WHO KNOW WHERE THEY ARE GOING, BECAUSE OUR KIDS WILL BE INTELLIGENT & DOMINANTLY PREPARED TO FACE THE RACIST WORLD WE LIVE IN, INSTEAD OF TURNING OUR KIDS OVER TO THE BOGUS EDUCATION SYSTEM OR TO THE TELEVISION TO RAISE THEM, BECAUSE WOMEN & MEN WHO CANT GET ALONG, ARE TEACHING SELF-DESTRUCTIVE VALUES THAT IS DESTROYING OUR FAMILIES & DESTROYING OUR RELATIONSHIPS WITH OUR BABY DADDYZ & BABY MAMAS, WHO THINK IM CRAZY ABOUT LIVING A POLYGAMOUS LIFE, AS WOMEN & MEN ALREADY LIVING IT, AS SOME WOMEN HAVE 10 KIDS & 8 BABY DADDYS, AN SOME MEN HAVE 8 BABY MAMAZ & 10 KIDS WHO SHOULD ALL BE RAISED AS A FAMILY, AN SHOULDN'T BE ANY CONFLICT WITH ANY REAL GOD WANTING TO TAKE CARE OF HIS WOMEN & KIDS, BY RAISING OUR KIDS WITH RESOURCES & PUTTING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THEM, WE WOULD HAVE THE KIND OF KIDS THAT WE NEED, TO CHANGE THIS COUNTRY FOR THE BENEFIT OF OUR PEOPLE, AN GOING BACK TO OUR ROOTS.....

Wrote: 2011
Song: Komen 2 A End
Album: Keep It Gutta

V1
Shell-cases,carpet da streetz,
of where a hustla grew up,
where bullet riddled,carz & houses,
got people sayn,what da funk....
Seeing mo'bodyz,up n my city,
dan u do,at a beach,
n lil kidz,be findn jewelz,
wit only one,Jordan sneak....
From growing up,n da projektz poor,
gettn jumped,n a gang,
im paranoid,of da crooked pigz,
tryna plant dope,n my tank...
Wantn 2 see,if i got tattooz,
sayn im a gang leada,
kuz everything,i rap about,
gonna empower,my people...
Im liven blakk,n a racist world,
sayn we dont,have rightz,
so everynite,i be haven 2 book,
from da police litez....
Waken up,n skool detention,
high as hell,off dat reefer,
promisen hommyz,dat i wont tell,
gettn skull,from skoal teachaz....
Telln me,n my little brotha,
dat we cant be,president,
but instead,get a regular job,
punchn da clock,4 our chipz....
Not ever hearn,no other folxx,
stickn up,4 my people,
n when da pigz,declare Martial Law,
itz all my people,dey killn.....

V2
Always hearn,about da killingz,
everyday,n da newz,
wit all deze motherz,killn dey kidz,
so dey can party,wit foolz....
Inside of klubz,n dey best outfitz,
lookn 2 get,som attention,
not wantn 2 be,called prostitutez,
sleepn around,every weekend.....
Dey puttn up,a 10 foot fense,
2 keep out,da illegalz,
n once da dope,keep comen thru,
dey blamen dat,on my people....
Wishn 2 find,a chik not crazy,
n dis material world,
so dat our kidz,wont grow up dumb,
not knowing whatz,going on....
Neva rolln,witout my heat,
kuz i dont wanna,get killed,
as pigz,want us blakkz n prison,
pickn cotton,n da fieldz....
Pushn towardz,a Jetson Era,
jus lookn at,all da cameraz,
on freewayz,tryna spot my ryde,
moven brix,across desertz....
Hearn people,get steady bombed,
n som civil war countryz,
who messed up,dat da government,
wont let nobody,make money....
Not telln peepz,how dey should live,
but dey know,dat we lucky,
as people die,almost everyday,
jus 2 move,2 dis kountry.....

V3
Born blakk,n dis whiteman world
so i aint neva,had nothing,
n da pigz,always stop my ryde,
bekuz my stereo bumpn...
Wantn a gee,2 get out da load,
wit handz up,n da air,
n tryna say,i resisted arrest,
jus 2 take me,2 jail....
Where everyday,i read da Bible,
about da liez,on my people,
sayn Jewz,was da chosen onez,
so us blaxx,get ill-treated....
With dem erasen,our history,
how we put it down first,
n dey destroyn,our heritage,
tryna make us,convert....
Im going off,on dis microphone,
4 my geez,n da ghetto,
not sayn nathan,2 da police,
until dey call up,my lawyer....
Prayn dat one day,God upstairz,
will overstand,where i been,
lettn me enter,da Pearly Gatez,
witout jumpn,a fense....
So i can know,if us blakk folx,
get any love,up n Heaven,
wondern if,ill see da pigz,
who shot up,all my ninjaz.....
Neva lettn,deze haterz get,
n da way,of my goalz,
gettn out of,da kounty jail,
wit my poketz, on swoll....

Chorus:

From gunz & drugz,is all i know,
2 going off,4 my grip,
i everynite,wish 2 help my people,
who isnt stuck,on bullshyt....
Trippn out,off deze racist folxx,
dat wanna see me,n jail,
deze are da thingz,i think about,
befo it komez 2 a end.....