

Wrote: 2011

Song: Kursed Since Birth

Album: Desert Eaglez & Duffle Bagz

V1

From da beginning, of goshdamn tyme,
us blak folx, had it rough,
being sold, by our own people,
skared of whitez, wit dey gunz....
Where dey tell us, 2 all forget,
our history, n da past,
so dey can tell us, dat we aint shyt,
n we aint neva did jack...
N how da hell, can all da gayz,
claim we in, da same struggle,
n da police, wanna kill my ass,
kuz i cant, hide my color....
Being told, not 2 date white chix,
growing up, n da ghetto,
n puttn da O.J, Simpson trial,
out on every, news channel....
Im tryna know, if God hatez me,
kuz i was born, being blakk,
n white folx, neva get prosecuted,
4 shootn kidz, n da bakk....
Where dey aint tryna, rehabilitate us,
s.a's & blaxx, n da pen,
but ratha see us, pickn up shanx,
2 do our own, people in....
As i witness, da government,
brainwash, all my people,
2 turn into, som unkle tomz,
everywhere, n da system....
Still seeing kidz, n poverty,
going around, wit no clothez,
kuz dictatorz, n dey own kountry,
need 2 be kappd, n dey dome....

V2

Facen obstruction, of justice charges,
4 not given, a funk,
about som foolz, hi-jackn planez,
tryna blow us all up....
Haven 2 watch, my people starve,
n a desert, dry land,
not haven curez, 4 no diseases,
wipen dem out, like da plague....
Haven 2 eat, all my vegetablez,
bekuz my momz, say it healthy,
seeing nobody, wanna donate goodz,
2 afrika, when dey wealthy....
N all da women, around da world,
is all lookn, 4 fame,
braggn about, what dey got on facebook,
n dis material land....
Blamen men, 4 gettn dem pregnant,
tryna trap, all deze ballaz,
scared 2 pop, birth control pillz,
but run 2 clubz, 2 pop mollyz....
Seeing mo chix, turn lesbianz,
bekuz da world, we live in,
oppressn dem, 4 all deze yearz,
now dey want, 2 be men....
Haven a open-mind, wit people,
tell me, dey adopted,
who grow up, confused as hell,
befo dey come, out da closet....
Seeing parole, who alwayz lying,
2 keep us lockd, up n prison,
so a hustla, like me remainz,
under adult supervision....

V3

Thinkn of why, dis shyt messdup,
n deze foolz, wana blast me,
kuz i made it, up out da slumz,
maken deze freax, do da nasty..
Seeing how rap, has influenced,
everyone, n da world,
2 wanna be, on som hip-hop shyt
2 represent, where dey from....
As immigrantz, be gettn mad,
dey cant live, n dis kountry,
where everyday, da crooked pigz
be tryna lock up, my hommyz....
Hearn kidz, on da playground,
calln other kidz, nigger,
kuz dey parentz, told dem 2hate
sayn we all, dope dealaz....
When i hearem, chant racialelur
at my peepz, playn soccer,
n dey want me, 2 win 4 teamz,
dat i know, doesnt like us...
I know people, not gonna like,
dat im spittn, da truth,
calln da pigz, on me hangn out,
wit my geez, smoken fruitz....
Telln dey friendz, we da reason
dat everything, is messd up,
siden wit whitez, aganstus blax
kuz dey think, we all scumm....
Watchn out, 4 da crooked pigz,
kuz dey know, im a hustla,
alwayz komen, around my hood,
tryna pop me, on cornaz....

Chorus:

Kursed since birth, n dis ghetto slumz,
waken up, wit no food,
liven n a world, full of hate & violence,
everyday, on da newz...
Not hearn people, donate dey money,
2 deze 3rd world kountryz,
until som natural disaterz happen,
is when dey all, aktn funny....

