

Wrote: 2012
Song: Kommunity Service
Album: Desert Eaglez & Duffle Bagz

V1
Hearn rumorz,dat immigrantz,
is not 2 fukk,wit us blaxx,
n 2 only,marry white folks,
so dey aint,lower class.....
Haven 2 march,n city streetz,
2 protest,deze pigz killing,
tryna call us,all som monkeyz,
sayn us blaxx,aint human....
About 2 make me,go insane,
adoptn wayz,dat aint ourz,
where everybody,wantz 2 live,
like da onez,haven power....
N everyday,i wake up mad,
after hearn,gun shotz,
as brothaz get,dey head stompd in,
by som racist ass kopz....
Hearn rappaz,dont wanna blast,
dey microphonez,at injustice,
so everynite,i be n da lab,
haven 2 battle,all bustaz....
Not aware,of whatz going on,
gloryifing,da violence,
kuz if da system,do all us over,
n we gonna,start riotz....
Wantn 2 help,my people out,
is why i hustle,4 money,
n so my people,aint gotta starve,
puttn food,n dey tummy....
N if i had me,a ganksta chik,
all deze chix,claim 2 be,
i would neva,be stressn mail,
inside of,captivity....

V2
Foolz sell out,2 get dey money,
n forget,where dey from,
scared 2 put endz,n kommunityz,
dat us blaxx,known 2 runn.....
So everynite,im hear 2 kick,
dis ganksta shyt,2 my people,
where if i die,my name will live,
as a true war hero.....
N how da hell,can i respekt,
a scary ass president,
who say nathan,about da system,
killn off,us blakk kidz....
N immigrantz,dat come 2 live,
over here,n our kountry,
wont be castn,dey evil frownz,
at my people,4 nathan.....
Haven it betta,dan other kountryz,
is why dey all,wanna live,
n a kountry,dey stole from people,
we all call,Indians....
N da laws,aint all messd up,
4 us blaxx,slangn drugz,
given out mo tyme,4 crack cocaine,
dan 4 powder,u snort....
I jus wish,dat everybody,
can get along,n stop haten,
calln my gurl,a monkey lover,
kuz dey see,dat she Asian.....
Not being able,2 trust my hommyz,
after dey see,dat i made it,
when dey probably,hopen i slip,
2 take me off,of dis planet.....

V3
Now u got,all deze presidentz,
startn frivolous warz,
so dey can brag,about testn bombz
killn all over,da world....
Askn da Lord,why all dis bullshyt
gotta alwayz,take place,
n people think,im jus a slave,
bekuz our history erased....
Writen som musik,dat i feel,
should get a,Pulitzer Prize,
4 speakn out,against injustice,
all da tyme,n my rhymeez....
Trippn out,how all femalez,
wanna be,n klubz strippn,
instead of keepn,dey butz n skool
2 educate,all our children....
Mad as hell,at da homeboyz,
maken it rain,n da klub,
but scared 2 shoot,a hommy endz,
or write a playa,lockd up....
Is why i feel,da way i feel,
not loven none,of u bustaz,
thinkn its kool,2 join n gangz,
when u not,from da gutta....
Hopen my people,see im da truth,
n 2 buy,all my musik,
so dey can learn,whatz going on?,
not lett n da system,abuse'em....
As i steady,be kickn flowz,
everynite,on da mic,
spitt n som game,2 my Unborn seedz
i hope dont mess up,dey lifez....

Chorus:
Maken a Publik Service Announcement,
2 my people,who hustlen,
u gotta know,who u messn wit,
n dis modern day struggle....
I everyweek,be up on stage,
given my speech,2 da crowd,
who be wishn,i kick da truth,
n i neva,fall down.....