

Wrote: 2012  
Song: Da Truth  
Album: Da Boss, Of All Bosses

V1

Heartbroke, when i was a kid,  
kuz i was doing, thingz wrong,  
not wantn 2 listen, 2 my people,  
bustn dey ass, on da job....  
So instead, of me attendn skool,  
i was running, da streetz,  
gettn kaught up, n gangbangn,  
killn 40's, of D.E. ....  
Thinkn of shyt, 2 tell my kidz,  
if i meet, da right woman,  
feeln a brotha, who educated,  
so our kidz, will know something....  
N my boo, not mad as hell,  
dey grow up, without a father,  
2 break dem off, wit street knowledge,  
payn 4 dem, n college....  
Now every chik, n da U.S.A.,  
wanna put out, sex tapez,  
n get mad, when us ganksta rappaz,  
call'em out, of dey namez...  
N whatz da deal, wit da government,  
tryna silence, deze nerdz,  
reportn on soldierz, killn civilianz,  
n dis meaningless WAR....  
Like i report, whatz going on,  
everyday, n my city,  
on da mic, i'ma put it down,  
taken hitz, of da stikky....  
Trippn out, off da President,  
scared 2 go, against congress,  
n racist lawz, dey alwayz maken,  
bekuz us blaxx, are a target....

Chorus:  
Skooln my chik, about what 2 do,  
as i get high, off da fruitz,  
lookn at people, who dont know shyt.  
bekuz dey scared, of da truth....

V2

Itz a trip, how all da women,  
hated da shyt, outta hip-hop,  
n dey mo' promiscuous dan ever,  
marryn dudez, 4 dey knot....  
Wondern why, da world messd up,  
why dont God, press da button,  
but instead, we cant find peace,  
kuz all da WAR's, we be startn....  
N whatz da deal, wit celebrityz,  
adoptn all deze, blak children,  
so dey grow up, confused as hell,  
n dont get, proper skooln....  
Thinkn bakk, 2 bakk n da dayz,  
all us blaxx, was united,  
n if da lawz, ever funk'd us over,  
we'll be quick, 2 pop riotz....  
As white folx, say dis dey country,  
dey stole from, Indian people,  
n want us blaxx, 2 obey dey lawz,  
neva sayn, we equal.....  
Hearn m.caez, on da radio,  
maken som bubblegum songz,  
n hip-hop, being taken over,  
by white chix, singn Pop.....  
Now everybody, is selln out,  
wantn 2 live, n da burbz,  
2 move away, from our MotherLand,  
gettn jackd, 4 our resourcez...  
Nomore haven, 2 file grievancez,  
on pigz, n da system,  
dat wanna abuse, my Human rightz,  
claimn im, da one trippn.....

V3

How can u call, yoself a parent,  
raisen kidz, n yo home,  
when everytime, people come over,  
da T.V., alwayz on?....  
Im blasten off, on bustaz thinkn,  
dat it isnt important,  
2 speak out, against da pigz,  
killn my people 4 nothing....  
From my peepz, dat been here,  
since da beginning of tyme,  
n was first, 2 explore da world,  
dancen around campfirez....  
Haven 2 stop, n use my head,  
or end up, bak n prison,  
kuz us blaxx, is against da world,  
lookn at, television....  
Thinkn about, how people trippn,  
kuz everybody, all greedy,  
suing 4 more, material wealth,  
n dey dont, even need it....  
Not believen, dat mainstream sukaZ,  
give a damn, bout our struggle,  
or dey wouldnt, be going PoP,  
losen dey spark, n da ghetto...  
Not wantn me, 2 get on da mic,  
2 showem all, how itz done,  
befo da system, wanna lock me up,  
like Dr.King & Malkolm....  
Im everyday, n da lab recordn,  
4 my people, who starven,  
n if it wasnt, 4 Hip-Hop musik,  
wouldnt nobody, know nothing....



Wrote: 2014  
Song: Im Hope'n  
Album: Konscious Thuggn

V1  
Im gettn tired, of hearn people,  
spreadn rumorz & liez,  
about a playa, not from da ghetto,  
or about, dat thugg life....  
Checkn out foolz, dat wanna akt,  
like dey real & yo friendz,  
plottn on wayz, 2 get yo loot,  
kuz dey know, u da man....  
Not wantn u, or nobody else,  
2 get ahead, of dem losen,  
so dey be lookn, 2 testify,  
about im known, 2 spray ozy's....  
N haven chix, n my jacuzzi,  
everynite, popn bottlez,  
lookn 2 help, my people starven,  
every year, droppn albumz....  
2 open eyez, of all our people,  
not haven shyt, n da world,  
so dey can put on, som Jordan kixx,  
2 help'em hoop, n play ball....  
As im not, da one 2 judge,  
bekuz we all, gotta live,  
but itz a fakt, we responsible,  
4 giving up, on our kidz....  
I dont wish, 2 ever see,  
comen up, n da streetz,  
hearn da whitez, call us som thuggz,  
stopped & frisked, by police....  
Wantn 2 jakk me, at red litez,  
kuz dey see, im a balla,  
tryna show love, 2 all my people,  
watchn out, 4 informerz....

V2  
Watchn my people, n Afrika,  
suffer & die, from Ebola,  
n da government, turn dey bakz,  
on us blaxx, from da gutta....  
Who still, havent realized,  
dat dey want us, all dead,  
n not 2 know, our history,  
dat we built shyt, everywhere....  
U got foolz, dat quick 2 boast,  
about da bling, dey all have,  
but aint nobody, ever sayn shyt,  
about donaten, dey kash....  
Wantn chix, datz fake as hell,  
gettn on reality showz,  
being called worst, dan Soap Operaz,  
4 alwayz aktn, ghetto....  
Teachn my kidz, how 2 read & write,  
so if dey ever, get rich,  
dey wont get screwd, out all dey fundz,  
4 not readn, da fine print....  
Maken sho, all my people know,  
befo im tipsy, on stage,  
im askn why?, like Jadakiss,  
we gotta all, be dis way?....  
In not wantn, 2 help our people,  
n som 3rd world countryz,  
being exploited, into sex slavery,  
by rich people, wit money....  
Hopen dat God, tell me da truth,  
lettn me know, who 2 trust,  
befo i load, my weaponz up,  
startn a war, dat we must.....

V3  
Joining da Hip-Hop, Revolution,  
about us blaxx, gettn killed,  
n da police, dont get indicted,  
4 killn unarmed kidz....  
Hearn how white folx, dont believe  
it was intentionally done,  
n u got pigz, wearn wristbandz,  
supportn shyt, datz messed up....  
Now everytime, i look around,  
im seeing gun aktivist,  
lookn 4 reasonz, 2 kill us blaxx,  
like we all, terroristz....  
Wantn us blaxx, 2 draft n Armyz,  
2 fight n warz, overseaz,  
2 make us feel, n Amerikkka,  
dat my people, all free....  
Hopen my kidz, dont ever grow up,  
2 get killed, by da copz,  
where people feel, bekuz dey blak!  
should get n bak, of da bus....  
N not be seen, after nightfall,  
n a racist ass kountry,  
or Redneckz, n dey pick-up truxx,  
will be lookn, 2 hunt me....  
Scaren people, dat know itz true,  
about da world, we live in,  
is why femalez, be gettn mad,  
dat i dont, want kidz....  
Giving my money, away 2 people,  
dat i know, gonna need it,  
befo i roll, 2 be n som riotz,  
yelln Free, all my people!...

Chorus:  
Seeing my people, scared 2 protest,  
da racist world, we live in,  
thinkn bekuz, Obama n office,  
racism, gonna end...  
Watchn my bakk, 4 my own people,  
dat dont want me, haven shyt.  
n im hopen, dat all my people,  
gett off, da bullshyt....

