

I am twenty one with no kids,
I am a high school graduate, but
I've been in the feds.

Being a statistic is more than in our heads,
It's our reality.

We are either;

knocked up,
dropped out,
locked up,
or dead.

Is it just our actions,
or is it the delusions we are fed?

Intellectual turns dope boy,
watching his momma struggle.
Nerd turns convict,
Watching his daddy hustle.

Tryna beat the trap from the inside.
Born in the struggle just trying to stay alive.
Passion in my pen just trying to save lives.

The only we can thrive,
Is if we abolish the system.

In upholding corruption and capitalism,
we aren't doing anything for our ancestors,
But dis them.

How are we going to be rich, but
socially poor.

Yeah we getting money, but
Most likely being a dope boy,
or a whore.

Are we going to ignore the implications
Of our reputations in this world?
Are we going to ignore capitalism's
Foundation is the backs of the poor?

Are we going to settle for less or seek more?
Change or defeat?
Stay strong or weap?

Sit around wiping our eyes,
While the rich man sweeps,
us away.

Cause they put us in
poverty,
in a kasket,
or locked away.

Hoping their student to prisoner pipeline maintains,
I don't know about you, but
I am tired of these chains.

How do I get locked up fighting for change?

Cop kills my brother and comes out untouched,
so I apply pressure and now I am the one locked up?

I can admit the way I went about things was strange,
but nobody ever taught me how to handle my rage.

Cops trigger happy,
Taking advantage of their power thats meant to serve and protect.
Rich people money hungry,
Leaving the poor struggling in the projects.

What makes it worse is we shooting eachother,
Repping blocks the government owns,
instead of helping one another.

Throwing up flags and dollar bills,
While trix dance and blood spills.

Why we upholding a false sense of brotherhood?

When we as brothers and sisters in the hood,
should be making sure one another is good.

We don't have enough time
to "wine and dine" off of cheap
boos and chicken, while our
People die trying to achieve freedoms ticket.

Institutionalized,
most of us can't see past our demise.

Instead we choose to pray to gods,
Who capitalize off of our pain.

Wishing for rain, while
The rich man pisses to gain.
All over us, like we are
harvest ready grain.

Corrupted America,
corrupted hysteria,
Spreading faster than malaria.

Hypnotizing us to believe
The majority is minority.

While depriving us of the resources we need,
To meet our needs.

While rewarding our ignorance and
promoting our greed.