Black Republican

Nate Smoove

I know you can feel the magic baby
Turn the mother**** lights down
Esco whuttup?
I mean, it's what you expected ain't it?
Let's go
Turn the music up and the headphones
Yeah, that's perfect
You got to take your time make a **** wait on this mother****
You make **** mad and **** like
**** usually start rappin' after 4-bars
**** go in
Let's start dancin' in this mother****
Yeah, we just come outta nowhere
I feel like a Black Republican, money I got comin' in
Can't turn my back on the hood, I got love for them
Can't clean my act up for good, too much thug in 'em
Probably end up back of the hood, I'm like '**** it then'
Huddlin' over the oven, we was like brothers then
Though you was nothin' other than a son of my mother's friend
We had governin', who would of thought the love would end
Like ice cold album, all good things
Neva thought we sing the same song that all hood sang
Thought it was all wood-grain, all good brain
You wouldn't bicker like the other fools talk good game
Neva imagine all the disasters that one could reign
Could bring, should blame the game, and I could
It's kill or be killed, how could I refrain?
And foreva be in debt, that's neva a good thing
To the pressure for success can put a good strain
On a friend you call best and yes it could bring
Out the worst in every person, even the good an' sane
Though we rehearsed, it just ain't the same
When you put in the game at age sixteen
Then you mix things like cars, jewelry and miss things
Jealousy, ego and pride, and this brings
It all to a head like a coin, cha-ching
The route evil strikes again, this could sting

Now the team got beef between the Post and the Point

This puts the ring in jeopardy indefinitely
I feel like a Black Republican, money I got comin' in
Can't turn my back on the hood, I got love for them
Can't clean my act up for good, too much thug in 'em
Probably end up back of the hood, I'm like '**** it then'
I feel like a black militant takin' over the government
Can't turn my back on the hood, too much love for them
Can't clean my act up for good, too much thug in 'em
Probably end up back in the hood, I'm like, '**** it then'
I'm back in the hood, they like, 'Hey Nas'
Blowin' on purp', reflectin' on they lives
Couple of fat cats, couple of A.I.'s
Dreamin' of fly **** instead of them gray skies
Gray 5's, hatah's wishin' our reign dies
Pitch, sling pies, and **** they sing, "Why"?
Guess they ain't strong enough to handle their jail time
Weak minds, keep tryin', follow the street signs
I'm standin' on the roof of my building
I'm feelin' the whirlwind of beef, I inhale it
Just like an acrobat ready to hurl myself through the hoops of fire
Sippin' 80 proof, bulletproof under my attire
Could it be the forces of darkness
Against hood angels of good that forms street politics
Makes a sweet honest kid turn illegal for commerce
To get his feet out of them Converse, that's my word
I feel like a Black Republican, money keep comin' in
Can't turn my back on the hood, I got love for them
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