

# 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  
Can't clean my act up for good, too much thug in 'em  
Probably end up back of the hood, I \*\*\*\* it then  
I feel like a black militant takin' over the government  
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Lyrics provided by

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