

# I'm Black

## Scarface

They try to take advantage of a nigga 'cause I'm black  
They lookin' at me strange, so I'm lookin' at they ass back  
I got a little problem, so I'm writin' you a note  
A letter to the KKK from the black folks  
I'm tryin' to get it on, tryin' to check the grip  
And there goes officer cracker tryin' to sink my fuckin' battleship  
Turnin' on his flashers, callin' up the dogs  
Now my Lexus Coupe is flex surrounded by the hogs  
Snatchin' out my seats, tellin' me I sell dope  
Am I on probation or parole? I tell 'em fuck, no  
Tell me Mister Officer, what's the problem? What's the matter?  
Why you gotta treat us like scum?  
Is it that a nigga's doin' a tad bit better than you?  
And brutality is all that you crackers can do  
And mark me up for resistin' yo ass  
When in reality officer friendly kicked my ass, damn  
You overflex your authority too  
Put your foot in my shoe and let me try on your boot  
So I can run it in reverse  
You can treat me like God and I can treat you like dirt  
The 22 years I been here, I saw  
Motherfuckers disrespect God before they disrespect the law  
But yo, I gots to diss 'em  
'Cause I refuse to be mislead by this ungodly system  
Mister President, I beatin' on yo back do'  
I make yo mind doin' rap but I'm black doe, nigga  
"We are United States of America, you honestly believe  
Just because you wear bags that means you care?  
You have the right to abuse and treat my people  
Like they're animals on the street? I'll be damned  
Your bloods will flow with the hands of the black man  
In the same streets that you killed me and my brothers in"  
Mister Mister Officer, Mister Officer, Mister Sergeant  
Just because I'm young and I'm black, I'm a target?  
You say I'm sellin' dope but you fake  
'Cause young dope dealers flash cash and make mistakes  
And besides we ain't dealin' no mo'  
Look at my hood, we ain't killin' no mo'  
So everybody's yellin' peace

The only war that's goin' on is goin' on with the police  
'Cause they ain't stoppin' with the bullshit  
If they could they'd lock us up with some chains and swing a bull whip  
'Cause they figure they're the master  
And they can take you to jail or take your lifes  
Them sorry bastards that makes me wonder why  
The Five-O can determine if we live or if a nigga dies  
And to me, that shit is bull  
Only God can take life but I still gotta watch the law  
It's bad enough, I watch the next G but even worse  
I gots to watch the motherfuckers who protect me  
They fuckin' packin' gats, yo  
They serve and protect, they don't respect 'cause I'm black, hoe  
"Every black man that is a car jacker will start jackin'  
Police cars and watch jaw brains shad on the dashboard  
Why when you pull us over you show us your pistols  
Before you asks us for our drivers license? Somethin' is not right"  
Rollin' through my hood in my motherfuckin' dropper  
Gettin' tailgated by a motherfuckin' copper  
But I ain't got respect for you motherfuckin' dickheads  
'Cause y'all was straight hoes back in school, nerdy shitheads  
I finally figured out why you bitches roll in packs  
'Cause niggas who ain't shit talk loud and pack gats  
You got a fuckin' pistol, now you think you're a VIP man  
But you can get cut because you'd be just like the next man  
Holdin' me for nothin', runnin' my fuckin' license plates  
My plates come clean, you call the DEA  
The DEA says I'm a known drug dealer  
Straight born killer, a motherfuckin' wig splitter  
He don't know shit about a nigga but I'm black  
As far as he's concerned, all niggas push crack  
And plus I'm 22 that really makes 'em check  
A drop-top Benz, Lexus Coupe, no respect  
I gotta be doin' long, I'm hidin' somethin' from the demons  
He gotta be stringin' yale, let's play someone that's pregnant  
'Cause niggas can't have shit but I'm a motherfuckin' troop  
You come to us like Luke, Undercover David Duke  
Mister David Duke, Mister officer, Mister Mister Master  
I'm pickin' out your coffin, Sir  
Die motherfuckers, I'll send your folks my worst  
A breast of pig in a motherfuckin' hearse  
So fuck you motherfuckers, punk bitches take that  
'Cause I'm real with the shit that I speak 'cause I  
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