synopsis

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G's get locked up and die, mostly over bureaucracy
And hypocrisy remains unchanged, keep yo brains unchained
Or ain't a thang gon change, if the pain don't stain
Then ain't a thang been gained and that's just plain insane
So I refrain from lames, ain't never played no games
And I ain't gon lay no blames, 'cuz I'm back, still trill, too
Take from me, I will kill you by whatever means available
What ever's viable, assailable, it's hell of bullshit niggaz
This ain't no click of just niggaz, this is an order of dungeon family Renegade crusaders and we gone make you believe in this here shit
Like we made us, just like he ain't paid us, these crack ass niggaz
Must really think though was what we made of
Niggaz lift ya shades up, so I can see the soul of the fakers
That I'm terrifying, I hear thunder still clapping
And the lightening still blinding, the truth still hurts
Comin' real steel works, kilts and steel skirts, though they still twerk
Emotions still leave niggaz to idiotic actions
And lots of people still caught up in just physical attractions
The fans, the business, the life so demanding
But they still ain't did shit 'cuz out here we still standing

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