

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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