twinkle

Communipaw

They don't know their language, they don't know their God
They take what their given, even when it feels odd
They say their grandfathers and grandmothers
Work hard for nothing and we still in this ghetto
So they end up in prisons, they end up in bloodThey keep us uneducated, sick and depressed
(They end up in blood)
Doctor I'm addicted now, I'm under arrest
(They end up in blood)
We makin' mo' money than a muthafucka
(They end up in blood)
With no choices there's no hope for us
(They end up in blood)Started with a rhyme from old ancient times
Decedents of warlocks, witches with ill glitches
Children of the matrix be hittin' them car switches
Seen some Virgin Virgos hanging out with Venus Bitches'Cause they don't know their language, they don't know their God
They take what their given, even when it feels odd
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