

# It's Black (Instrumental)

## Ol' Burger Beats

Yea  
It's black  
Outcast with my life like it's black  
Mirror on the wall ain't nobody looking back  
Dark tells from the past  
Black cats crossed your path  
Broken glass, that's seven years bad, in the cell pack.  
Still selling, so cold you can see the breath  
In the night like zorro cut a Z in chest  
See the steps, niggas following the foot prints  
But still never \*\*\*\*\*  
My team eating on dead flesh \*\*\*\*\*  
It's wild in the streets, the concretes the zoo  
We on the move trying not to speak to soon  
It's doggy dog we stay howling at the moon  
Trying not to make the news that's a bad day, oposite of ice cubes  
To much sweet you type two, if you really want beef with a type two

You get black lite, black lights, matter life, black lives, black guy, arona, black raw shadow time ahhh!

Yo, son of a mobster, butter on lobster, lemon on crab legs  
Kush in my ash tray, turn your good day to bad day  
Bandanas to bandaids, cash game  
Caught up in pasts pains, back to scheming  
Tells of a master dreaming in an active region  
Suck between a starving artist and a rapper eating  
From the poorest of mornings to lavish evenings  
I just hope more of these recordings channel healing to damaged feelings  
My man steaming up a backwood branch leaning  
The max squeezing got em all green like tax season  
Cat Steven you can keep the style like I don't need it  
Super fly prest preaching real gs keep eating  
Feat Steven, Ima beat the beat like it keep stealing, till we even  
Missiles heat seeking  
You might not leave, you might leave leaking, you might need treatment  
You might not see but they might be creeping.

Lyrics provided by  
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