It's Black (Instrumental)

Ol' Burger Beats

Yea
Itâ€™s black
Outcast with my life like itâ€™s black
Mirror on the wall ainâ€™t nobody looking back
Dark tells from the past
Black cats crossed your path
Broken glass, thatâ€™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 *****
Itâ€™s wild in the streets, the concretes the zoo
We on the move trying not to speak to soon
Itâ€™s doggy dog we stay howling at the moon
Trying not to make the news thatâ€™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 donâ€™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 Submitted by quantumslice

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