

# Cell Therapy (ft. Brandon "Shug" Bennett)

## Goodie Mob

When the scene unfolds  
Young girls thirteen years old  
Expose themselves to any Tom, Dick, and Hank  
Got mo' stretch marks than these hoes  
Hollin they got rank  
See Sega ain't in this new world order  
Them experimenting in Atlanta, Georgia  
United Nations, overseas  
They trained assassins to do search and seize  
Ain't knocking or asking  
Them coming for niggas like me  
Po' white trash, like they  
Tricks like her back in slavery  
Concentration camps lace with gas pipes lines  
Inferno's outdoors like they had back  
When Adolf Hitler was living in 1945  
Listen to me now, believe me  
Later on in the future look it up  
Where they say it? Ain't no more Constitution  
In the event of a race war  
Places like operation heartbreak hotel  
Moments tear until air tight vents seat off despair  
Them say expect no mercy  
Foot you should be my least worries got to deal with  
Where my W-2's, 10-99's  
Unmarked black helicopters swoop down  
And try to put missiles in mines Who's that peeking in my window, POW nobody now Me and my family moved  
in our apartment complex  
A gate with the serial code was put up next  
The claim that this community is so drug free  
But it don't look that way to me cause I can see  
The young bloods hanging out at the store 24/7  
Junkies looking got a hit of the blow it's powerful  
Oh you know what else they tryin to do  
Make a curfew especially for me and you the traces of the new world order  
Time is getting shorter if we don't get prepared  
People it's gone be a slaughter  
My mind won't allow me to not be curious  
My folk don't understand so they don't take it serious But every now and then, I wonder

If the gate was put up to keep crime out or to keep our ass in  
Who's that peeking in my window, POW nobody  
now  
Listen up little niggas I'm talking to you  
About what yo little ass need to be going through  
I fall a victim too and I know I shouldn't smoke so much  
But I do with the crew everybody on the average 'bout 4 or 5  
I'm lucky to be alive at sunrise now I realize the cost  
After I lost my best friend Bean I recognize as a King  
Who am I to tell you to stop smokin  
Now you're open to disease and colds  
And ain't sixteen years old, this shit has got to stop  
Let's take a walk through detox  
I want outta this hold I'm in a cell under attack  
Lock up folks they in the hood, got an eye on every move  
I make open your face to info you ain't know  
Cause it's kept low how the new world plan  
Reeks the planet without the black man  
So what's your angle, try to separate me from the blood  
Is disrespect like coming in my home and not  
Wiping your feet on the rug  
The Citron Absolut has got me bucking no hang with no phony  
Look out for the man with the mask and the white pony  
On my back are bills staying off my toes always on my heels  
Insane, plain, soldiers coming in the dark by plane  
To enforce the new system by reign  
Tag my skin with your computer chip  
Run your hand over the scanner to buy you dish now  
No more fishing for your fish  
Kiss the days of the old days past ways gone  
Mind blown, conception, protection  
My name on your selections but I caught you coming POW!  
Who's that peeking in my window, POW nobody  
now

Songwriters

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