# Rebuilding

## DJ Dmadness

You see a buffoon, caught up in your own cocoon
Leave your head rest maroon
Drunk heavy in the side street saloon
Till I figured it out, to the 3rd degreeI'm the Milli in the meter
I'm the gram up in the kilo
I'm the wave up in the ocean
The C up in the coast and the B up in the BostonSo what you looking for or looking at now
You ain't got what you gotta shake
Caught it on the sidewalk fake
I gets down, further digging downHurt for the red dirt at the same time
Hit rewind if your ass didn't hear me clear
Hit rewind if your ass didn't hear me clearMy old hood could use a little rebuilding
A better place for these ghetto children
I ain't gonna let 'em take the O out my JOY
Before you can rebuild, you've got to destroy
And these walls gonna come tumbling down
These walls gonna come tumbling downWell, I remember when, I was slanging nothing but weed
I ain't round here that can't tell you about me
Fortunately I done changed the way I used to be
When so many didn't have an alternative to seeMusic saved my life and now I'll never forget it
Thats why I try to glorify God with it
But it still remains, its in my veins
I know that I'ma sin, I just hope he'll forgive me againOkay, I'm right and wrong in the same day
And it's always gonna be someone who'll see it the same way
And if I react, who was that guy to blame, hey
You fuck with me, I fuck with you thats how the game playedI had a choice to let it go, but if you don't let it go
Then I ain't got no choice no more
Two lives gone to waste, one dead and the other caught a case
With 50 years to face I'm raising ghosts, I'm rebuildingMy old hood could use a little rebuilding
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Before you can rebuild, you've got to destroy
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These walls gonna come tumbling downI'm so tired of my people not knowing what we doing to ourselves
And we blame it on them but we stuck in the same frame
Trapped inside a mental instrumental bond
Hoping to run but theres a gun, what could you really doEverybody new kicking the old to the floor
But now its more shit, crooked, shady, talking 'bout the president
He's fucking other ladies, blowing up spots we supposed to hit

And casually they spreading billions to the little children overseasNiggas moving G's, I'm on my knees praying god please
A nigga just wanna eat and sleep
With my gun in my own little world and raise my little kids
Doing the best I can niggaShit, look who talking now
You gots to crawl before you walk, oh don't follow to close
Where I think you might stop we all can see that the grass
Is the same color on the other side of the fenceGive thanks, people thank alarm clocks, wake 'em up
Every morning brother I gotta stay prayed up
'Cause the pistol ain't gonna save my life when it's time to go
Its just in case I get a chance to retaliateI used ain't have nothing positive to say
Doing my little five minutes of fame
Who done forget from which they came
Acknowledge his name, Lord, you've been so good to meBetter than I've been to myself keep us in good health
The white mans food makes my stomach upchuck
But I gots to be strong, to defeat my enemies
For the kill, MAC's in your side
Judging buildings, they can't be no playgrounds for these childrenMy old hood could use a little rebuilding
A better place for these ghetto children
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