Pieces of a (Black) Man

AZ

Pieces of a black man, my thoughts travel
Trapped on savage land it's like taboo
Stuck in time, so many young boys bustin' nines
Some servin' state bids, 'cause they hustle blind
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Stuck in time, so many young boys bustin' nines Some servin' state bids, 'cause they hustle blindYo when times get trifle, I'm subjected to street survival

See many never complete they cycle, other retreat to Bibles

Livin' holy, but currency seem to control me

Movin' coldly, in the presence of old paroles

My mind mold me, keep me in mack mode like Goldie

Police know me, but ain't got enough to hold me

I follow rules, through the knowledge, swallow jewels

A form of teachin', from the streets never taught in schoolYou caught you lose, a wise man utilize tools Solitude certifies all moves

So I walk this path of the old dread, that lead me off the Ave

Absorbin' fast, learnin' from niggas I lost in the past

It's poison plays in these foul days

Housin' cops and they foul ways, and walkin' through a wild maze

Holdin' my brain, tryin' to maintain

Sleet, snow, or rain, I guess the game'll never changePieces of a black man, my thoughts travel

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Stuck in time, so many young boys bustin' nines

Some servin' state bids, 'cause they hustle blindSince the genesis, paraphernalia circle my premises

Poor images, project life drained my innocence

It's all the worst genocide, I guess the water's cursed

My old earth identify, though her soul is for the church

She prayed for peace, hopin' I'm saved before she lay diciest

To say the least, the warden's to wise to play the streets

I know the ropes, certain niggas to slow to cope

And though I sold some Coke, it was only to stay afloatAmongst the frozen hearted, some now bentin', some departed

Inhalin' chocolate, tracin' back to where it started

The Crack wave 2 for 5, deuce and tres

The Mack sprays, puffin' lye, truth and days

And though it sound ill, through all the foul shit, I'm down still

All around real, rough is the grounds in Brownsville

I know the ledge, meditatin', holdin' my head

Eyes red, it's Doe or Die till I'm deadPieces of a black man, my thoughts travel

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Some servin' state bids, 'cause they hustle blindI played all positions, plus learned from each mission

Politic, wit all type niggas wit different diction

I did it up, from young in some cunt, the way I hit it up

Buggin' off my first Philly Blunt, and how I lit it up

But time flyin', playin' these corners'll let it slide by

Puffin' lye, homicide, coke supplies dry

So play the game, other slow up change the lane

Awaken, unchain the brain in exchange to take away the painIt's a part of scriptures, put together wit different mixtures

They tricked us, got us trapped in takin' pictures

Interogatin', locatin', destination'

Estimatin', or play a part of them investigatin'

It's on goin', from them killers, to them broads hoin'

Unknowin' first time felons on trial blowin'

So burn your clips and sit back, learn your shit

The last of these real reps left turned legitPieces of a black man, my thoughts travel

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