

Imogene

David Sanborn

Imagine making it big in this rap game
And you think it's all good
I'm here to tell you it ain't baby
You got every eye in the world on you
You gotta understand these people fear what they don't know
Imagine life with no jails and no laws
And no harassment on brothers in fancy cars
Now why they want to trap me, make me a slave
They just mad cause a ghetto nigga break bread
I'm on the ground cuffed up like a dog
Said my cuffs too tight, but they laugh when they see me fall
I guess my skins too dark for them to hear me
I know they don't like me, for some reason I think they fear me
Quit tripping on my chains and my rangs
I want to hit em, but I didn't cause I maintained
They got me FED's on the scene and they sware I got the cream
And the stolen truck green, canine all up in my jeans
They don't realize I'm a soldier
I had a pissed, ask your son, I know he gotta see-Murder disc
Number one in every record store
Mom and pops tap my phones, but you know I ain't slangin' rocks
Take me to jail but I tell em take me off the scene
My first call go to P, he put my mind at ease
You told me not to trip cause it's a bigger picture
And if your tank don't put it on TRU, I'm a come and get ya
Woah, picture life without the crooked cops and
without the cell blocks
Would you sell rocks, or would you be like me, I'm shell shocked
And I went through stressin' (why), cause I'm already strapped,
bulletproof vesting
Waiting to be tested by the devil on that level
I used to sit on the porch with my uncle Ben
And I watched the murder scene when I was 13, dad, why they come for me
And it made me crazy, and it made me lose my mind
And from time to time it crossed my mind
What if there wasn't a crime
Now Slim, would you kill for me and everything that's true for me
If there was no law, and nobody was superstars
No state trooper cars to follow, you wouldn't have to swallow
Your rocks, so toss the glocks with the hollow
I would kill a rich man and drink his blood, would it bring me riches
Or would I just be selling my soul to them wicked witches

We already in babylon, the world is a ghetto and God is like the don,
nigga woah

Songwriters

CRAIG BAZILE, C MILLER, M PHIPPS, J TAPP
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