

Children Of Men

Trae tha Truth

Wonder what it's like, how a ni**a kill a ni**a on sight
Did he hesitate? Think about his life, think about his kids, think about his wife?
But that ni**a heartless, group homes, ni**a never had no fosters
'Cause who taking home the little black kid, poor thing, his momma is a crackhead
So the state raised him, and the hate raised him
They clown on him at school but he fronted like it ain't phased him
S**t, now it's about getting money cause these cool ni**as think his s**t is funny
Gotta have clothes, gotta have dough, hoes ain't checking unless you got plenty, now a ni**a selling dope
Holding onto a little hope of a better life, huh, but that hope fades so quick
'Cause he getting paid so quick
He be robbing ni**as just to cop the s**t the minimum wage won't get
Young ni**as trapped, young ni**as strapped, heart turned black, won't turn back
Later days, dealing with mistakes
On this corner tryna catch another break
F**k school, tell them he was coming late
Block dry, hear they praying something shake
Now everybody taking off his plate
Bill him what, half of that he have it late
His best friend by the yellow crates
Suicide, tears tryna hesitate
Only seventeen, damn, seventeen
Nightmares, opposite of heaven's dream
Bout to thaw, he ain't got the weather lean
Black mans, cooking more than he's ever seen
White books, he ain't talking education
F**k what he facing, the stripes are registration
Losing his mind, won't lose his reputation
Try him he busting without no hesitation
Damn, young ni**a attitude, like f**k it
Still tryna make it out the bucket
Light feather all time low still
Tryna figure out how the f**k he finna duck it
He gotta ride it out before he crash
He on his hustle tryna get the cash
Can't focus, s**t's spinning fast
Laws on him, hope he's got his work stashed
Loud work, hope it don't smell
Can't afford to take another L
First class, no feeling

F**k school he about to fail
It's all him, he ain't finna tell
He on his own, he ain't finna bail
Either way, he on his way to jail
Shoulda chilled now he headed for a cell Oh, don't recall all the tears, all along
Children of men, children of men Look, now we in the prison cell
No commissary, no mail
No phone calls, just time
He gon' pay it, no mind
On his way to parole hope it get it
Middle finger to the warden hope he get it
Ni**as wanna take it there they know he make it
Fresh shakes take him to the mic he hit it
They gon' catch bi**h he on his way
Try to stop him and it's gonna be on today
Solitary confinement every day
F**k em all only thing he know to say
Now it's time up, he a free man
Gates open, thinking of another plan
Where he finna go, what he finna do
Finna be a couple those, he coming through
Then it's back to the hood S on his chest
F**k Super, that nia stressed
He going through hell like he never blessed
Every day in pain, nothing less
Pills in, zoned out, right plan, wrong route
Opportunity present itself in the kitchen
Guarantee he shows what he's bout
Under pressure no slack
F**k jail he ain't going back
Only way you leaving is a box
And you can tell everyone that's a fact
Had my back, on his pistol
Black clouds, black rain
To his head, where he aim
Feel the same now the bullet in his brain Oh, don't recall all the tears, all along
Children of men, children of men Oh, don't recall all the tears, all along
Children of men, children of men

Songwriters

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