

# I Ain't Gave up on You Yet

## Propaganda

I met this girl when I was 8 years old  
What I loved most, she has so much soul  
Where the 10 and 101 meet the site was so breathtaking mirrors the size of buildings L.A river  
When you're black among the esses  
Gang-bang ain't an option, but that crylon aroma made a bother feel alive  
Feel like the creator made boom bap just for me only  
Radio made the night not so lonely  
That's why I wanna fight when I hear those thug phonies  
You gangsters actin' like crack was our Savior  
And there are times when I can't stare at you  
But stand you I must  
The patience and long suffering is only in your head And at times hip-hop makes me very upset  
But I ain't gave up on it, yet  
And then at times America makes me very upset  
But I ain't gave up it you yet  
And low key my own people make me very upset  
But still I ain't give up on them yet  
And at times my own city makes me very upset  
But I still ain't gave up on it yet That family tree is a groundhog day of ignorance  
Jew joints, speak easies bent on that ratchetness  
Granddad ran the numbers, got my mouth the hood  
DC was so crazy in the 30s let me tell ya  
Uncle Timmy and Allen and Hubert they all suffered from atypically pitfalls  
Friend like "Y'all ain't feelin' me y'all blowin' line at Appalachian mountain bootleggers, this transcends race,  
y'all got moonshine coursing through your veins dontcha,  
Then it's crimes of survival  
Tax evasion White collar pre-great repression  
They say, "we all tryin' to escape the same thing, but be patient boy, it's all in your head." And at times hip-hop  
makes me very upset  
But I ain't gave up on it, yet  
And then at times America makes me very upset  
But I ain't gave up it you yet  
And low key my own people make me very upset  
But still I ain't give up on them yet  
And at times my own city makes me very upset  
But I still ain't gave up on it yet Lil' brother I feel you  
Vato drive slow  
Vans with no plates  
He's second generation

His tio from Sinaloa, smugglin people biz  
Coyote in trainin', bald heads with tattoos slingin social security numbers "I'm from the 626"  
And I know it well, down at 110  
Buy abuelita a greencard  
Grandpa still works hard  
Only one with good sense  
Dime a donde vas?  
Vaya con Dios mi hijos, tres puntos  
Calmate homie ,correle ,correle  
I see it in his ojos  
You feel trapped ,don't you?  
It's stupid, you like "Why me?"  
But it's all in your head, all in your head And there are times when hip-hop makes me very upset  
But I ain't gave up on it, yet  
And there are times a miracle makes me very upset  
But I ain't gave up it you yet  
And low key people make me very upset  
But still I ain't give up on them yet  
And there are times my own city makes me very upset  
But I still ain't gave up on it yet

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