

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 amoung the esses

Gang-bang ain't an option, but that crylon arroma 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 coursin' 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 headAnd 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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