Listen

Tq

Listen
(Lend me your ear)
Listen
(Won't you listen, listen?)
Listen
(That's right)
ListenMy granddaddy was a hustla
On the dirt road, him and his brother
Stayed sharper than a motherfucker
Stayed on the corner, Stacy Adams never scuffed upSo that explains 'bout my daddy and me
I mean the apple don't fall too far from the tree
I was thirteen, mad as hell
Thinking why can't we live up in Beverly HillsWondered why all my homies in my hood were killed
Thinking why I got a 9 in my pocket for real
It's gotta be a better life than this
I mean kids shouldn't have to go through this shitI mean this is California, land of the free
But every city in America, it's plain to see
My people ain't getting they due
That's the reason why we do what we gotta doThis is for the homies in my hood
All the single mamas it's all good
All y'all soldiers on the front line
Doing what you got to do to get byThis is for the struggle, it don't stop
This one's for Malcolm, Martin and Tupac
No matter how hard they try can't stop us
We still gon' get by motherfuckerI ain't in love with the situation
But I'ma get by and I'ma get mine
And my mamas and my daddies and my whole line
Until shaunshaun sitting on a gold mineI'ma play my position get up in the middle
Sneak and attack this dog eat dog shit here
A whole lot of folks got to eat here
Grandmamma had 24 kids and that's real'Cause I plan to build a boys club or something
Where fathers can take their sons on weekends
'Cause that's what they need, I don't wanna see 'em in these streets
These sharks out here and they eatingI know I been gone for a minute but I'm back
Just to put the west coast back on track
I gangsta represent it till the day that I die
And I didn't tell a lie, still gon' get byThis is for the homies in my hood
All the single mamas it's all good
All y'all soldiers on the front line

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No matter how hard they try can't stop us
We still gon' get by motherfuckerBaby girl, I know you trying to do it by yourself
Ain't got nobody there to help you
Seem like nobody cares for beautiful you
For beautiful youBaby boy trying to get up out the game now
But damn it's so much pressure
It ain't a penthouse in the sky
It's keeping on the lights, we just trying to get byThis is for the homies in my hood
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