

iRevolutionary

Chase N. Cashe

Black man on a black path for green,
Red and blue on a stripped flag.
In a white man's world, trying to get cash,
Where a wrong skin color can get you killed fast.
Or a wrong type of hustle get you jail time,
Can't hear from your fam' 'till it's mail time.
Niggers froze 'cause they're chilling on death row,
What they did broke, what a whole more skid row.
Twenty twelve, but the shit been this way,
Poor getting poor, the rich win this way.
Seeing it on me, know what's up,
Can't vote for Obama if you don't show up.
How you say you are a leader, but you won't teach,
You ain't a real nigger 'cause you got one piece.
You're greedy for success, but you don't work,
I had to get it through the struggle, but it all hurt.
See, I ain't did good and yes, I done dirt,
Had my head held high, put God first.
Team on my bay, bitch by my side,
Pistol in a bag anytime I got a riot.
My ideal of fame got you ill in the brain,
Got to be the one, get you spilled on the pave'.
Meant to be a model, now you're laying in a grave,
With a slogan on your tomb and the year you was made.
It ain't no coming back from that,
Whatever they give us, you know they're coming back for that.
'cause it costs to live, even dying ain't cheap,
So we're forced to live amongst the wild like beasts.
In a foster room, with my hands on a weapon,
The SOE, 'cause I'm the man of protection.
So fuck the police, they ain't gonna save you,
Only one that can is the man that made you.
Before it's too late say a prayer to the savior,
Lord knows all the things I did for the paper.
Lord knows I just wanna bill for my people,
Weed in my brain, got a field full of evils.
Jealousy and envy, hateful from my friends
Gotta get through the test, my best to make it in.
So as the door open I just wanna make it in,

To open windows for me and my camp folks.
'cause opportunity don't knock every day,
A nine to five job, that's my steady pay.
Niggers on the block getting nuts every day,
And the only thing they're selling it's a nuts made of yay.
A lot up on my mind, not a lot up on my plate,
Starving to get a mil', they're starving away
To our house on the hill, so I can go chill,
What else can I do for my country, but stay real?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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