

# My City

## Alley Boy

This the city of Chicago, the state of confusion  
The style I'm using is free or at least it would be if my mind was  
Peep, I'm behind 'cuz I didn't handle my function while in high school  
Although I was cool the hood I live in ain't that proper  
'Cuz a cop a stop ya and have you at a hundred and eleventh  
Before you can say not guilty, I'm not filthy nor am I rich  
Ain't that a bitch, like life is, not your wife is  
See that your better halve, do your math And peep that two halves make a whole  
And all I have to hold is my self pride  
So these streets I strive like a Black Panther  
Asking can the situation get much worst  
All I do is try to appeal to the masses  
As the phrase keep it real passes  
The teeth of too many phoney individuals  
Snakes, that smooth like criminals They create chemicals that the Earth hate  
Doing their damnedest to decrease my birth rate  
I'd settle for lesser knowing I'm worth wait  
Or at least my weight in precious gems  
So I'm steadily steadily steadily  
Trying to lose my religion like R E M  
Created in His own image so are we Him?  
And through all this crises Shit, I wonder where Christ is  
(Shit)  
Well, he damn sure not in K town or the wild hundreds  
Where they broadcast G.D. till the world blow-up and Stone run it  
Hunted by police for display in state vile cages  
Come out to make minimum wages  
And with a disease that are contagious, it is fucking outrages  
The amounts of black and brown they lock up  
But the most high encourages me to put the glock up And stock up on do for self knowledge  
A brother couldn't afford to go to collage  
So I had to learn form the school of hard knock  
On the hard blocks of the Chi  
Even I, think about moving out to River Oaks  
As my liver soaks in mad Hennessey  
'Cuz I got a bad tendency to do a lot of drinking Now I do a lot of thinking, blinking, was your third eye  
When you heard I was one of the chosen one  
Industry doors keep closing  
(Sing)

Watch the closing doors, niggas want a record deal  
But can they deal with a record?  
'Cuz once they get rich they tend to switch Like a sissy, please miss me  
With all that bullshit you popping  
This knowledge I'm gonna keep dropping  
Even if you had one of them red octagon  
Motherfuckers say Mylik how you make your living?  
I say by breathing oxygen

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