# PG

## Saul Williams

Ain't from the streets of Compton
Ain't from no prison yard
Ain't got no guns or weapons
Hell, nigga, I ain't hardI'd rather help than fight you
I'd rather hug than swing
I know where diamonds come from
And ain't about to blingAin't got no fancy car
I can't afford my rent
Ain't even got my own style
Sometimes I'm 50 CentBut I ain't got not bullets
And I ain't bullet proof
And you can take your aim
But you can't kill the truthAy, yo, untie that noose
Son, we ain't free, we're loose
I'm sleeping on the floor
Above your party's burning roofAnd when that party's through
Here's what you need to do
Just hold that mic right to your heart
And hear the beat of youI got a heartbeat produced by God
And boy, it sounds hard
I got heartbeat produced by God
And boy, it sounds hard

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