Throw Away The Key

Awkword

[Verse 1: AWKWORD]
They just stop them and frisk, you better move real lightly
I heard they got a contest, ask Bill O'Reilly
Afraid you'll get locked up, they'll throw away the key
They're free to move across the sea, you ain't even free
Still awaiting retrials, for drug deals, in New York
Overcrowded Louisiana, California it's sport
Chicago is a wasteland, even colder in the summer
No education, programs, now they murdering each other
Born into prisons, most ghetto buildings got bars
When you live without shit, go head and worship them cars
The vista from the stoops, Marine billboards, you bored
And on the block, you got bars, drug dealers and whores
Father might be gone, or he's working two jobs
Stay at home's an oxymoron, moms working too hard
Latchkey kids, no role models, no guidance
No homework, eat some Mickey Ds and get into some violence[Hook: AWKWORD] x2
They come with they cars, and they laws, and they bars
They come at you sideways, no way you'll get off
And your whole life, you heard, stay away from them cops
And your word and your balls, is all that you got[Verse 2]
I'm sorry Mr. President, I'm sorry Mr. Senator
I'm sorry Mr. Governor, we can't, recover her
See this country of ours, see this world of ours
Was never really yours, we just got a little bored
Nowadays, you got to deal, with all breeds, of all types
I guess you, the type right, to type right, all uptight
Pause, none of us is goblins, except that one guy
And that was just, one story, told a bunch of damn times
On the real, call this the first hint of a problem
And when I say some shit's a problem it's not industry jargon
The problem I'm causing, gonna have the CIA watching
I've seen them take the damn picture, I bleed for the orphans
The sick and the starving, the lost ones, stuck with no options
It's awesome, like pulling people straight out of their coffins
See we know, it's just us, no justice in this bitch
Rest in peace Ron Arm, forever Elementary rich[Hook] x2
They come with they cars, and they laws, and they bars
They come at you sideways, no way you'll get off

And your whole life, you heard, stay away from them cops
And your word and your balls, is all that you got[Verse 3]
So what we gonna do, that's the question of course
A lot of human beings, struggled over these thoughts
You got the Rules for Radicals, The Activist Handbook
I threw it all away, let's create our own standard
There are more locked up here, than anywhere else
Plus, most of them on drug charges, most never dealt
Most of them in jail, probably there cause they smelt
Weed crimes, fill a hell of a lot of the damn cells
Stand still, we won't, we stand tall, we all
Brave enough, to say enough is enough, so come on
Shit, ain't hard to tell, take a little look around
Feel like everyone in prison's either black or they brown
And it's kind of hard for me to be, all black and proud
But I been in the damn system, seen my friends go down
Smell the wretched of the earth, hit me on the low
And if anybody ask, I pay tax and don't smoke[Hook] x2
They come with they cars, and they laws, and they bars
They come at you sideways, no way you'll get off
And your whole life, you heard, stay away from them cops
And your word and your balls, is all that you got

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