Cell Therapy (ft. Brandon "Shug" Bennett)

Goodie Mob

When the scene unfolds
Young girls thirteen years old
Expose themselves to any Tom, Dick, and Hank
Got mo' stretch marks than these hoes
Hollin they got rank
See Sega ain't in this new world order
Them experimenting in Atlanta, Georgia
United Nations, overseas
They trained assassins to do search and seize
Ain't knocking or asking
Them coming for niggas like me
Po' white trash, like they
Tricks like her back in slavery
Concentration camps lace with gas pipes lines
Inferno's outdoors like they had back
When Adolf Hitler was living in 1945
Listen to me now, believe me
Later on in the future look it up
Where they say it? Ain't no more Constitution
In the event of a race war
Places like operation heartbreak hotel
Moments tear until air tight vents seat off despair
Them say expect no mercy
Foot you should be my least worries got to deal with
Where my W-2's, 10-99's
Unmarked black helicopters swoop down
And try to put missiles in minesWho's that peeking in my window, POW nobody nowMe and my family moved in our apartment complex
A gate with the serial code was put up next
The claim that this community is so drug free
But it don't look that way to me cause I can see
The young bloods hanging out at the store 24/7
Junkies looking got a hit of the blow it's powerful
Oh you know what else they tryin to do
Make a curfew especially for me and you the traces of the new world order
Time is getting shorter if we don't get prepared
People it's gone be a slaughter
My mind won't allow me to not be curious
My folk don't understand so they don't take it seriousBut every now and then, I wonder

If the gate was put up to keep crime out or to keep our ass inWho's that peeking in my window, POW nobody nowListen up little niggas I'm talking to you
About what yo little ass need to be going through
I fall a victim too and I know I shouldn't smoke so much
But I do with the crew everybody on the average 'bout 4 or 5
I'm lucky to be alive at sunrise now I realize the cost
After I lost my best friend Bean I recognize as a King
Who am I to tell you to stop smokin
Now you're open to disease and colds
And ain't sixteen years old, this shit has got to stop
Let's take a walk through detox
I want outta this hold I'm in a cell under attack
Lock up folks they in the hood, got an eye on every move
I make open your face to info you ain't know
Cause it's kept low how the new world plan
Reeks the planet without the black manSo what's your angle, try to separate me from the blood
Is disrespect like coming in my home and not
Wiping your feet on the rug
The Citron Absolut has got me bucking no hang with no phony
Look out for the man with the mask and the white pony
On my back are bills staying off my toes always on my heels
Insane, plain, soldiers coming in the dark by plane
To enforce the new system by reign
Tag my skin with your computer chip
Run your hand over the scanner to buy you dish now
No more fishing for your fish
Kiss the days of the old days past ways gone
Mind blown, conception, protection
My name on your selections but I caught you coming POW!Who's that peeking in my window, POW nobody now

Songwriters
ROBERT TERRANCE BARNETT, PATRICK L. BROWN, THOMAS DECARLO BURTON, CAMERON F. GIPP, WILLIE EDWARD KNIGHTON, RAYMON AMEER MURRAY, RICO R. WADEPublished by
Lyrics Â© Peermusic Publishing, Universal Music Publishing Group, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/