

I Refuse Limitation (feat. Backbone)

Goodie Mob

One time
Uh for these freaky hoes I lust
But I'm still flickin ashes a lot of other motherfuckers snort dust
But that's they thang
A lot of us fall victim somehow
But that's that game
Won't try to explain
From books to bricks
Now I see crooks and tricks
Caught up in the mix
Of everyday in every way but the right
I control the substance my people fiend for at night
Lord knows I do wrong
Sound like the same old song
A lot of niggas singing
Homeboys conceal your weapons
Cuz ain't gon be no smoking section in heaven
No more be buckin your luck
Seven eleven on the first roll
Don't let the streets rock and roll your soul
Swats GA by way of Cascade Heights
Gunshots roadblocks sidewalks and ice
Sold me out for 3.5 grams of neighborhood clout
Now what the fuss be 'bout
I'm back home from the bullshit
Puttin in work
Meanwhile others dug ditches and covered themselves in dirt
One squirt
And you locked down forever
Can't run from reality
Luring you closer and closer away
To the same old traps
Now you never learn from your mistakes
And now you wear this ass whoopin with pride
What side you on?
It wasn't no I in team
Only in your dreams
Saturated with schemes
Yea you right, God gon deal wit ya
Fallin from his grace

Rookie moves cause shifty game
And 30 days I'm blessed in the hole
But that's till I go to the state federal
Penitentiary
Yea I could did my time standin on one feet
But see I fucked up royally
Thought I was slick
Them herpes-havin ass crackers changed my big check to six
Times wit Dean Whitaker's sermon of the day
But when I go to sleep I don't dream no more I just lay
A wise man knows his limitations
Concrete, concrete like Greg Street Sufferin from a severe case of inner-city blues
I ain't got no clues to which directions I need to choose
This opportunity to gain is all I got to lose
Cuz I just can't settle for these streets shorty I refuse That's the shit I like
Lord got the door
Shot down to the pavement
Remove yo hat under the ceiling
Of this building
A rebuff from the usher of sorts
Deacons leading hymns rooted stems
Most strive for the diamonds and overlook the gems
Got skimp wit yo bags
Boulders become shoulders to depend on
Which way to explore
Reform, refrain, we gain inflame
Every thought you walk through the trails is hell
Airborne for one
Clone me
Replace me wit me
Another nation inside a nation
Out the land of Scots
Suction cups to test tube
Layer of skin
Supply the crust
And we'll mix the fruit
Gunshows supplied me in the hour of need
Watch em bleed
Aryan Nation be the dealer
Now who's the killer
Yup yup that's the shit I like
That's the shit I like Uh puttin forth the effort to make a change
Not doin a lot of talkin bout it what's yo game?
You slippin you can't never do that
That's when you get jacked

For yo life over your emotions runnin wild
Like salamanders swimmin in southwest creeks
Feelin incomplete
Another story
Livin you had it
Now you lost it wasn't worth it look what it costed
Yo life young nigga
Didn't go out without a fight behind the gun trigger
You better think fast or get swept off yo feet
Nigga it hurts to see these drugs deteriorate
The minds of knuckleheads that grow up to be base heads
Don't say I didn't tell you cuz you gon see in the future
I hope I don't have to shoot you
If you switch
Went from hardcore to beggin like a bitch
Revolutions good to bad
Hoods to rags real niggas to fags
What's the news?
But I refuse to lose Sufferin from a severe case of inner-city blues
I ain't got no clues to which directions I need to choose
This opportunity to gain is all I got to lose
Cuz I just can't settle for these streets shorty I refuse Well I woke up this mornin with the same frustration from
situations like these
Got a call about some work from one of them temporary agencies
No high school diploma or any college degrees
I can't enlist but they'll draft me if there's a war overseas
Oh please
Of course I can slice some OZs
But see I'm one of those aspirin MCs
And uh bills are due so at times I'm doubtful and everyone disagrees
But I'd rather struggle on my feet than to live on my knees
So my uniform tight workin all night at Mickey D's
Got about 90 dollars and some change after the government
Get they fees
These minimum wages ain't enough to feed my babies
Purposely these limitations on black folks opportunities
So I quit cuz I'm tired of being one of those overworked
Underpaid employees
Stop carin at all went on and did a few small burglaries
It seems like my faith done turned into forgotten memories
And I ain't gettin away with nothing because I know He always sees
But see right now I need to see how I can get this here dope sold
I done stuffed in my pocket as many rocks as it can hold
They gonna get high so I'm gonna get my money even though it's freezin cold
Now how many times you done heard this story told?

Believe it or not, there's some very intelligent junkies
But dependencies is eating away at they souls like disease
Anyone can turn into somebody who covets and envies
Unequal economics can easily make you some enemies
And the crime rate never drops so the cops ride around in threes
I knew he would have killed me if I did anything but freeze
They found the rest of the dope in some nearby shrubberies
In a dimlit room being questioned by these authorities
And they gave me some time in correctional facilities
And now my woman's gotta take on a man's responsibilities

Songwriters

CAMERON F. GIPP, JAMAHR WILLIAMS, PATRICK L. BROWN, RAYMON AMEER MURRAY, RICO
RENARD WADE, ROBERT TERRANCE BARNETT, THOMAS DECARLO BURTON, WILLIE EDWARD

KNIGHTONPublished by

Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>