

# Peace Treaty

## Murs & Fashawn

Hittin' corners in a six trey Chevrolet rag top Impala, top dollar  
Got my cousin laid back ridin' shotgun  
'Cause I got the front and back hydraulic hot one  
Juiced up, and I'm itchin' to hit the switches  
Crawlin' over train tracks, avoidin' all ditches  
Ice skatin' on the 20 inch tires  
Jack up the ass, and flex the gold Dayton wires  
Now I'm down to take a risk, gettin' geeked up off a compact disc  
I went hoppin' up crenshaw, niggas hang loose  
Lookin' for my homies to celebrate the gang truce  
And they about to throw a cook out  
So I'm puttin' down the hump, we sailin' on the look out  
For C H P, I was a teenage gee  
So I'm readin' a graffiti the walls say, "Peace treaty"  
Lookin' at the aftermath of the riot  
I can still smell the ashes from all the clashes  
But quiet is kept, it wasn't just the blacks  
Everybody was lootin', and had each other's backs  
We came through in understandin', demandin'  
Justice, bust this, we all had our hand in  
The cookie jar, took it far enough to make a statement  
Daryl Gates, that's where all the hate went we pass by a swap meet  
Been shoppin' at for years, but it couldn't stop heat  
See ya, wouldn't wanna be your next door neighbor  
Less government relief checks, more labor  
10 percent blood suckers of the poor took a loss  
For exploitation, had to show 'em who was boss  
Teach 'em not to be so greedy had to shut 'em down  
Bound by a peace treaty, bound by a peace treaty  
Hit the park, bailed out the car  
And seen blue and red everywhere, look how strong we are  
Niggas showin' up from this gang and that gang  
Nobody set-trippin', 'cause it's a black thing  
People just partyin', sippin' on a cup  
Some of the Compton F.O.I. even showed up  
Suited and booted, kickin' it with the locs  
In unity, soon we'll be lovin' all black folks  
I heard Solo, bumpin' in a Blazer  
Clownin' on a car phone, blowin' up my pager  
Watts-Up is on the set just checkin' out the scenery  
Brothers I ain't never met is hittin' me up, I had to swallow my pride  
Just kept steppin', hit em up and said, "Right"

Ain't no drama, 'cause I'm mobbin' with Laid-Back  
I seen Big Jess, Jay and K-Mac they used to work them narcotics  
Like my nigga L-Wood and Renegade from the street products  
We used to jack from the rich, and then give to the needy  
But now it's a peace treaty And now the party's acceleratin'  
The whole crowd bounce, and sho' nuff' celebratin'  
Ain't nobody bustin' shots I bumped into Mike  
A K A Mo' Like Watts and O.G., 'cause he's older  
Lovin' every minute of it, with the camcorder on his shoulder  
So he could capture the moment, and reminisce  
I'm always remember this Because my niggas made the history books  
And now the mystery looks a lot clearer  
The man in the mirror got power it's now or never  
More than ever black people have to stick together  
But yo, let's hear it for the Bloods and the Crips  
I got to admit it y'all brothers did it I just hope it don't cease  
For the sake of all the homies that's restin' in peace

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