

# Requiem (feat. Oddisee & Phonte)

## Mello Music Group

For all the ones who lost a soul  
One two  
One two Got my hands high in the air  
But this is not a concert, it's a sign of despair  
No I'm not a monster, I'm just out of my head  
It's like a jungle sometimes  
Make me wonder how I keep from going under  
With the lions and tigers and bears  
Enough to make a cyborg break out into tears  
It is not as it appears, they think we all crazy  
Just unruly niggas and tall babies  
But what if these fuck ass Officer Barbradys  
Was killing y'all babies?  
And the cost of your life was less than a dog's maybe  
You'd probably call some of your boys that had an itch  
To go out hunting for that something pop up out that bitch  
Like, go ahead and drop it, nothing you do can stop it  
Please don't knock it cause my pocket still in that Doberman pinch  
Anything from candy to cigarettes can get a nigga killed  
But I'll be honest man I'm running out of shit to feel  
I ain't tryna tell my biz  
But I got the blues and I watch the news  
Like nigga what the fuck I'm 'posed to tell my kids?  
So fuck your city ordinance, this is for the flourishing  
So hot in the air and that's word to West Florissant  
You seem to keep 'em shooting, bring the in  
For real I just gotta find a better way  
I just gotta find a better way  
I just gotta find a better way  
I just gotta find a better way  
Gotta find  
A better way  
I just gotta find a better way  
Religion's like a gang, I guess you judge me by the way I dress  
My name and sex and think I'm on my way to display a vest  
Since 9/11 I've been off the plane, detained at best  
My name's Amir Muhammed, no officer I ain't change it yet  
My father came in '76 not to get your job  
But to get a job

See we ain't made the A-bomb  
And we don't want yo' yard  
Just a piece of heavenly bliss, they painting a rift  
One-sided, I think they cheat the scorecard  
I guess this is where I go hard or go home  
Can't do that, cuz y'all done turn my courtyard to war zone  
So let me grab this weapon, and load it with no discretion  
Exploding on the poachers to prove a point that I ain't messing  
I'm talking musical lessons, marching movements in messes  
Stop the news from using shock as a weapon for suppressing diseases  
Won't deplete us, can't compare the toe to the slaughter  
To the soldiers who follow orders, kidnapping all the daughters  
I'm here to drive your taxis, feed your families and your fears  
And kick a little knowledge in your ear  
If you ask me  
So please go head get at me if my words loud as your actions  
So we can get together and do something that's impacting  
I just gotta find a better way  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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