

# Memory Loss

## Dubstep Allstars

You try to get over you're gonna go under  
You try to get over you're gonna go under Literaly it's 3030 I don't got time to be wasting time on you  
Slow pokes I want ya all to, get open, like the ocean  
Brothers be buggin' like 'He's from Oakland?'  
What? I'll whoop you insinuatin we ain't capable  
Stupid ass niggas is gonna rape a hoe  
A few out a thousand  
My town is foundin' fathers of the black panthers we provide  
Answers  
You don't want to believe then ya all are some blind bastards  
They got you set up real good your neuralizing  
Industry rising while energies reclining  
Niggas think I'm whinin' but I really don't give a shit  
'Cause everybody's dyin' but ya all think that's the end of it  
That's why it's so easy to be a Benedict  
Or imitate 'cause they wouldn't teach ya algebra when you was eight  
Now you forniate and you hate children  
Forgot where you came from now your straight illin'  
Don't fight the feelin'  
You better deal with it It don't matter what you do or say try to get away but I'm gonna  
Catch ya  
Want to compare your self to them well guess what homeboy you  
Don't match up I'm my own individual so I know it isn't true just 'cause you say it  
Is  
'Cause anything that's truth got proof it ain't you  
That's simply just the way it is Lookin' up the sky is red  
City's burning up over head (flame on baby)  
We can make the best of it (rock that)  
In this post apocolypse (right on) I'm on some real shit  
So real brothers feel this  
'Cause we know reality is crazy  
That's why nothin amaze me  
Look in the past  
You might have to go farther then the book in your class  
My niggas cookin some crack and moms gets the first hit  
That's ok with you?  
That's ok with me  
I'm not here to judge the way you be  
I got my own ccomplications the governmen't shoeless rations

Plantations is manlabor for 5 bucks for hourly intervals  
I get a G for that  
So believe what I spit to you is given back  
Don't think that I'm livin' that dream  
When the I.R.S reposes most of your cream  
Its like I dream when I lye I wake up  
I see all the people I disrespected and try to make up  
It's praise to the creator  
Relate to nature

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>