New Black

GoldLink

1,2, pray these niggas don't clap at you
3, 4, hoping we reachin' Heaven's doors
5, 6, 7, 8
Keep your hands high, don't shoot, don't discriminate
See we gon' get this money, dirty, clean, get this money right
Numb to the bullshit, so mix the dunk wit' the Sprite
And we gon' be okay my lil nigga, just hold on tight
'Cause cops killin' blacks, blacks killin' blacks, we gon' die
But we gon' die with honor, short stories and homicides
Mama say pray to God, and we don't listen, so mama cry
My lil nigga Petey servin' life and his lil bro
Got a baby and he left his lil' him all alone
Remind me of his pops, and his pops was a street nigga
But a fuckin' loser not for teachin' his kids better
But no fathers equal mo' harder to reach niggas
And wonder why niggas like me wanna be niggas
My street wisdom higher than the sun so it's God level
I got level headed when I left to beseech the seed planted
Speech, free speak, only good to exist
Then set free the curse left just to bondage our minds and false teachBibbity bibbity bop bop
New black, the scat, dat beat box
Hip-hop will die, I promise that
If we keep the lies in our raps, yeah
Bibbity bibbity bop bop
New black, the scat, dat beat box
Hip-hop will die, I promise that
If we keep the lies in our raps, yeah
Bibbity bibbity bop bop
New black, the scat, dat beat box
Hip-hop will die, I promise that
If we keep the lies in our raps, uh
Bibbity bibbity bop bop
New black, the scat, dat beat box
Hip-hop will die, I promise that
If we keep talkin' guns and gats in our rapsI apologize

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