

My City

Reks

This the city of Chicago, the state of confusion
The style I'm using is free or at least it would be if my mind was
Peep, I'm behind 'cuz I didn't handle my function while in high school
Although I was cool the hood I live in ain't that proper
'Cuz a cop a stop ya and have you at a hundred and eleventh
Before you can say not guilty, I'm not filthy nor am I rich
Ain't that a bitch, like life is, not your wife is
See that your better halve, do your math And peep that two halves make a whole
And all I have to hold is my self pride
So these streets I strive like a Black Panther
Asking can the situation get much worst
All I do is try to appeal to the masses
As the phrase keep it real passes
The teeth of too many phoney individuals
Snakes, that smooth like criminals They create chemicals that the Earth hate
Doing their damndest to decrease my birth rate
I'd settle for lesser knowing I'm worth wait
Or at least my weight in precious gems
So I'm steadily steadily steadily
Trying to lose my religion like R E M
Created in His own image so are we Him?
And through all this crises Shit, I wonder where Christ is
(Shit)
Well, he damn sure not in K town or the wild hundreds
Where they broadcast G.D. till the world blow-up and Stone run it
Hunted by police for display in state vile cages
Come out to make minimum wages
And with a disease that are contagious, it is fucking outrages
The amounts of black and brown they lock up
But the most high encourages me to put the glock up And stock up on do for self knowledge
A brother couldn't afford to go to collage
So I had to learn form the school of hard knock
On the hard blocks of the Chi
Even I, think about moving out to River Oaks
As my liver soaks in mad Hennessey
'Cuz I got a bad tendency to do a lot of drinking Now I do a lot of thinking, blinking, was your third eye
When you heard I was one of the chosen one
Industry doors keep closing
(Sing)

Watch the closing doors, niggas want a record deal
But can they deal with a record?
'Cuz once they get rich they tend to switch Like a sissy, please miss me
With all that bullshit you popping
This knowledge I'm gonna keep dropping
Even if you had one of them red octagon
Motherfuckers say Mylik how you make your living?
I say by breathing oxygen

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