



“See, every time I rolls
Every time I walks
Every time I breathes and every time I talks
I’m always being heard, or either being watched
By scary ass white folks or crooked ass cops
They coming, they searching
They pat me on my abs
The sons of a slave on a (?) from the path
I laughs, knowing that these fellas must be jealous
They want our autographs but they don’t know how to tell us
It’s crazy the way you treat my kind
You call this your job?
The system must’ve brainwashed your mind...

Projects ain’t nothing but modern day plantations
And the masters reside at the police stations
Replacing whips with berettas and clips on they hips
Quick to gang up on young brothas who make that grip...

Ol’ white men from the days of the cotton pickers
Who used to ride around on pickup trucks lynching niggas
They them same peckerwoods acting like a hoe
When they see a nigga moving in next door
In front of my own home rough me up and harass me
And say you did it all in the line of duty”