

# ABK, Racist

Who gon grant you to be  
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That's not my style

Get the fucc outta here

Repeat

People hate me because my skin

Or the ways that I look at them

Or is it becaus emy braids

Sometimes swing all in they face

Could it be pay nuthin

Hang on the blocc cuz I don't give a fucc

Or is ti because my flow

Make a real muh fucca wanna lose control

People hate me because they racist

Actin like they neva seen a native goin places

Muddy face and all

Creepin up to attack and take out the frauds

If you are here I suggest you bounce

Unless you wanna see a tommy hawk split your mouth

In other words

Put that racist in his place

Do what you gotta

No matta what it takes

Chorus

Get stopped by the cops

Cuz I represent

Like it's my fault

Your thoughts don't mean shit

So they pull the race card, gang-related

Group in this in a hoopty faded

Who do they think they are

Hatin on me cuz I'm raisin the cause

My life, my mind, my choices

Fucc what they think

I ignore hatin voices

Try to tell us how to dress

And how to act

And how to live

Fucc that

Well they can keep they balls

You put your hands up

What what! ?

You with the sticcer int he window

It's a fuccin sticcer

What are you doin with that in your window

It's a fuccin sticker

Put your hand up and get down on the ground

THIS IS SOME BULL SHIT

Chorus

Don't you know I'm on top

Wanted dead or alive by the world

Cuz I'm bringing somethin hot

I'm a killa that you can't stop

Never once will you see tied down on the tracks in a knot

I get chased cuz I hate

Now I'm ready to fight

If anybody wanna make it

Bring the move right on

And if your fuccin luccy

At your funeral they will play this song

He lived life for love and good  
Now he's dead and gone  
It's his tim eor this world hatin  
Doin others wrong  
How come people build up courage  
To hate on someone else  
That's why I keep it underground  
Stay away from all the stress  
Chorus