

No one had a choice in the race we were placed
A brother in queens was beaten and chased
Murdered cold in the streets, a goodamn disgrace
Just because of his race,his life went to waste
And no one went to jail when the court heard the case
Justice or corruption?it's all interlaced
How can you swallow this?I can't stand the taste

Squeeze the trigger

I get paid for illin',cold makin' a killin'
My pockets keep fillin',I got dollars to the ceilin'
Got a safe in my floor,car got bullet proof doors
Every time I rock the mic I leave you wishin' for more
Because my raps ain't bull,got cold stupid pull
You wanna eat my rhymes like candy,till your mind's over full
But most MC's today ain't got nothin' to say
"A" to the mother fuckin' "K"

Squeeze the trigger