

# Aceyalone, Cornbread, Eddie & Me

[Aceyalone]

Aiyyo the police shot Cornbread in the street  
And they just killed Cochise over a beef

Ah man, I'm just a brother whose intentions are good  
Oh lord, please don't let me be misunderstood  
I gotta 10 fifty-fo' under the hood  
Several stages of lifespan, damned if I would  
be a dope when it's not a laughin matter  
Modern contemporary man still hunt and gather data  
They want glamour, the priceless prize  
Give 'em a torch and they put the fire to your eyes  
Give 'em a inch they take a yard and they pull your card  
Throw a wrench so far in yours it'll leave a scar  
Raise the bar, I pass it with the right scholastics  
They made it plastic, that's why they couldn't grasp it  
I always knew that you would fail me  
Once shame on me twice you shouldn't have to tell me  
And I'll be damned if I'll let you get away with that  
I just ain't playin that, that's that bullshit!

Jardine and the kids tryin to make ends meet  
Half dead and do dirty as some God damn thieves

Yo - hold your head up, you only got your life left  
Make the right step and don't sing the wrong song  
Fight somebody your own damn size  
You dead wrong, thinkin you won't meet yo' demise  
This baby here, gon' grow up to be a king  
I don't know how you seein things, but that's a fact  
It'll be over my dead body  
if I let you put a mother{f\*\*kin} monkey on his back  
Shit ain't changed, it's just the choices  
The voices in your head sayin do what you don't gotta do  
They scared of themselves which means that they scared of me  
And them the same, punk-ass fools that shot at you  
The lord giveth and he taketh away  
God bless that I can live to see another day  
And if I had it my way I'd hang you all by the neck  
Have some respect, I'll serve and protect

Aiyyo the police short Cornbread in the street  
And they just killed Cochise over a beef

And if my teachers could see you now  
They'll take your head, cause you probably wouldn't even bow  
You ain't humble, you mumble jumble  
Your tower of so-called power'll crumble  
You killed my uncle, put a dagger through my brother's heart  
I need another start, cause if I knew then  
what I know now, it'll be wild  
Booyaka! Booyaka! I'll put you in the ground  
A peaceful man ain't got no place here  
I guess you wanna see 'em all die with the lambs  
I face fear everyday 'til the space is clear  
Then I fight 'em like a man cause it's what I am  
Somebody told me the road to freedom is lonely  
but I swear I ain't goin on my own  
I'm takin my sisters, my families, my homies  
Now I'm about to take this mother(f\*\*ker) home

Aiyyo the police short Cornbread in the street  
And they just killed Cochise over a beef  
Jardine and the kids tryin to make ends meet

Half dead and do dirty as some God damn thieves