

# Keith Murray, To My Mans

(feat. Dave Hollister)

To my man L.O.D., Def Squad  
Hey yo, this goes out to my man  
Adriana "Knockout"; Beauwright and Anthony "Apple"; Ames  
Word is bond  
I'm talking to my peoples all across the land  
Relate to the situation at hand  
I know everybody done been in some shit  
And ready to lay niggas to rest  
Just prove it but check it  
We done did it, seen it, done it, been through it  
Swigged it, guzzled it, copped it, smuggled it  
Rocked it, chopped it, locked it  
Now we got the whole neighbourhood going through it  
Ay yo, money in the hood makes the game go good  
We only rock black jeans, black Timbs, and black hoods  
Karl Kani wasn't even out, dressing fly  
Rocking jams is what it was all about  
We had dreams of doing shit niggas never heard of  
Then damn my partner got murdered

[CHORUS: 12]

(This goes out) To my mans

Hey yo, close the blinds when you cooking  
My neighbours be looking  
My nerves is shaken so fuck it I'm off to Brooklyn  
To my cousin with the devilish grin, devilish way of livin  
But fuck it, he's still chillin  
Adriana "Knockout"; Beauwright druck 40s all night  
While I did the mic something right  
Catching wreck or we was playing ball  
Getting busy in any little hole in the wall y'all  
Street soldiers with good heads on our shoulders  
Wanted to go to school to be doctors and lawyers  
Well I got caught up in the system with two ounces  
Had to do a little time in the big houses  
Before I even knew it I felt it  
Ay yo, yo your cousin Knockout got murdered, right?  
Damn, that was my man

Ill keep holding on [x2]

I'm on the cutting edge cause I'm young and I'm black  
Now I feel like I got a monkey on my back  
But you know I'm stronger than that of course  
I puff on El and stay mental just knockin em off  
I'm just a bill on Capitol Hill  
Listen to ym Squad members  
Then we go for the kill  
As I smell the vapors linger  
I saw jealousy bring the anger in the chest with a banger  
I'm on a rage against the machine, what I mean  
I want to see my people  
With more than just first of the month cream  
The situation's always looking grim  
Pregnant teenagers with kids and can't take care of em  
For them niggas who did it, word to life  
I'm a get with ya  
Peace to my peoples, I'll never forget ya

[CHORUS:]

To my mans [x2]

I'll keep holdin on [x4]  
To my mans