

# Mystic, Ghetto Birds

with your name in wet concrete you still aint own the block  
let your money counter tick time still gone tock  
you could walk around in a hennesey bliss  
'n' keep fuckin them bitches that you aint even kiss  
you could keep gettin high with them tears in your eyes  
'n' tellin yourself you like fuckin them guys  
you got mountains of things (get money)  
they not high enough to save you when the troops come runnin  
'n' your shiny new hummer that aint strong enough  
to withstand the bombs they gone drop on us  
they got us killin ourselves numbin our brains  
they buggin our phones 'n' fannin the flames  
we damn near got our hands out beggin for more  
forget creepin through the window they walkin through the front door  
the mystery aint no mystery at all  
think you doin big things (love) they let you ball  
like they let our babies die 'n' lock us in cells  
like our youth aint got no options it aint hard to tell  
it's a war goin on that you thinkin that you safe from  
but you like me in the scope of they gun

ghetto birds  
here they come  
creepin through your window  
ghetto birds  
here they come  
walkin through your font door  
tell me where will you go

our minds have been blinded by a twisted system  
they got us thinkin if we paid then we different  
we're educated to destroy ourselves  
to piece by piece dismantle true self  
it's no where to run nowhere to hide  
even when we askin questions they only tellin lies  
my sore eyes weep like the shanandoah flows  
lord knows peace of mind is hard to hold  
when our people seem resigned to destroying our divine  
our warriors and soldiers can't make a front line  
what's the point of havin kids if we can't love ourselves?  
listen to the innocents they screamin for help  
we in full battle but we asleep on the fields  
with our hands over our ears like the bullets aint real  
I'm so tired of speakin faith into space  
hope when the horns cry I can see your face

chorus

so many ways so many courses of action  
so many underhanded schemes to break us into fractions  
I try laughin just to soothe my sorrows  
watch the neighbourhood kids picturin tomorrow  
we on borrowed time with borrowed nines  
'n' they dope in our pockets on enemy mines  
understand I judge no one or they path  
I love some true life killers who know I still ask  
what you think it'd be like if we were really prepared?  
'n' they call me a dreamer say they aint know 'n' aint scared  
I stared at this rhyme for days and prayed  
on the last night heard at least fifty shots sprayed  
then, ghetto birds 'n' screechin sirens  
could vomit from the violence bless they soul in calm silence  
I'm just tired of the death 'n' folks turnin they cheek  
like the conspiracy aint real and we own these streets

chorus