

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 henneseey 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