

Gangsta Madness

Above the Law

Hey, listen up and let a real man speak!
I'm 55 years old
I got one son in here
Two more in federal prison (teacher)
I've had nine Grandchildren
Three shot by police
(Come on, teach on, teach on, put it up there)
Freedom bell rang four days ago
But I bent my back over this broom for so long
Until I didn't know no better than to keep a hold of it
(Teach on the that broom, teach on that broom, come on)
If they won't let you live like men
You can sure as hell die like men

(w/ Kokane)
Someday we all gotta go
But we never know
When we all gotta go
Sometimes I all know when we gonna' go
But we never know when we all gotta' go

You see gangsta madness
Ain't it kinda sad
We all been caught up in this drama
Little children thou are mama's are
Holding up on to some hard times chillin'
Bang's of a drive-by
To the oldest son dope dealing
Is he crooked with the wrong clique
Or is there any bringing? home from the goverment
Most of the time it don't matter
Pushers see to real butt naked what?
As he make the block scatter
Another came through
He said we always got a funeral to go to
I realized a long time ago
I couldn't accept death to the dome
Til it hit me close to home
But we suppose to pick up the pieces
Act like it didn't happen
And wait for the next hood cappin'
So Uncle Sam put us through the sadness
As we relate to these folks
And this gangsta madness

What goes up
Must come down
We both all the same
Living in this world is a give or take

I'm only human so I make mistakes
Things will never change

You know they got me trapped
Thinking every second I'mma snap
Cause I'd be dead or in jail if I couldn't rap
Yeah, I'd never knew what was worse

To die first or see one of my people die before me
Yeah, coming up as a black in the U.S
Ever you pass the test or you get put to rest
Cause six slugs hit my nigga point blank
He told it like a G though
So he came out like a hero
The good lord must of let death past
Cause I don't know to many niggas
Who would survive that blast, yeah
And I ain't got love for no jackers
Cause ya taking from a nigga like a cracker, yeah
You didn't get rich you sorry little bitch
And the homie kam?
Rest in peace over some ol' bullshit
Life packs a toll on a youngster nowadays
Cause we all got one foot in the grave

Cause see mister postman
Got laid off yesterday
Now he's kind of mad and he's about to spray

It's kinda sad he got pushed too the point of no return
And twenty people died over a goverment cut back, yeah
Uncle Sam you'll be the pimp
And don't be the ho
So when you gotta go
You gotta go, yeah

Uhh yeah, right about now I wanna give props to all those who worked on the
album, yeah
All the people across the world who bought the album, yeah
I wanna give a props to all the people who rest in peace an all
So bear with me

"We did it, they listen!"

"Put down your weapon! You will not being threatened! You have nothing to fear!"