

It Is What It Is

Derek Minor

Ha, ha, ha, On Beat

Cold world most of my kin dead or the pen
That's why I'm an Eskimo, I bought an igloo and put on my wrist
Ran out of option we gotta survive so we takin risk
Committing sin we gotta live
It is what it is
Red dot on your white tee it look like Japan
The 40 is on me and if I get hot it blow like a fan
They talk bout the hood like they know the answer but never been in
Committing sin we gotta live
It is what it is

Yeah, yeah, everybody got the answers (answers)
They say that they plan is to master (master)
They preaching to us like they pastors (amen)
Yeah, yeah, the government treat us like cancer (cancer)
The prison system make us bastards (bastards)
Our sin on the news and it's plastered
We can't even turn to charity, they make money off our tragedy (they get the money)
If life's like a school of hard knock, street will teach you like academy
Everybody in they glass house, tell us what we need to do to make it out
When they was born on that mountaintop, they ain't seen the bottom, they don't know the route (they don't know the route)
You think that we choose this environment?
I wish I could choose an entitlement
Instead of being born in poverty and hungry hyena's surrounding me
The Fortune 500 won't hire me
So we create our own economies
With dope money, yeah, our salary
Just to feed our families
I close my eyes and pray that God to live in me
Churches move into our hood but they don't come and speak
While they gentrified, we risk our life
Selling dope, prolly die not knowing Christ

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I used to wonder why, we blow our whole tax refund
On brand new J's, a Gucci belt, a few gold chains
When you can put that change in a IRA
You just waiting, by the time that you retire
You'll be at the millionaire stage
What's the point of saving anything
You die, you can't take it with you
And that will probably be tonight the way that they shooting, they straight out to hit you

I bet you God hear the prayers of millions of mothers
And they all sound the same, even though their sons in different gangs
And they shooting at each other right now
You hear her cries now
Now he's a hashtag they debating 'bout it online now
That's what I call an abortion
And since we talking about abortions
We ain't put them clinics in our own hood, somebody making a fortune
You talking 'bout these mothers like they out here killing for sport
Rather kill they baby in her belly before he get brought in this war
You politicize our genocides
Then use the victim as an scapegoat
But if you care like you say to do
You should talk less and do more

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