Lost Kings

Jarren Benton

Another day, another misfortune I cannot afford to lose my place Cause when I step outside I can feel it We could be close to the end and I can't help it

You a bitch if you hating on this shit I grew up off of Southernplayalisticadillacmusik The everyday bullshit can make a nigga reclusive I give you all the exclusives, I'm twisting dope like a Rubik's (yeah) cube, nigga take a walk in my shoes Come deal with my paranoia, I'm so scared I might lose Sip a couple light brews that might lighten my mood At least for my baby's sake I pray I make the right moves I feel like God with a murderous ink pen About to put a couple hollow points in your ink skin Rappers you fugazi, we can see that you pretend Butter soft, leather in the seats that I'm sinking Welcome to the mind of Mr. Benton The fuck is these niggas sniffing? The verbal serial killer just itching to stick this clip in Niggas nothing different, same shit, different porcelain Thank God we walked up out that abortion clinic Old school Chevy, the windows tinted Another homicide, 12 need more forensics The fact is, pigs murdering black kids And black kids murdering black kids Ay where the value in that? It's like we don't see no value in black A fatherless habitat, moving vials of that crack

Another day, another misfortune I cannot afford to lose my place Cause when I step outside I can feel it We could be close to the end and I can't help it

Yeah, ATLiens

I told the pastor to pray for them Lost souls, communities broken, can't find a way for them Niggas still waiting on God to sky dive Like that's our only hope to stop these drive-bys Ain't no action heroes, a bunch of misguided negros We scared of our own so we sleep with guns under pillows And ADT alarms, they don't mean no harm And I'm guilty of it too, I profile niggas like um What this nigga up to? Damn he lookin' shady Is he casing my crib while I'm clutchin' on the 3.80? Meanwhile he's just tryna find the local gymnasium We assume the worse and we plant these seeds in our cranium Damn that's that same mindframe that killed Trayvon But we don't think shit bout the bitch when she selling Avon Wake up, something going on my niggas We murder over dumb shit, still miss the big picture Psychological damage planted in our genes How'd we go to this when we used to be kings and queens Meanwhile the African population decreasing over bullshit diseases Hunger and shit that's mean'less That's weird, the most hated and feared

Open your third eye, there's something going on here Slavery mind state still controlling most of y'all head Ask Malcolm, when you wake from the matrix they want you dead