

Young Black Male

Pac Div

This is the story of a young black male
Tryna dodge the cemetery and the over packed jail
Whyoooo oh oh
Whyoooo oh oh oh oh

This is the story of a young black male
Tryna dodge the cemetery and the over packed jail
I don't sell no crack, I don't stand on no corner
Got my life in order. No wife, no daughter
No house that I own, but the house I call home
Is my mama's with a couch that pulls out when its on
And I still do my thang yo, life ain't a game yo
Still on a search for that gold under the rainbow
Back in high school I used to have a nice game yo
Now I work at a grocery store stocking draino
Dang yo, damn yo
Little black sand boat
My boss is gonna make me flip out, like Rambo
But I can't though, gotta set the right example
For these other young black males
Cause I'm the mantle
I'm the mantle, but if I think about it
300 years ago, I would've been in shackles

Watch cops pull us over
High beaming lights, they gon pull us to the shoulder
Tryna meet a quota
Hem you up, vultures
No sudden moves, they gon say you got explosives
Damn these niggas bogus
I'm dippin in the focus
Got my check, tryna hit the bank for the close it
Young black males always seem to fit the culprit
Make a U-turn, 10-4 and they on it
Have you on the most wanted
Call it all a mix up
When its time to go home, and they shifts up
Now I'm 30 minutes late, tryna pick my chick up
Didn't even get to see LeBron light them Knicks up
That's some shit huh?

Mannnn, I can't figure this out
My car payments due soon, so is rent for the house
And I can't miss this month or they'll be kickin me out
My landlord ain't hearing me out, I'm on my own
Bout time tho, I used to get on mama's last nerve
I ain't tryna wrap burgers ma, I'm tryna rap words
I ain't tryna get murdered, I ain't tryna stack furs
I ain't tryna grab yo ass girl, I'm tryna grab hers (Oops)
Sorry got sidetracked, let me get to my rap
Let me show you that was my