

Letter to the King

The Game

Second floor of my hotel, I'm rollin' up bout to blaze
And zone out, to this Frankie Beverly and Maze
As I daze about the past, and them days in the past
He set my mom free, so my mom free at last
So much that I don't even drink from a fuckin' glass
I'd rather find the first fountain I can and do it fast
Didn't understand the dream of a King, do the math
Coincidentally on your birthdays I ditched the class
Cause the younger me, dumber me was chasin' the cash
Chasin' the ass, lowlife with his face in the grass
Ridin' home from school, in front of the bus
Not even thinkin' bout how Rosa Parks done it for us
How she stayed behind bars and she done it for us
And she stayed behind bars 'til she won it for us
Sometimes I wanna give up or at least take a break
That's when I close my eyes and see Coretta Scott's face...
Cause sometimes I wanna give up and at least take a break
That's when I close my eyes and see Coretta Scott's face...

Standin' at the pew, panaramic view of the seating and greeting
I've been meanin' to do me some letter reading
to the King, he forever breathin', your message is never leavin'
Some of your homies phonies, I should've said it when I see them
Them sleazy bastards, some greedy pastors, jerks
Should never be aloud at Ebenezer Baptist Church in Atlanta
So people be patient, I know this ghetto grammar
But I'm a street dude, normally I just speak rude
Martin Luther, the martyr, the trooper, hate killed him
Nobel Peace Prize winner, they duplicate your feelin'
As a kid I ain't relate really
I would say your dream speech jokingly, 'til your world awoke in me
First I thought you were passive, soft one who ass kissed
I was young but honest, I was feelin' Muhammad
I ain't even know the strength you had to have the march
You was more than just talk, you the first real Braveheart, we miss you...
Feel like King be in me sometimes

The word nigger, is nothin' like nigga
Don't sound shit alike - like Game, like Jigga
One came before the other, like aim and pull the trigga
One is slang for my brother, one is hang and take a picture
The rope ain't tight enough, he still alive, go fix it
Pour some gasoline on him, call his daughters black bitches
Make 'em pick cotton, while they mama cleanin' up the kitchen
Same cotton in white T's, that's the cotton they was pickin'
If Dr. King marched today would Bill Gates march?
I know Obama would but would Hilary take part?
Great minds think great thoughts
The pictures I paint, make the Mona Lisa look like fake art
I feel the pain of Nelson Mandela
Cause when it rains it pours, I need Rihanna's "Umbrella"
for Coretta Scott's tear drops, when she got the phone call
that the future just took a fuckin' head shot...
I wonder why Jesse Jackson ain't catch him before his body dropped
Would he give me the answer? Probably not...