

X**"I Can Relate"**

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Black Child
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
You know me, y'all dont know me?
Let me tell you a lil' something about me
How I came up
Where I came from
Ahhight?
This is how it all set it off...like this

[Black Child]
I was the black baby that got opened off a black three-
eighty
This black lady, in a black Mercedes
Pulled out on this black man, in the black land
He used to sell white rocks, and black cops used to riff
White cops ain't say shit, on the day shift they sniffed
I was a little nigga, with little niggas that like to steal
Then blew up to bigger niggas, that love to kill
Rock Hilfiger sheilds and vests laced in our 'getts
A bounce in the bubble bullet proof G.S.
Of the Ac' NSX with a mack ten express
Or my Q-4-5 with two new four-fifths
I'm into cars and guns I keep a gun in my whip
Nigga, me without my gat is like being in a blue Benz
Infront'a thousand bloods with mac tens
Or a red rose infront'a thousand crips with Calico's
And lord knows, we lust hoes

Chours: Black Child

I dont give a fuck if you white of black
If you bust your gat, I can relate to that
If you sell coke or crack I relate to that
If you do sticks and stacks I can relate to that
I dont give a fuck if you white of black
If you bust your gat, I can relate to that
If you sell coke or crack I relate to that
When its yo' turn to blow there ain't no turning back

[Black Child]
It seem like in anotha lifetime I used to sniff white lines

Commit white collar crimes, and hit white dollar dimes
This one white bitch in the white Benz used to fuck
white men
And like to sniff white heroin, I sold china white crack
back then
As I was writin this rhyme on white paper with a black
pen
I started wonderin how life woulda been
If a nigga like me was born with white skin
I wouldn't have got knocked by the white cops with the
white rocks
Coming through in the new blue drop
I be able to floss white gold, and toss white hoes
Shittin in the white Rolls Royce
Hittin a caucasian chickens that sing with a black girls
voice
But I love being black, a thug bustin my mack
I know if I was white I wouldnt like that
Or love my gat, or play the clubs where the dubs at
But truthfully you could be blue to me
As long as your cream is green that beautifully
Exclusively, its me and Irv Gotti
And Murder I-N-C here to body everybody

Chorus

[Black Child]
(A MURDA'RA) always got a plan
(A BITCH NIGGA) is a poor excuse for a man
Playas play to win and learn to listen, and listen to learn
(A LAME NIGGA) await his turn to talk
And won't catch ?near jewels? that need to be caught
Niggas know shit thats difficult is possible
A playa pull out and put ya ass in the hospital
For thinkin the possible is impossible
This is ghetto gospel, we gotta politic
Riot quick, pull out the guns and body shit
I don't give a fuck who you go and get
Its Black Child motherfucka, who you fuckin with?
Its MURDAAAA

Chorus

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