

## The Roots f/ Truck North

### "Bread and Butter"

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[Verse 1: Truck North]

Yeah, through the sirens, the lights is blinding  
Battle cries sound off, warriors dying  
Last call at the bar for snakes and tyrants  
Hands up, that's a massacre the cops kept firing  
Run amok, keep y'all eternally crying  
Fed up, place red stains on global giants  
The brain of an Orson Welles  
Stuck in a masterpiece, Citizen Kane's personal hell  
It's done, and it's hot where them hustlers dwell  
And the air bears the stench of a corpse's smell  
Homie down on his luck one foot in the jail  
And he down to his last with a quarter to sell  
This right here, world premiere of the last days  
The final paragraphs to the book's last page  
You could feel it coming, no running away  
Let's get free or let's get paid  
Same shit different day  
The cornerstone to where I lay  
It's shattered glass and crack bags where they play  
And scattered ass is passed in ridiculous ways  
These cats Chef like they Isaac Hayes  
Parallel to the grave  
Stuck in the game with no rules  
And we screaming for some water and some edible  
food  
Man I'm right there, rabbit ears, nothing to lose  
This is what you ain't learning in school  
I'm trying to tell you it's hard

[chorus:]

A loaf of bread, milk and eggs, stick of butter man  
Somebody's mother lies dead in the gutter  
Sheriff down by them heads, talking that gutter  
Tell the kids don't look under those covers, man [x2]

[Verse 2: Back Thought]

Check it out  
A child is born, his mother is gone  
He in the middle of it literally, tussling strong  
For his life, the tide high in the eye of the storm

A mannish boy arrive and the riot is on  
With no spare time to try to respond  
Or prepare times, it's hard not becoming a headline  
Or praying in the night when it's bedtime  
Or laying your head down  
Cuz you already know what it is now  
You know a lot of leaders ain't honest  
And they can't keep a promise  
And I hate to speak about it but it's all freakanomics  
Cramped and proud of it, you amped and you rowdy  
Treading water trying to lift up your head without  
drowning  
This type of shit can make your heart stop pounding  
But you pushing for the top, too scared to stop  
Now it gets deep, bodies are floating around in the  
streets  
Lot of people who won't even be around in a week  
Man, get the operation gone, what y'all waiting on?  
We been patient, y'all mo'fuckas taking long  
The television getting all the information wrong  
Doing how they do it getting they mis-education on  
They already late  
Somebody been was 'posed to regulate  
Instead of wait before they let the levee break  
You try running from the truth but it's giving chase  
I got to ask myself, yo, is any nigga safe?

[chorus x3]

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