

## Channel Bruce

### "Intro"

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\*Talking In The Background\*

Uh

The streets of my city be gritty  
Young niggaz pack plenty, and ain't never show no pity  
Many die on streets of concrete, blasted from the heat  
From under the seat, niggaz just tryin' to make ends  
meat  
Trying to eat, day to day livin' with no religion  
Luxury cars, and this money got my full attention  
School teachers and the preachers don't know what to  
teach us  
They don't get a second look without them ghetto  
features  
Created so the non pigmentated rated  
Pornographic caught they children learn the words and  
say it  
Save the monsters, but don't nobody know the lord  
Status depends on the baddest shit you can afford  
And look at me I'm in the middle of the confusion  
Crime in my blood and I need a transfusion  
Take it how you wanna take it  
I gotta twist and break it  
Make it shine to distinguish from the ones who fake it  
and if it comes out raw, and uncontrollable  
Money's foldable, fuck a hip-hop quoteable  
Nobody felt what I was feeling when I wrote this shit  
Broke this shit, but that ain't new so I can cope with this  
Hope it get better for those who don't get a chance  
To advance, and dig the shit I be saying  
You know what might make what I say a little clearer  
If mothafuckers judge the one they see in the mirror

\*Talking till the End\*

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