

## A.L. "A Tree Never Grown"

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"1, 2, 3, 4" [x10]

[88 Keys]

Yo, this is 88...

This is for Amadou Diallo

Rest in peace, you still here

[Fre]

Yo, I'm in a brownstone singin like Brownstone

Bird's eye view wit the bodega

Know Omega like Rakim

Thinkin about brother Diallo

I find it hard to swallow

Cuz 41 is a hard act to follow

Who is it, it can happen tomorrow

Goes down all the time in some African community

This one just hit closer to home

Cuz it happen it in our backyard

This that \*shit\* bring us closer to home

They ask "What you writin fo'? What you writin on that  
paper fo'?"

Don't ask me nuttin, just tell me

How is safer got me safe, that's why my raps sour

My peoples screamin "Black power!" and la razah

From the Bronx, police bustin, it's redemption time

[J-Live]

Now in the squad car, CPR's supposed to be the motto

But in they minds, they be like "Yo, I'ma do Diallo"

I guess master's noose was a bitter pill to swallow

Cuz nowadays, tips ain't the only things that's hollow

Constitution, 41 more holes in it

And cops swingin sticks like they tryin to win the  
pennant

And stickin sticks places where they ashamed to admit  
it

But that's the straw that broke the camel's back

THEY GON' GET IT!!

[Rubix]

Possessed by a nervous twitch and itchy writin finger

41 strokes through the barrel of pen for Amadou

More than a few of my personal friends  
Since the beginning, it seems like it never ends  
The story, ancient as lyrical allegory and it's all gory  
The Little Shop of City Hall Horrors  
Who bakes infiltrate, agent, provocator mission  
statement  
Assassinate the Senate candidate, heavenly mandate

[Chorus: Mos Def]

We proceeded on a country road  
His mother's eyes withered swoll  
Her child was never comin home  
Said a prayer for his soul  
As the coffin had closed, committed to the earth below  
First seed she would sew, would be a tree never grown  
Shade that was never known  
Who controls the Terrordome, the member hearts  
made of stone  
Who love only what they own

[Invincible]

Stay on your toes for a true bruise description  
Match blue suits, walkin round wit a stick and \*edit\*  
Ready to blast wit the wrath of a hollow tip  
And the fact is my task is a scholarship  
I feel it in my chest cavity  
The only death's apathy, so I change it for who's next  
after me  
And that's the fullest reward  
Keep the face of the lost on my bulletin board

[Wordsworth]

Yo yo, it's blue uniform, sirens, names, and badge  
numbers  
Clubs, walkie-talkies, recipies for bad summers  
Frisked, pissed after I tuck in my stuff  
I really think they just like touchin my \*nuts\*  
What's real stain they thoughts  
Swear, but they won't say it in court  
All they do is change the report  
Riots, tryin to keep the crowd under control  
They even got shows, Cops, LAPD, Highway Patrol yo yo

[A.L.]

From the cradle to the grave, they made you a slave  
Brainwash to kill each other, that's the plague that they  
made  
I search em like readin scripts that could save you  
today  
White is right, black is wrong, that's the label they gave  
Fryin in hell, applyin jails, they got you dyin in cells

Triple six in the mix, Levine to ?spell?  
Prepare for the worst, and try to hope for the best  
I take a stare at the hearse, can we cope wit the stress?

[Kofi Taha]

I live in the land of punches  
Illegal chokeholds and excessive gunshots  
Where there's one millionaire for every billion empty  
pot  
And Adolf Guily think we static but he's in for a shock  
They come wit automatics but we flip it  
Use the one, create the four glocks and while stocks  
get washed  
While school doors get locked and when jobs get  
blocked  
The confi-dence get's rock  
And when the welfares drop into the jails we stock now  
After Amadou wrestlin wit freedom tacks my mind into  
a headlock  
But fuck H&R, I'm a true cat  
Refundin power back to our Blocks

[Chorus]

[Tame One]

Good life, you can bubble or struggle  
Use your brain muscle if you hustle  
Don't let nobody touch you  
Don't even trust the ones that trust you  
Cuz the ones you showin love to might bust  
Seekin as a cancer, my man got shot by Haitians or  
Jamaicans  
? wit confrontations and school my mind's racin  
I pride these sensations over this, now I'm hopin this  
We shine for, I never got a chance to rhyme for  
My role models sold bottles and stole cars  
And when they got locked, I accepted all the phone  
calls  
That's when \*niggas\* was real  
Back before I had a deal  
Back when people called Villsburg Hooterville  
ILL!!!

[Jane Doe]

My mind wonders on melodic jams  
An exotic bird, caged wit the rage and the violence of  
my words  
The same things I down I turn around and do  
The white cops say \*Fuck you\* but I say Fuck you too!  
Truth be totally hypocrites  
And materialistic society, spirituality shunned or

While young kinds get gunned on  
Hibernatin in projects, which you project-ing  
The pigs is crucifyin but Africans is resurrectin, Jane  
Doe

[Grafh]

Battacky, sends cops to come and catch me  
He better send a runnin back to run and track me  
When I'm runnin through the back streets  
The rat teeth of beast lovin to black me  
Eatin brothers like a picnic color cuz that's sweet  
To lock a man up in prison, the standard of livin  
Thinkin they make a better bred of man  
Than the man when he went in  
Rub up a man for sinnin  
Handcuff his hands to the system, banned from his  
wisdom  
Wit insanity in him, his mind roams wit like a cyclone  
Damagin victim, his eyes hold savage within him  
Wrath wit the venom, poison his life  
No ointment to boisten the might  
If it's on the left, walk to the right  
Until death, do your part do your life  
Like a boyfriend and wife, because the day times  
shorter than night  
You know?

[Chorus]

[88 Keys]

Yo, black is fragile remember that  
Cherish everyday  
Live life to the fullest, aight

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