

**AZ****"Pieces Of A (Black) Man"**

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Pieces of a black man, my thoughts travel  
Trapped on savage land it's like taboo  
Stuck in time, so many young boys bustin' nines  
Some servin' state bids, 'cause they hustle blind  
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Yo when times get trifle, I'm subjected to street survival  
See many never complete they cycle, other retreat to  
Bibles  
Livin' holy, but currency seem to control me  
Movin' coldly, in the presence of old paroles  
My mind mold me, keep me in mack mode like Goldie  
Police know me, but ain't got enough to hold me  
I follow rules, through the knowledge, swallow jewels  
A form of teachin', from the streets never taught in  
school

You caught you lose, a wise man utilize tools  
Solitude certifies all moves  
So I walk this path of the old dread, that lead me off  
the Ave  
Absorbin' fast, learnin' from niggas I lost in the past  
It's poison plays in these foul days  
Housin' cops and they foul ways, and walkin' through a  
wild maze  
Holdin' my brain, tryin' to maintain  
Sleet, snow, or rain, I guess the game'll never change

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Since the genesis, paraphernalia circle my premises  
Poor images, project life drained my innocence  
It's all the worst genocide, I guess the water's cursed  
My old earth identify, though her soul is for the church  
She prayed for peace, hopin' I'm saved before she lay  
diciest

To say the least, the warden's too wise to play the streets  
I know the ropes, certain niggas too slow to cope  
And though I sold some Coke, it was only to stay afloat

Amongst the frozen hearted, some now bentin', some departed  
Inhalin' chocolate, tracin' back to where it started  
The Crack wave 2 for 5, deuce and tres  
The Mack sprays, puffin' lye, truth and days  
And though it sound ill, through all the foul shit, I'm down still  
All around real, rough is the grounds in Brownsville  
I know the ledge, mediatin', holdin' my head  
Eyes red, it's Doe or Die till I'm dead

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I played all positions, plus learned from each mission  
Politic, wit all type niggas wit different diction  
I did it up, from young in some cunt, the way I hit it up  
Buggin' off my first Philly Blunt, and how I lit it up  
But time flyin', playin' these corners'll let it slide by  
Puffin' lye, homicide, coke supplies dry  
So play the game, other slow up change the lane  
Awaken, unchain the brain in exchange to take away the pain

It's a part of scriptures, put together wit different mixtures  
They tricked us, got us trapped in takin' pictures  
Interogatin', locatin', destination'  
Estimatin', or play a part of them investigatin'  
It's on goin', from them killers, to them broads hoin'  
Unknowin' first time felons on trial blowin'  
So burn your clips and sit back, learn your shit  
The last of these real reps left turned legit

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