

## **Deltron**

# **"Memory Loss"**

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You try to get over  
You're gonna go under  
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You're gonna go under

Literally it's 3030  
I don't got time  
To be wasting time on you  
Slow pokes

I want ya all to, get open, like the ocean  
Brothers be buggin like, "He's from  
Oakland?"  
What? I'll whoop you insinuat' we ain't capable  
Stupid ass niggas is gonna rape a hoe  
A few out a thousand

My town is foundin' fathers of the black panthers  
We provide answers  
You don't wanna believe  
Then ya all are some blind bastards

They got you set up real good your neuralizing  
Industry rising while energies reclining  
Niggas think I'm whinin' but I really don't give a shit  
'Cuz everybody's dyin' but ya all think that's the end of  
it  
That's why it's so easy to be a Benedict

Or imitate 'cuz they wouldn't teach ya Algebra  
When you was eight  
Now you fornicate and you hate children  
Forgot where you came from now your straight illin'  
Don't fight the feelin', you better deal with it

It don't matter what you do or say  
Try to get away but I'm gonna catch ya  
Wanna compare your self to them  
Well guess what homeboy you  
Don't match up

I'm my own individual so I know it isn't true

Just 'cuz you say it is 'cuz anything thats truth  
Got proof it, ain't you?  
Thats simply just the way it is

Lookin' up the sky is red  
City's burning up over head  
(Flame on baby)  
We can make the best of it  
(Rock that)  
In this post apocalypse  
(Right on)

I'm on some real shit  
So real brothers feel this  
'Cuz we know reality is crazy  
Thats why nothin' amaze me  
Look in the past, you might have to go  
Farther then the book in your class

My niggas cookin' some crack  
And mom's gets the first hit  
Thats okay with you? thats okay with me  
I'm not here to judge the way you be

I got my own complications  
The government shoe less rations  
Plantations is man labor  
For five bucks for hourly intervals  
I get a G for that

So believe what I spit to you is given back  
Don't think that I'm livin' that dream  
When the I.R.S reposes most of your cream  
Its like I dream when I lye I wake up

I see all the people I disrespected  
And try to make up  
It's praise to the creator  
Relate to nature

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