

Denizen Kane "Lastchild Speaks"

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Yo, this is for them days that's gone,
Sit back and reminisce and play this song,
Ya some of us got left, the rest is bravin' on.
I face the storm just holdin' a split,
And facin' calm, I watch these mother fuckers fakin'
strong,
Tryn'a take us on.
Cut throat killers, playas that's really pawns,
Game got their brains chained to paper chases,
dragged on.
I babel on the whole, past the war path where I was
born.
Swords clash again to 144 gats that change the form.
Scatterin' fire, battles for hire,
Dismantlin' the system of liars, Devils conspire.
The spirit of a sniper inside of a scripture writer,
And decipher with some simple shit, killin' fictitious
rhymers.
Seein' suspicious vipers circle streets we restrained in,
Raised in containing this game of death, we play to win.
Every day they takin' us in, creatin' ways to make this
shit a safer place for them to rape us again.
I hate the government, business, the way the livin' has
been,
The industry, I'm sick of seein' stupidity segregatin'
skin,
Sick of men that disrespect women, but I'm also sick of
chickens that's just playin' the stereotypes they given.
I ain't got no wisdom I shut the fuck up and listen,
Identify the bullshit and keep the knowledge hidden.
I can hear you, I just say feelin' you, there's a
difference,
And I don't hate on no one, I just put up resistance.
You know the business, y'all know the routine, you know
the way it is and how it ought to be,
And what's the difference between,
You know the scene and the motherfuckin'
mainstream, reality a strange dream,
Everything's a war, pick your team.
We addicted to greed, hearin' Chicago Machine, and
every area inside of the scheme.
We call American the "Nation of the Plantation" babel

on system,
We battlin' for liberation while they place us in prisons.
But no one listens, kid,
I know the majority's sittin' dissin',
Givin' last child's criticism over what I'm spittin'.
And meanwhile, I'm slittin' my wrists,
With pages that I've writtin',
Just to let some mother fuckers know how bad it's
gettin'.
But fuck it, pay me no mind, takin' my time,
Shakin' every mistake from my fuckin' life off my slide.
Creatin' a rhyme, that's dedicated to wasting away and
askin' why, flashin' at the sky, waiting on God to cry.
We gotta get high, cuz soon enough we hit the ground,
Why should we look ahead when no one seems to give
a shit now?
Livin' in sound,
So y'all don't see me but your eyes can be deceived
easily y'all,
Believe me.
So till the police leave,
Until the streets live and breathe,
Until we all rich and ain't nobody in need,
Until I see some politicians bleed for everything that
they could have done but didn't cuz of greed,
Until we all free, fuck the world, pass the weed,
Life ain't what it seems y'all we chasin' fantasies.
I'm planning on patiently persevering passively,
Ask your seeds why we do, this ain't no future to me.
Shoot the breeze off the new beats while stupid
emcees, confuse me as another victim of their useless
conceive.
True to my rhymes, and true to my mind, y'all can't
compete, cuz like the late David Ginsberg, I'm fucking
you neat.
Rest in peace.

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