

## **Bottomley John**

### **"Memory Loss"**

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You try to get over your gonna go under  
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Literally it's 3030  
I don't got time to be wasting time on you slow pokes

I want y'all to, get open, like the ocean  
Brothers be buggin like "He's from Oakland?"  
What? I'll whoop you insinuatins 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 y'all are some blind  
bastards  
They got you set up real good you're generalizing  
Industry rising while energies reclining  
Niggas think I'm whinin but I really don't give a shit  
Cause everybody's dyin but y'all think that's the end of  
it  
That's why it's so easy to be a Benedict  
Or imitate cause they wouldn't teach ya algebra when  
you was eight  
Now you forty-eight 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 that's truth got proof it ain't you  
That's simply just the way it is

Del: sing

[Sean Lennon]  
Lookin up the sky is red

City's burning up over head (flame on baby)  
We can make the best of it Del: (rock that)  
In this post apocolypse (right on)

I'm on some real shit  
So real brothers feel this  
Cause 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 moms gets the first  
hit  
Thats ok with you? thats ok with me  
I'm not here to judge the way you be  
I got my own ccomplications the governmen't shoeless  
rations  
Plantations is manlabor for 5 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  
It's like I dream when I die 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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