

Ghetto Commission "Shackled"

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Commission #1}

Who's the man and what's his plan is it to kill off all his niggas ?
It's the 90's motherfucka we no longer stays the cotton pickas
We be gangsta's fuckin soldiers riders ride and you feel me
If mista master touch this nigga then that bitch gon have to kill me
See yall lil niggas or trill niggas your defense is try to jill niggas
See I was called a real nigga but also known as phil nigga
A house nigga a bitch nigga kissin up to the man
Yes sir master no sir master but ain't part of the master's plan
They used to beat us and mistreat us tying ropes around necks
Now them bitches want to be us and hang around our sets
They used to rape our fuckin weaks destroy our dreams and steal our hopes
So I'll be that snipa sniping at they heads through rifle scopes

{Chorus}

it's so hard with these shackles on my feet
it's so hard i rather die if i'm not sleep

{Commission #2}

That ole slave shit
Was gay shit
Cause niggas didn't want to say shit
But If I was 40's bound
I would of turned that shit around
Look here master pick that cotton
And you bets not miss a spottin
And if you think about escaping I'm gon shoot you while you trottin
I'm feelin horny fuckin right BOY I'm gon fuck your wife tonight
I'm gon do it out of spite cause I'm a nigga and she's

white

I waxed that ass yesterday and if it seems
you still revealed so when I ring this fuckin bell
Hangings taking place at twelve
They'll be phil honkeys and house honkeys kid honkeys
doin laundry
And those I didn't included will be entertaining us like
monkeys
As for ridin shotgun fuck that I'll be in the back
countin my riches
That way I can keep my fuckin eyes on all you bitchez

{Chorus}

it's so hard with these shackles on our feet
it's so hard all the things you done to me
it's SO HARD ! why has the Lord forsaken me ?
it's so hard i rather die if i'm not sleep

{Commission #3}

Now lets talk about the people
with the white sheets and burning crosses
Roamin through the night wit they torches
Sayin a white girl has been tampered wit by a black
man
Swingin ropes around the oaks sayin they found they
man
it's that type of story down south how they jus fuck over
a nigga
Have us hangin from tree limbs God the shit gets grim
it's us against them
But the bitchez got the upper hand
Cause we robbin from our own land
It was to many to take a stand
So we ran
Through the underground railroad like Harriet duckin
off
Walkin through water and shit to hide ourselves from
the dark

{Commission #4}

Now the hands of time then turned since slave shit and
whips
But are we still shackled down by the fucked up politics
They say it's equal oppurtunites
But look at the difference in our community
We livin in hell they living in luxury
Them bitches scared of the black power
Put the dope in our hood to divide and devour
But Lord we still fightin but they got us on the ropes
We came so far but we still got so far to go

{Chorus}

it's so hard with these shackles on our feet

it's so hard all the things you done to me

it's SO HARD ! why has the Lord forsaken me ?

it's so hard i rather die if i'm not sleep

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