

Kendra Smith

"Don't Understand"

Visit "[Don't Understand](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

His eyes bloodshot red
I watched him as he took a fifth of Henny to the head in
memory of his
Brother
Reminiscing on them playing Sega with each other
He was hurting, I could see it, plenty tears, no Kleenex
I stood by his side because that was my homie
Gave him a hug, some of his brother blood got on me
Clenching his fists on some angry shit
Stood up, sat back down on the curb and asked me
who they be hanging with
I wasn't sure so I gave him no answer
But I was sure that he had him a blammer and wanted
war
Revenge, what do say to a good friend
That just lost it and grabbing choppers out the closet?
I tried my best to make him renege, but he was like my
nig'
This feeling is more than personal
I stood down, he hopped in a hour-door Honda Accord
Before he bent the block he said K. Dot, you wouldn't
understand

These streets can turn a kid to killer in minutes
Not by choice, but forced to be a menace
Can someone just pray for me, or war
(Or at least, try to understand) the city pressure
The AK-47, twin MAC-11s
The Desert Eagle, shotty and the Smith & Wessons
Pray for me, or war

Corners become monuments for the dead
Candles on the pavement, postcard read
Rest in peace, the yellow tape blocking off the streets
A baby momma yelling at the police
But you don't understand, you figure that we're just a
bunch of niggas
But the picture is a story untold
See this wasn't in our plans
Babies from the late eighties wasn't born crazy, we was
raised that way

Put that Malcolm X book down, then raised that K
Complete chaos when we off X pills and St. Ides
Look the Devil in the face from a saint eye
Cast a 'spell' on you like Akeelah and the Bee
Every killer in the street is a teen with a corrupted,
mind
Substance, time is no longer an issue
We don't have it, so pass the tissue
Then close the casket, kiss the momma when you can
Then tell her you understand, but you don't understand

These streets can turn a kid to killer in minutes
Not by choice, but forced to be a menace
Can someone just pray for me, or war
(And hopefully you'll understand) the city pressure
The AK-47, twin MAC-11s
The Desert Eagle, shotty and the Smith & Wessons
Pray for me, or war

He came back fifteen minutes later
He said, Dot I went on one, do me this favor
Dump these guns in a safe place, let nobody see you
This is critical as it gets my nigga, I need you
I said alright, so what happened? Seen a few niggas
slipping
And I just started clapping, I didn't care who I was
hitting
That's wild shit, but anyway, I got you
I love you my nigga, make sure you hit me up by
tomorrow
I woke up the next morning with a cold
Allergies got me sneezing and wiping my nose when it
was leaking
Checked the medicine cabinet, looking for some
DayQuil
But all I seem was some aspirins, just my luck
I got up, went to Rite Aid
Hoping that the pharmacy department had the right
aid, I bought it and left
Walked to the parking lot, that's when I seen the faces
of death
Said they was looking for my man with a chopper in
their hand
Praying that it would jam, but you don't understand

These streets can turn a kid to killer in minutes
Not by choice, but forced to be a menace
Can someone just pray for me, or war
(Now tell me, do you understand?) the city pressure
The AK-47, twin MAC-11s (huh?)
The Desert Eagle, shotty and the Smith & Wessons (do

you understand?)
Pray for me, or war

It's like, it's a revolving door
That I've been a part of my whole life
Fucked up right?

Visit [Kendra Smith](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.