

Knaan "Somalia"

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Uh,
Yeah,
Somalia

Yeah,
I spit it for my block,
It's an ode, I admit it.
Here the city code is lock and load
Any minute is rock and roll
And you rock and roll,
And feel your soul leavin'.
It's just the wrong dance
That'll leave you not breathin'.
I'm not particularly proud
Of this predicament but,
I'm born and bred
In this tenement, I'm sentimental, What?!
Plus it's only right to represent my hood
And what not.
So I'm about to do it in the music; in the movies.
Cut to the chase pan across to the face
I'm right there.
Freeze frame on the street name
Oops wait a minute,
This is where the streets have no name
And the drain of sewage.
You can see it in this boy how the hate is brewin'.
Cause when his tummy tucks in
Fuck the pain is fluid.
So what difference does it make,
Entertaining threw it.
Some get high mixing coke and gun powder, sniffin'.
She got a gun but could have been a model or
physician.

So what you know bout the pirates terrorize the ocean.
To never know a simple day without a big commotion.
It can't be healthy just to live with a such steep
emotion.
And when I try and sleep, I see coffins closin'.
(Repeat)

Yeah,
Yeah,
We used to take barb wire
Mold them around discarded bike tires.

Roll em down the hill in foot blazin' .
Now that was our version of mountain bike racing
Daamn!
Do you see why it's amazing,
When someone comes out of such a dire situation
And learns the English language,
Just to share his observation!
Probably get a Grammy without a grammar education.
So fuck you school and fuck you immigration!
And all of you who thought I wouldn't amount to
constipation.
And now I'm here without the slightest fear and
preservation,
They love me in the slums and in the native
reservations.
The world is a ghetto with ministerin' deprivation.
My mommy didn't raise no fool did she hooyo?
I promise I would get it and remain strictly loyal.
Cause when they get it then they let it all switch and
spoil.
But I just illuminated it like kitchen foil.
A lot of main stream niggas is yappin' about yappin'
A lot of underground niggas is rappin' about rappin'.
I just wanna tell you what's really crackalackan
Before the tears came down this is what happened.

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And when I try and sleep, I see coffins closin'.
(Repeat)

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