

Luti-Kriss

"Badlands"

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(mcneal/jay g/papalexis/larossi/benn/yacoub/swing)

I'm talking about the badlands
Ain't nothing but a sadland
I don't blame it on the city
But the badlands put it's mark on you
I see johnny at the corner
As the popsicleman
All of a sudden he's got a gun in his hand
Now johnny's in a wheelchair
'cause of the popsicleman
At the wrong place at the wrong time
Now he understands
I need to find some peace of mind
I need a rest, i need to unwind
This hangin' and bangin' goin' on
This ain't no hell, this is my home
Talking about the badlands
Ain't nothing but a sadland
I don't blame it on the city
But the badlands put it's mark on you

Bad land!
You gotta know the streets muthaf-a
It can't be no one
Time beef muthaf-a
Can you feel me really
I hope you rocking mic's
Than you ain't slinging dope
Check the masses who major in the
Gunblast on yah filthy rich ass
Cause you ain't never cut class
But they did
Now they're f-n' underrated
Y'all showed no love
So now their hearts are full with hatred
And ain't trying to throw no joints, or no bullsh...
Just drink liquor, smoke hydro and just pull sh...
Stay jiggy without the man, stack the grand
Cause the plan done work
Now we're duckin' from uncle sam

Blam! take that on yah way out
Stay out. yah days out - lights out!
Back to my hideout
You inside out makes the inside edition
A scar is my tradition
Doin' you in intermission

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