

## Mordred "Shut"

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Pause

My man Holo told me the devil would control me  
If I didn't have a hold of my soul and mind  
'Cause now I think back on when I used to sell crack  
To all the twigged-out bags makin' a grip in '89

It's a... she made Philmo' clique  
Eight years old niggers on the corner running bags  
While I'm in the park smokin' weed & drinkin' port  
It was the boys in the hood taggin' fucking...

But-a, that was the past, all that  
I'm thinking of other ways of making my pockets fat  
And mixing those beats on plastic  
They like tricks, fool  
You can't have it silly rabbit

Kimball

Got the past in the past and we're in the present tense  
Looking out from where we are, it's amazing that we  
got this far  
Like a... it hits, gonna follow you...  
Like a son in your gun, turn the corner and the door is  
shut

Pause

Back when I was young in the hood carryin' a gun  
It was an everyday thing 'cause you had to watch your  
back  
Running from the 5-0, jumping fences high and low  
For no fucking reason, just because my skin is black

Ain't a damn thing funny in the land of milk and honey  
When... mess with me for their change  
'Cause eight years later now my soul is feeling greater  
But my mind is not at ease, 'cause the system's still the  
same

The best that I can do is go on  
Exactly what my mom and pop told me, stay strong  
I know I might seem like I'm a stranger from the moon  
And now I got the key so I can step into the next room

Kimball

Our plan it happened there and then, no repent or  
second dance

Makes one thing...

That's the rub, ah that's the rub

Won't you turn the corner to the next room and the  
door is shut

That's the rub, a, that's the rub

Won't you turn the corner to the next room and the  
door's

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