

Murs & 9th Wonder

"Tale Of Two Cities"

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There's two sides to my city, a red side and a blue side
to my city

Too many died in my city, imagine if we all unified in
my city

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Black and did the sandals with the stripes
Sucks poured it up on west coast and for life
On my way to the store on the little homie's bike
And I don't break a sweat, I let the young niggas fight
I done earned my stripes, knows you might lose your
life on any given night

Them black and white cars
Them dudes inside, they from streets like ours,
So they hop out with their guns drawn
Make us lay down on the front lawn
Nights takes palms to the holding cell, we hope we
make bail body dawn.
That's what really goes on,
Where's Bunch and Carter, man it's been too long
Geronimo, Gijagga, hope Obama free Assad and we
just doing what we gotta

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Shout out to Tooky Williams, shout out to Timmy
Rogers,
Shout out to all the homies locked down with no fathers
We got a lot of problems, seen a lot of drama
Some believe in Jesus if you, few of you believe in
karma

We got daughters, a couple baby mamas
But love can't compete with the power of a dollar,
You see overseas is what they built their Impalas
While we're working in these streets 'cause their job's
not promised
Graduate to a key, become a street scholar
'Cause red and blue rags are the new blue color,
It's hard to swallow, make me wanna holla
But you came here my voice, the radio don't bother
Could play the positive I give you knowledge on the
whole west coast
There ain't one black college
Wonder why we got problems without knowledge of
yourself
Is impossible to solve em

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The land of smog and earthquakes
Thought I'd be dead bout my 21st birthday
Dead cars, we ride dirty because the blocks hot
Kevlar under E-bock of Jerseys the block shots
When you went to a city that's never known when to
redistrict just so they can cut us out of the staple center
That's less funding for schools
Now the kids with the guns make the rules,
Hunger games, battle royal, Lord of the flies
The city's re-born while more of us die,
Gentrified, genocide, everywhere the winter's hot
Watch a local business start to wonder why the kitchens
rise
We use music as release, has a zulu wash her teeth so I
do it over beats
The future's in our reach, find solutions to the beef
Get every shooter in the streets to ride for universal
beast

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