

David Ball

"Malcolm X"

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[Intro]

This grown men shit
I don't wanna teach 'em

[Hook]

I don't wanna teach him how to sell, chop and cook, yay
up
All my favorite rappers either dead or in jail
I don't wanna teach 'em, I don't wanna teach 'em
I don't wanna teach 'em, I don't wanna teach 'em
Don't wanna teach these little girls to put their pussy on
the pole
And at the end of the night, get that money off the
floor
I don't wanna teach 'em, I don't wanna teach 'em
I don't wanna teach 'em, I don't wanna teach 'em
What about Patrice, Malcolm, Huey P
I don't want these kids to grow up and be me
I don't wanna teach 'em

[Verse 1]

I used to teach 'em, 'bout what? Knock 'em out
Them pussy niggas know what I'm talkin' about
Big dope, big weight
We only sell to us, self hate
Big guns, we only shootin' us
Big pimpin', dumb fucks
No revolution, they dead broke
No history on black folks
We fucked up, y'all niggas know it
These kids are our weight, me and Tony
You ain't got keys, no bricks
Bitch boy niggas, no dicks
And if you sellin' in the hood why you proud nigga?
Them our folks, getting high nigga
These our kids in real life
You rappin' 'bout what they living like

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Certain rappers don't want beef
This ain't 'bout y'all, it's about me
My soul, our kids
White folks, their dope and our cribs
Big chains, big whips
'Round your neck and our wrist
No bullshit, no mystery
A man ain't shit on this earth without history
The only thing they gonna say about black folks
We like to fuck hoes and sell dope
Shoot jump shots and run balls
Take white money and give it right back at the mall
Louis Vuitton, hate niggas
Gucci hate niggas, Hilfiger been said fuck niggas
I admit that I wear that shit too
But black folks the first to yell?

[Hook]

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