

Dead Poetic

"Food, Clothes + Shelter, Pt. 2"

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chorus

Undercover Pigs jumping out of cabs
niggas get nabbed i seen it with my own eyes on
orange ave
in tallahassee florida where i was raised by my elders
taught me the fundamentals of food clothes and
shelter.

they got big plans for you nigga dead or in jail
they got ya big pun, big small, big l. smell me nigga
i'm a keep gangsta keep it marcus keep it malcolm
why you keep on drowning in gold and platinum
albums.

why i don't why die for diamonds in africa
why i don't want the people to tell lies
why i don't want ta fuck an american pie
why they don't want the people to ask why.

Food(x3) clothes(x3) and shelter

I'm not a marxist i'm a marked man with dark skin
just like the nigga sleep on a park bench
sittin on the corner

sippin a corona

peeping all the drama

keeping to himself

get hip to shit most niggas'll sleep through

uncle tom niggas can't stand my crew

we put the truth out that's why they try to ban the crew

can't let them crackers get they hands on you

i ain't got no faith in your bible

i'm safe with a rifle.

I'm sick of lying fo ya

malcolm x ain't dying fo ya

niggas don't go platinum records go platinum

niggas be happy if anything come back to them

jack your rims of your lexus snatch your necklace

and sell it off to give the homeless a hot breakfast

food, food, food clothes, shelter

chorus

it's about red

black

green

if you black you need green

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