Mistah Fab "The Hope"

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[Intro:]

It's for the city man! You already know what's going on, man It's down the hope, man Only niggas putting positivity back in the community, man

It ain't nothing wrong with being square man They live long and young... Handle your business!

If you're really from the streets
You ain't ... find that
I remember being young, watching moms buying crap
Riding by Saint Pablo, see my sister on the tray
Too embittered just to speak, can't drive in the light
I can't still see my daddy, nine after...
Or my... the only thing they kept from come
Rather chase the green, like a leprechaun
Streets coming... I keep the weapon on!
Face friends transform and they're decepticons
Nigga finding working, dirty cons, see you stepping on
it!

Since my last album, man, I lost hell of folks
Some to the pen, some got smoked
When I see my mom and dad, I spit the homicide
..it made you go blind!
But I'm still standing here with a smile, smile
..saying why, why?

Hook:

I bring heaven to the hood, people say that I'm the hope

For all my niggas trapped in narcotics or selling dope For all them girls lost, turned out walking this road For all my real niggas on probation and parole! This, this, this, this what the bottom is, I've been down so long, getting down ain't an option But, if you believe it, then you can achieve And I ain't lying my niggas, shit, look at me!

Every day getting calls from the pen like:
Shoot me fifty, bro! Shoot me thous, shoot me ten!
Man, anything helps, we ain't doing twenty five
And everybody that you call it ain't better than your life
Folks locked up, better show your niggas love
You don't know how it's like getting letters wrote in
blood

The day before I hit the road, told Milly, "be safe!" We got on the road, Milly got shot with a K! 69 shots in his momma face, the type of shit a nigga can't face.

Type of text messages a nigga can't take I'm a real ass nigga, type these niggas can't fake! Niggas say I'm hitting... and they're saying that they're mobbing

Said they run the city, but they ain't even jogging City on mind, nigga that's a...

If you niggas getting money, why you ain't giving back?

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Mayor of the city, I don't need no election Good through the hood comes slide through the section

Tell the truth in a song, I charade my confession Momma dying was a curse, I thought his birth was a blessing

City going crazy, that's why I'm giving back Friend lying every time, that's where I'll be living at Truth be told, I'm a modern day... Organize another.. cause the guy...

Hook:

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[Outro:]

Yeah, see one thing about these niggas, man
They don't tell you the good things about the streets
But ain't nobody gonna tell you about them
A hundred years in this, man
The best friends snitching,
The going to your homie funerals
Your best killing your best friend
You telling your partner momma is gonna be alright
And she looking at you like you didn't lost your mind!
They'll tell you about that!
Ain't nothing wrong about having your business, lil bro!
Go to school someday, the streets is overrated!

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