

## **K. Sparks**

### **"Leaders"**

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I'm steady staring at the sky and see there's high noon  
I'm tryina get my soul right before I die soon  
I'm from the plans of the queens we keep it greedy  
main  
Park benches, dark benches, yeah we got the city slain  
Them crys boys we got the diction that we picting  
intuition  
If you listen you can peek the german diction yeah  
It's deeper than the struggle black man of fear  
When you can't even take your kids to the batman  
premiere, yeah  
It's like the battaraft, the coppers come to chat your  
pants  
And then you go to jail and get your sentence like a  
paragraph  
See it's hard to live and many won't  
But they steady screaming at god forgive and made up  
And then they justify dawn and discussion  
Like I'm a work in progress right to destruction yeah  
Well profit to man to really get the gold  
If you gain the world of riches but he looses his own  
soul

[Hook] x 2

We're made leaders, it's never bout the wealth and  
shine  
So Lord Jesus, save me from myself sometimes and  
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go,

Yeah, television made the prison just a blunt gimmick  
Steady watching loving hip hop but they know nothing  
It's murda broad incineration got the following hicks  
It's food for thought, regurgitation of the swallowing  
head  
So much shoulders man I've been stressed  
Could have worked, when I'm wiki strong  
So get the bench presses  
Should have quote, could have wrote  
Jesus walk in that bitter joint  
Bitter my other joints to break  
And then what it would be the point

It's like that, one for them and then the other for...  
Threw they dirt up on the wicked and then on Sunday  
come and show  
Turn to fix up broken families, bunch of girls up in their  
panties  
And then the artist turn around and thanking jesus at  
the Grammys  
And then they justify dawn and discussion  
Like I'm a work in progress right to destruction yeah  
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[Hook] x 2

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