

Jelly Roll

"Black & Brown"

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Wassup? We need to talk
Let me light my backport
That's why we need to sit down
And talk about the black and the brown

Yo, I love Los Angeles, you can hear it in my music
Plus I got the scars to prove it
And man, you won't understand what I understand
I'm feelin' like a piece to a bigger plan

'Cause all I'm sayin' is the God honest truth of it all
We fightin' the wrong enemy
That's why I'm gettin' involved
It's just like the end of that movie 'Saw'

When them two chained up guys met with their demise
And the mastermind was layin' there the whole time
Remember that? That's why we have to sit down
And speak about the black and the brown

Now I didn't come here to point no fingers
I know over the years that the pain still lingers
Over past confrontations
*** we all on parole and probation and *** up
situations

And everybody lose, from the pen to the
neighborhoods
Now it's even in the high schools
'Cause I was watchin' K. Cal News
When the students squared off and one kid wouldn't
choose sides

Hit with a hammer and the kid died
And now it's a full blown riot
Tck, that's when the fists start flyin'
These kids ain't learnin' s*** about math and science,
man

Tension is so thick, some are comin' around
I don't wanna see no more of us up under the ground

So now that's why we need to sit down
And talk about the black and the brown

Eighty percent of inmates are black and Hispanic
They tryna wipe us all off the face of this planet
Dammit, that's why we need to sit down
And talk about the black and the brown

Yo, I got the homey Jose from way back in the day
He came to scoop me up in his all white Six-Trey
And he don't really *** with nobody outside of the set
It's tatted big on his neck, y'know?

So over the years, built respect and trust
Some black and brown issues, we both discussed
He said, "Homes, it's been goin' down too long
I gotta bang on them fools and it don't feel wrong"

"They killed my cousin over eighty eight bricks
So word came down, we gotta handle that ***
Kill all mayatas in white tee shirts
Can I tell the truth homes? The truth starts hurtin'"

At first, I remind him of what vengeance do
What vengeance is and who vengeance belongs to
He wasn't tryna hear that ***
He just turned up the volume, bangin' 50 Cent

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I don't wanna see no more of us up under the ground
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I got soldiers from both sides who really don't care
Who identify themselves by the colors they wear
The homey came through to put one in the air
I can tell somethin' was wrong the way he sat in his
chair

He said, "X, man, I'm just gettin' out
From doin' eighty eight months, tryna figure things
out"
He told me in the pen, you get down to get done
'Cause the brown and black ratio is five to one

He showed me the scar on his gut and his neck

They got him good, said he *** near bled to death
The hate was so deep, I can see in his eyes
When he described what it feels like to almost die

All I could do was just sit back and listen
'Bout how he 'bout to send soldiers on missions
I got hit with a bottle but I'm not dead
I said, "Think with your heart, homey, not your head", I
said

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Oh, you must defend yourself
If you don't, then no one else
Your homies got to ride
You're fightin' for your life

They want both of us dead
You ain't heard a word I said
You're fightin' for your life
Your homies got to ride

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