

Sean Brown

"Wild Youth"

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I said it's getting ridiculous, grammar, getting so sick
of this
Bulletproof on your picket fence, ain't gonna save you
for your defense
Youngins is reckless, spilling blood in your section
Cops they serve and protect us but we all know that's
just bullshit
LAPD, a bunch of bloods up in a black suit
Corrupt youth, what's in the juice
Can we change? I don't know, I pray and hope so
Grew up in their shoes, I had to stay away from locals
While people dyin in Chicago, they send their troupes in
Afghanistan
It's time to rise up as the people come up with a plan
The innocent be falling too, bullets - they be flying
through
Walls of your home, hit you sleeping in your bedroom
Looking at my nephew, wonder what he gonna be like
Teach him how to fight, I hope his future bright
Do everything I can to make sure he a man
And he don't need to follow, on his own 2 he can stand

Dear Mr. President, can you fix this?
Got teens killing teens, now we don't exist
Got a hood in every city and the murdering is coming
And my race is steady falling cuz we don't resist to

Bang bang bang bang, kill this sucka
Bang bang bang bang, kill this sucka
Bang bang bang bang, kill this sucka
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One second of a moment can mess up your whole life
Make the wrong decision, you end up in jail for life
Decision making, gotta be highest to think twice
High end theory, my nigga just using mine
Peer pressure got you feeling lesser
This truce is be aggressor, homie's got you on the
messa
You never knew your father, mama working 3 jobs
So everything at home is always melancholic

You hardly been, you rather be out on the concrete
Jungle rated, the rubble you bustin first
Back in middle school we used to fight with our fists
Now shorty's popping shots every time he get pissed

Times change, see the difference cause it's getting
sentences
And I ain't talking English
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Looking at this next generation, all I can do is hope that
Jesus will save you
This nation is in critical condition, it got me wishin it
was different from the distance
We could make it happen, we just gotta choose the
right decisions
We're fighting an uphill battle, going against gravity
Slayin on the streets cuz mama ain't got no salary
Papa gone, papa was a rolling stone real some
Hit the roll and temporarily, minus what's going on
Cold outside, cold world full of cold nigga
First 48 I'm attackin like a gorilla
Gotta eat, these streets is what I feed off
Another drive by this week and then we speed off
Cold blooded killer and I'm only 16
Got about 16 nigga that's 60
So I had to get revenge, I'm the man of these streets
I'mma keep on shooting til they respect me

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