

Paris

"Neighborhood Watch"

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[Paris] You can keep fightin, or you can go home You can keep tryin, or get rolled on I'm keep ridin, cause when the funk is on Most of these so called rebels ain't got they phones on So I turn to the killers and the gangbangers Teach 'em how change, doin the same thang Show a loc how to love himself And how self-hate make you wanna slug yourself Introduce him to the enemy that enemy made And how the evil made 'em murder for the clique that he claim When I see it all click in his brain I put an clip in his hand and tell 'em c'mon, it's women to save You a young black warrior, raised in a battlefield Some say soldier, trained with a strap to kill But it ain't no good if all you think about is shootin up the area, blacks chill and that's real

[Chorus] Time to leave the wrong for right Gotta make a change in my life Shake all the stress and strife And gain wealth with knowledge of self, baby Settle down and raise a fam And know about that master plan That's why we gotta understand Nobody looking out for us but us, true baby [Paris] History and time have proved nobody cares If you live life cool or you die but you You ride for me homie I'ma ride for you Long as you understand who you bring the violence to If you hard enough to murder for malt liquor and mean mugs Mash on these bitch-ass cops who bring teens drugs And politicians who pass laws that don't do shit Keepin streets corrupt, keepin us stuck and trapped in that hell hole I know the reason of the reason for the reason which your mind bases hell on You ain't gotta call hell home if you think twice 'bout smokin a brother for gettin his mail on Let me guess, you ain't workin for the white man Who you think you workin for sellin white, man? They lend you yayo, send you to jail The hard truth of it spells the intent to fail, might as well [Chorus]

[Paris] Real G's know the drama From being nine years old seein five-oh, feelin all on your momma Smacked her hard, threw her in the back of the car For some outta date tags on the car That's hard, real crips know the real shit Livin with ya granny cause ya daddy and never callin or give shit So of course the anger from the pain just might be the blame for niggaz that get

they wig split Real bloods know it's hard to feel love If
daddy was there but he threatened to kill us And while
we did homework, he just did drugs Of course I'ma
flash red rags and give it up, nigga Punk police,
deadbeat daddies and crack are the reason many
hated bein black It's time to rise up, open your eyes up
To the people who created the trap and hate that Take
that

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