

Blueprint

"Kill Me First"

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[1:06 second skit and instrumental to open]

[Blueprint]

Yeah; I'm often haunted by thoughts of crooked cops
Glocks raised, blockin my sunrays and optimism
It only takes one shot to take what we got
The gift of life, and make your body start to stiffen
It's a shame that we each gotta lose
loved ones before we see tomorrow's not given
As sure as the sun shines, I'll go for mine
So when I die, at least I'll know that I died livin
Tim Thomas ran from two cops out to get him
into a dark alley, then two shots hit him
Another inner city killing nobody witnessed
Swept under the rug, as official police business
I seen his moms on television, pleadin and cryin
Tellin cops to stop killing
And calm down the youth that choose not to listen
One life, one love, but all we got is vengeance
Now they're on a burn down the Sin City mission
Lookin for the pigs that licked shots and got missin
You know it's chaos even if you don't hear it
Cause the air smells like gun smoke and teen spirit
Whatever is goin down I want to be near it
When a thousand stand as one, you start to feel
fearless
Enough to walk across hot coal no matter how hot
Break another window, maybe throw another rock
Maybe so, maybe not (maybe so, maybe not)
Maybe I'll be the next black man to get shot
Maybe so, maybe not (maybe so, maybe not)
Maybe I'll be the next black man to get shot, but, but..

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

You'll have to kill me first
Before I get inside the paddywagon
You took too many of my people
Nobody knows what happened

[guest rapper]

It's kind of fucked up cause as a child I do remember

Officer Friendly
Homey that hit the crib later to peep the Chi sweeps
Have you ever had your spot raided for dope, couches
ripped
Glass tables flipped, brass bent, dogs sniffin in the
cereal
NyQuil and aspirin tossed out the medicine cabinets
Just to find these stupid motherfuckers had the wrong
apartment
No apologies or nothin, left my mother in tears
After scramblin to get it destroyed, a life scarring
was bad enough my coat was wore and hell I even
smiled
when a cop {?} sloppy in crossfire
Hopin that she died in hallway piss
Retribution for my feelings of bein cuffed to a fence
Harassed in front of {?} droppin my {?} white she
asked about some fuckin colors
But ain't no Crips from where I reside
On one occasion walkin to Osco threatened by a dick
Talkin 'bout we walkin down the wrong blocks
Now that I think about it was the first time that I saw a
glock
Upper loaded black barrel at eyelevel, these
muh'fuckin heathens
And I seen it in the bitch's racist face that she wanted
to pull
her image burned inside my mind forever
Until I have yet to tell my seeds, Kaneisha still believes
And I'm prayin it's an occupation she don't wanna ever
see
A living that my cousin wasn't blue enough to be
And ever since a child they made a lifelong enemy of
me, shit

[Chorus]

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