

## Al-Fatir

### "Somethings Wrong"

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Fresh up the jump street, 21 got heat  
nigga that is, killer to live,  
lie to my people trap, doing the big,  
they won't never see the light of day until they do them  
years  
somethings wrong, somethings wrong  
with the system, why the fuck we still sticking this  
position  
I don't plan it colors grass black, hard for them to fit  
em  
when you can't get a job, got a verb to the pitchin  
somethings wrong, 'cause it's money rules the world  
jewels and the girls who earrings at their pearls,  
so one Tyson to a young and I just want a little better  
'cause every nigga walk and got a hore on their  
sweater now

Somethings wrong when you regret things that haven't  
happened yet  
but it's a glorious day when morning comes without the  
feeling of that long  
so rise and shine, that was bout time to be alive,  
to stay awake with me a while,  
and smile, stay up, stay up, wake up.  
Somethings wrong.

Don't let a person break you down a smile  
somebody's haters they don't get it in a long while  
listen for a trawl for the miss judge  
check grudge waiting on your shoulder harder pick up  
got my chin up nigga this what I meet of,  
this is what a..could've made us  
hold the generations looking down like they hate us  
'cause we ain't let em slave  
had a lesson revolution power at the paper,  
hand taxi live free, prefer my own life over real TV  
I mean reality your lowest the morality  
funeral for your brain sells..is now a casualty  
damn what they want battle me.

It's a war going outside no mean to save from

Smile smile,

..

I will drill these niggas hand, build these niggas 'cause  
they cost to kill these niggas wars can make you  
millions  
all you need is two planes, crash em int he buildings  
my brother checks go and tell why we're illing 'cause  
'cause somethings wrong with this community  
come write just rebel tryin to fight the rebel where's the  
unity  
my young and keep that hammer 'caught in the movie  
flickin nowadays it only take a set you could do ..shit  
I know the lash and puff the hell of pop  
my thoughts are left eye and read like stomach is on  
the belly fly  
frontin the acky just to be rappin for a reason  
I was placed to a teacher but still feels like  
gotta keep my ass out of the streets  
I was ought to bust a heatin some rhyme on beats  
some add to profit preacher as.. will give for the gap  
I'm believin of what they teachin  
someone hundred it ain't enough and come with  
massive a bill  
simple mother fuckers we sayin I'll be rapping to real  
have fun, keeping the donkeys all my niggas is  
learning  
fill the walls closing in but still the world keep turning  
so on this ride we go, rolling kush for hope  
and when we pass I just really hope they re-expose,  
let the time I make us fly from this life for..  
something's wrong we all agree I got a right to shit  
'cause I know somethings wrong.

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