

Fashawn

"The Ecology"

Visit "[The Ecology](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Underage girls having seeds at the age of seventeen
Baby daddies signing up for the marines Black streets
filled with crack and pipe dreams Fuck peace, niggas is
purchasing red beams P89s, Glocks, AR15s It gets so
hot, cops don't want to intervene Cause they can get
popped too, simple and plain All the OGs dead, it's a
new ballgame A bunch of young guns in charge who
ain't got heart A few gave a listen to the lessons that
was taught Those who took heed was the ones who
succeeded The ones who didn't wound up sharing
showers The strong move silent, the weak get
devoured Too many fake hustlers, the drug game is
sour Rather live like a animal than die like a coward
Writing lyrics in the midst of My niggas sniffing powder
lines like it's 1989 Just trying to survive in these days
and times Just trying to survive in these days and times
Just trying to survive in these days and times Cause
where I'm from, brothers die everyday, sunny CA
Understand the ecology on how we behave Baseheads,
drive-bys, it's just how we was raised Murder for
capital, we got to get paid That's the mindstate that
boosts the crime rate Just lost soulds try'na find their
way Through this puzzle, every ghetto, N.Y. to L.A. Deep
inside, I know it's time for a change, wish I could reach
them But I got both feet in the grave and still sinking
The environment'll drive you insane, flooded with
demons They motive is to get in your brain, make you a
heathen Even have you sniffing cocaine, slanging that
reefer I know a lot of niggas that pump, they claim they
eating They need to dumb it down, never seen a
hundred thou' Loudmouths with loose lips who unloyal
Fiends smoking out aluminum foil just to cope with
life's ills, too much on my mind Just trying to survive in
these days and times Just trying to survive in these
days and times Just trying to survive in these days and
times I swear, unity went out the window, what a shame
Back then we was all kinfolks, it ain't the same I dream
of that day when little kids can play in the streets Not
worried about getting hit by strays Wish I didn't need
herb to calm my nerves Wish "peace" was more than
just a five-letter word It's hard to be optimistic When

you live on the same block as the killers who just got
out of prison Still walking with my head up, there got to
be something better Than this scene of police sirens
and paramedics That's my philosophy, you feel the
same? Then follow me; this is the ecology

Visit [Fashawn](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.