

## Scarface "Keep Me Down"

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This song is about a nigga always trying to keep you down

You know you got to touch that

We made something from nothing and vowed to never tear it apart

We turned the street hustle into an art

That would quickly change life forever for us

No more riding bikes or catching the bus

We on the roll up, money to fold up

With cognac and cooked yola

Got the neighborhood about to blow up, but hold up

I see this van sittin?, this old cat in a fitted

Trying to get your little homey tore up

Yo bruh, we ain?t working on this corner take your ass on, dog

?Fore you make me feed your ass to my hogs you fucking fagot

I know you want to catch me with this bag so you can hide me

Or with my 44 so you can 45 me

You put this shit off in our neighborhoods and sweat us

And when you finally catch us up you give us letters

A cold thing just when a nigga reach his gold man

You hand him a case for easing out the dope game

and I?m

Watching us unfold with the times

He don?t really want a nigga to climb

You?d rather separate me from my family forever

Instead of trying to keep us together

You motherfuckers would rather keep me down

So what I rap about these streets

That don?t make me be no less of a man

Than a person that do work with his hands

It?s bad enough I got to deal with all these pressures that stand

You tryin? to make me stray away from my plan

Know what I'm sayin??

I'm from the gutter, where all we had was one another  
No wheat bread to butter, from one bed to the other  
All uncles and no brother my mother's at work  
My grandfather was my dad and when he died it hurt

And as I hold back the tears my eye-wells swell  
I been praying for heaven, I been living in hell  
And these niggas in my age group is dead or either  
locked up  
The bitches no better, they smoked out or knocked up

But I still love my hood, that's where it started  
Ain't no hard feelings, we partners nigga, regardless  
That's why you always see me coming around  
'Cause I could never turn my back on my town but still  
I'm

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Money never changed me  
Money changed the people around  
Now they plot to try to keep me down  
But still I rise like yeast

Your whole conversation 'bout B  
Fuck a nigga talking bout me, I'm a G  
The realest motherfucker ever done it  
You can't continue to pimp me and y'all eat from it

So fuck every soul who ever felt like I owed  
Them a god damn dime, or a god damn rhyme  
Or a god damn chance, motherfucker you sad  
You a grown ass man, holding a nigga hand

Now get out on your own, stop depending on your  
homes  
To chuck you a bone, and stop throwing stones  
And that goes for everybody thinking it's them

Fuck you, you and you her  
Him and him, Tom, Dick and Kim  
All of y'all stand accused saying fuck to me  
And I done bought your children's shoes I'm

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