

## Scar Symmetry

### "I'm Black"

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They try to take advantage of a nigga cause I'm black  
They lookin' at me strange so I'm lookin' at they ass  
back  
I got a little problem so I'm writin' you a note  
A letter to the kkk from the black folks  
I'm tryin' to get it on, tryin' to check the grip  
And there goes officer cracker tryin' to sink my fucken  
battleship  
Turnin' on his flashers, callin' up the dogs  
Now my lexus coupe is flex surrounded by the hogs  
Snatchin' out my seats, tellin' me I sell dope  
Am I on probation or parole? I tell 'em fuck no!  
Tell me mister officer, what's the problem?  
What's the matter?  
Why you gotta treat us like scum? is it that a  
Nigga's doin' a tad bit better than you?  
And brutality is all that you crackers can do  
And mark me up for resistin' yo ass  
When in reality officer friendly kicked my ass, damn!  
You overflex your authority too  
Put your foot in my shoe, and let me try on your boot  
So I can run it in reverse  
You can treat me like god, and I can treat you like dirt!  
The 22 years I been here I saw  
Motherfuckers disrespect God before they disrespect  
the law  
But yo I gots ta diss 'em  
'cause I refuse to be mislead by this ungodly system  
Mister president I beatin' on yo back do'  
I make yo mind doin' rap but I'm black doe... nigga

"we are united states of america. you honestly believe  
just because you wear bags that means you care?  
You have the right to abuse and treat my people like  
They're animals on the street? I'll be damned you're  
Bloods will flow with the hands of the black man  
In the same streets that you killed me and my brothers  
in."

Mister mister officer, mister officer, mister sergeant  
Just because I'm young and I'm black I'm a target?

You say I'm sellin' dope but you fake  
'cause young dope dealers flash cash and make  
mistakes  
And besides we ain't dealin' no mo'  
Look at my hood, we ain't killin' no mo' so  
Everybody's yellin' peace  
The only war that's goin' on is goin' on with the police  
'cause they ain't stoppin' with the bullshit  
If they could they'd lock us up with some chains and  
swing a bull whip  
'cause they figure they're the master  
And they can take you to jail or take your lifes  
Them sorry bastards  
That makes me wonder why  
The five-o can determine if we live or if a nigga dies  
And to me that shit is bull  
Only God can take life but I still gotta watch the law  
It's bad enough I watch the next g  
But even worse I gots ta watch the motherfuckers who  
protect me  
They fucken packin gats yo  
They serve and protect, they don't respect 'cause I'm  
black hoe

"every black man that is a car jacker will start jackin'  
Police cars and watch jaw brains shad on the  
dashboard.  
Why when you pull us over you show us your pistols  
before  
You aks us for our drivers license? somethin' is not  
right!"

Rollin through my hood in my motherfuckin' dropper  
Gettin' tailgated by a motherfuckin' copper  
But I ain't got respect for you motherfuckin' dickheads  
'cause y'all was straight hoes back in school nerdy  
shitheads  
I finally figured out why you bitches roll in packs  
'cause niggas who ain't shit talk loud and pack gats  
You got a fucken pistol, now you think you're a vip man  
But you can get cut becuae you'd be just like the next  
man  
Holdin' me for nothin'  
Runnin' my fucken license plates  
My plates come clean  
You call the dea  
The dea  
Says I'm a known drug dealer  
Straight born killer  
A motherfuckin' wig splitter  
He don't know shit about a nigga but I'm black

As far as he's concerned all niggas push crack  
And plus I'm 22, that really makes 'em check  
A drop-top benz, lexus coupe, no respect  
I gotta be doin' long I'm hidin' somethin' from the  
demons  
He gotta be stringin' yale, let's play someone that's  
pregnant  
'cause niggas can't have shit but I'm a motherfuckin'  
troop  
You come to us like luke  
Undercover david duke  
Mister david duke  
Mister officer  
Mister mister master  
I'm pickin' out your coffin sir  
Die motherfuckers, I'll send your folks my worst  
A breast of pig in a motherfuckin' hearse  
So fuck you motherfuckers, punk bitches take that  
'cause I'm real with the shit that I speak 'cause i...

(outro)

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