

Buddha Monk f/ Politic

"Raise Your Hands"

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[Chorus: Politic] Im raise my hand for the people to see
I'mma always love the hood, cuz the hood loves me
Block to block, building to building, city to street I'mma
always love the hood, cuz the hood loves me I, raise
my hand for the people to see I'mma always love the
hood, cuz the hood loves me I, take it to trial, let 'em
set you free Under oath, I pledge my allegiance to the
street [Politic] I power, follow the rules and laws of the
block And never talk to the cops, even avoiding the box
And I vow, to hold the spot down, even through long
trials I skip the green mile, wearing a smile And I
promise, to always acknowledge, all those involved
with My quest to be the best in this class of audio
phonics And I guarantee, it'll be me, passenger seat of
the V When you cruising the streets, chasing for green
And I confess, I'll always have a shoulder to rest Your
head on, when things seem wrong in the mess And I
can see, if you ever test my ability To kill a beat, then
you gon' learn a lesson indeed Cuz ya'll can't stop 'em,
he's chart topping Politic, waves in a season, like when
the top spit Flow with a twist, got a stroll with a limp Got
hoes and I don't pimp, if you ain't know, I'm the shit
[Chorus] [Politic] I'm Captain Hood nigga, specialize in
giving bitches good figures Play the cut, rolling up
skunk, catching the hood picture Highly sought after,
as a mack and a rapper The one most cats don't wanna
lay they flow after Not your average, charismatic
rapper on a power trip Hollerin' how I light up the block
with icy cables It's a hood thing, not big wheels and
wood grain Fresh Timbs, jeans, fitted hats and on a
hood lean Hood treat, braids with a hood sheet Fresh
line, doo-rag, get a hood breeze I'm a hood prototype,
get dough and flow right I bag hoes, fresh to the toe,
that's what I like [Chorus] [Politic] Yo, I done been
around the hood, since the hood been around I vow
never to talk, even during a trial I pledge, I always hold
niggas walking the ledge I swore, I never beef niggas
over no whore And I give my part, yo, I ain't try'nna bag
I'm trynna show love, that most thugs, that smoke and
rap See, I done seen niggas wind up in the coffin for
leaking Corporate secrets, all acts of treason Losing

they grip, loose lips, sink ships, that's why Walk with a
limp, play the cut, and flip I don't even act like the mack
type, I just rap right Spit flow, get dough, pimp hoes,
and that's life Cuz honey's, they be hawking, but I don't
trip I just, brush 'em off, and hop back in the whip This
for the wave caps, fresh Timbs and Gray's hats White
tee's, rolling up trees, hop in the hay sack [Chorus]

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