

## C-Rayz Walz f/ Killa Kal

### "Protect My Family"

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[C-Rayz Walz]

I'ma protect my family, that's my word  
My wife, child, my dogs, cat and my birds  
I got a happy house home, you can't disturb  
You might clapped in the dome, clap, not you herb  
I'm walkin these dogs, puttin in work, got the coroner  
locked  
C'mon dogs don't be a jerk, and have to bark at the  
glock  
My brother got his spot down the whole, a hop skip and  
a cold  
I'm from the old school fam, I don't lock my door  
Ain't no more arguin, negative screamin and fightin  
All that's gonna do is leave the little residents  
frightened  
I bring home groceries, pack bags, stack cash  
Stay gracious, use patience, don't get mad  
And I'ma be the dad my father couldn't be cause he  
died  
One of the many reason I've cried, could it be {?}  
I take Bacardi shots, cause the youth is illin  
But I'm +Ravipops+, that's my excuse for livin  
Forgivin myself, for not learnin a trade in school  
Now my eyes stay red like I just came out the pool  
I want my son to learn to build write and read from me  
And not have cocaine plans with weed money

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

I'ma protect my family, that's my word  
Livin on the corner left that life on the curb  
I'ma protect my family, that's my word  
(No need to get around I got that good stuff at home)

[Killa Kal]

I'ma protect my fam, is what this jam be about  
My sons, my daughter, and definitely my spouse  
Cause when the goin got tough, she got rough, no  
doubt  
All you chickenheads cluckin, break out  
Since July 4th 1993 there's been a change in me  
My baby boy Khalil, made a man of me

Made daddy think, to stop hustlin in these streets  
Make daddy think, would I live to see my son reach 3  
Even though, daddy didn't have a daddy there  
Daddy's gonna make sure, you never have a care in  
this world  
Now I got a baby girl  
Born a day after my birthday, Lena changed my world  
And put my life, into a proper perspective  
And now respectin women is my only objective  
See, I used to treat women real bad  
And now I feel bad because my baby girl could get had

[Chorus]

[interlude]

Yo, I'm not tryin to die in the street  
But, my people need somethin to eat  
And, I'm just tryin to feed my fam  
Straight up, I need cash in hand

[C-Rayz Walz]

Protect my family, my political statement  
When it's time to get foul, my whole style's flagrant  
When my little girl cries, it's a thunderstorm  
Beacuse of, raw talent, my son was born  
They say God made man (when) man made God  
(Then) man made child with no job, life's hard  
Hard men try to be men, steal and rob  
Damn, man with no plan behind steel bars and guards  
Now the next man's doin it right, doin ya wife  
Doin ya son's homework, man he's doin ya life  
You ruined your plight, it coulda been a walk in the park  
Or a talk in the dark, now it's a union of stripes  
I'm like protect your family, no matter who you are  
It all comes down, to the sun moon and stars  
If you know these degrees then you knowledge me pah  
If you think it's all a joke well hardy, hardy har

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