

Goodie Mob f/ Big Rube

"Synopsis"

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{Door closes}

{Heavy breathing}

Gs get locked up and die, mostly over beauracray
And hypocrisy remains unchanged
Keep yo brains unchained
Or ain't a thang gon change
If the pain don't stain
Then ain't a thang been gained
And that's just plain insane
So I refrain from lames
Ain't never played no games
And I ain't gon lay no blames
Cuz I'm black and still trill, too
Take from me, I will kill you
By whatever means available
Whatever's viable asyllable
It's hellable of shit niggaz
This ain't no click of just niggaz
This is an order of Dungeon Family, Renegade
Crusaders
And we gone make you believe in this here shit like we
made us
Just like he ain't paid us
These crack ass niggaz must really think though as if
we made it
Niggaz lift ya shades up
So I can see the soul of the fakers that I'm terriifying
Out here thundering, still clapping
And the lightening still blinding
The truth still hurts
Comin' real still works
Kilts and steel skirts
Though they still twerk
Emotions still leave niggaz to idiotic actions
And lots of people still caught up in just physical
attractions
The fans, the business, the life so demanding
But they still ain't did shit cuz out here we still
standing...

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