

Blacks & Browns (feat. Sad boy)

YG

I'm a nigga and I can't go outside
We looking bad on the news black on black homicide
I'm a nigga and I can't go outside
I need them dollars, got these problems with this llama on my mind
I'm a nigga and I can't go outside
They make it harder by the day, gotta keep this hope alive
I'm a nigga and I can't go outside
Cause if my homies say it's on then you know I'm down to ride
We make it hard for us with all this black on black crime
In the same state we gotta pay our tax, if we get locked up it's double rate
We get popped then retaliate, and they sell us these guns
In these fucked up schools where they teach us what they told to
Half the shit I learnt in school I ain't never used
These fucked up rules the government trying to control you
That's why we saying fuck the law, we act like we the ones with the juice
It's fucked up around here, soon as you locked up around here
The rest end up stuck up around here
So I'm speaking for my peers cause I still see their tears
I ain't sugarcoating nothing nigga, this is what it is
They supply us with the county to make us feel comfortable
Couple years pass we in the same spot we was before
We was content on that section eight shit
At the first of the month we got them groceries for them kids
But nah, they're fucking up our mental, keeping us slaves
So we can't be successful black people
We need to come together, fuck they system
Tired of being a victim, tired of racism
So I'mma spit this ism 'til this shit stop
Cause this that, nigga, we all we got
We need to stop hating on what the next black got
Give him his props to figure out how he ran shop
So our kid's kid's can be good
On a house in the hills, and with a house out in the hood
(Sound good)
Cause them folks that be wealthy
They never thinking of tomorrow, they so unhealthy
We killing ourselves, they killing us too
They distract us with entertainment while they get they loot
They never gave us what they owed us
Put liquor stores on every corner
Welcome to Lost Skanless, California
Haha, buenos dias motherfuckers

I'm Sadboy Loko and I'm here to speak for my people, yeah
We need to come together, look around
They made the border for the browns cause we're not allowed
Gotta get the green card for me and my child
Those assholes payment under the table that don't last a while
Those jobs getting passed around, they dog our people
Why we gotta look for work at Home Depot?
It was us before the natives, why we ain't equal?
But why you give us no perks, fool we need those
"And we're trying to make America Great"
Fuck you esé, somebody bring him to the Treces
And....just for disrespecting
Black, brown or pale, it don't matter to me
The only color that call shots in this world is green
And at eighteen they want you to sign up for war
That's why most rather bang and hang around at the store
So to you it's just another selling corn
To me, we out here hustling for the mortgage
Fuck you think we crossing the border for?
Why you think in a bedroom there's more than four?
You explored my country but can't accept my people
But who you want to run your business? My people
My flag is green white, red, in the center an eagle
Brown Pride, fist high, this is for my illegals
I'm a Chicano and I can't go outside
A brown cop harassing me, I guess we all look alike
I'm a Chicano and I can't go outside
This happens daily, all the time, I can never ask why
I'm a Chicano and I can't go outside
They make it harder by the day, tryna keep this hope alive
I'm a Chicano and I can't go outside
Cause if my homies say it's on, then you know I'm down to ride
Don't shoot...don't shoot officer,
don't shoot, my hands up...my hands up...
Multiple shot are heard

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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