Requiem (feat. Oddisee & Phonte)

Mello Music Group

For all the ones who lost a soul
One two
One twoGot my hands high in the air
But this is not a concert, it's a sign of despair
No I'm not a monster, I'm just out of my head
It's like a jungle sometimes
Make me wonder how I keep from going under
With the lions and tigers and bears
Enough to make a cyborg break out into tears
It is not as it appears, they think we all crazy
Just unruly niggas and tall babies
But what if these fuck ass Officer Barbradys
Was killing y'all babies?
And the cost of your life was less than a dog's maybe
You'd probably call some of your boys that had an itch
To go out hunting for that something pop up out that bitch
Like, go ahead and drop it, nothing you do can stop it
Please don't knock it cause my pocket still in that Doberman pinch
Anything from candy to cigarettes can get a nigga killed
But I'll be honest man I'm running out of shit to feel
I ain't tryna tell my biz
But I got the blues and I watch the news
Like nigga what the fuck I'm 'posed to tell my kids?
So fuck your city ordinance, this is for the flourishing
So hot in the air and that's word to West Florissant
You seem to keep 'em shooting, bring the in
For realI just gotta find a better way
I just gotta find a better way
I just gotta find a better way
I just gotta find a better way
Gotta find
A better way
I just gotta find a better way
Religion's like a gang, I guess you judge me by the way I dress
My name and sex and think I'm on my way to display a vest
Since 9/11 I've been off the plane, detained at best
My name's Amir Muhammed, no officer I ain't change it yet
My father came in '76 not to get your job
But to get a job
See we ain't made the A-bomb
And we don't want yo' yard
Just a piece of heavenly bliss, they painting a rift

One-sided, I think they cheat the scorecard
I guess this is where I go hard or go home
Can't do that, cuz y'all done turn my courtyard to war zone
So let me grab this weapon, and load it with no discretion
Exploding on the poachers to prove a point that I ain't messing
I'm talking musical lessons, marching movements in messes
Stop the news from using shock as a weapon for suppressing diseases
Won't deplete us, can't compare the toe to the slaughter
To the soldiers who follow orders, kidnapping all the daughters
I'm here to drive your taxis, feed your families and your fears
And kick a little knowledge in your ear
If you ask me
So please go head get at me if my words loud as your actions
So we can get together and do something that's impacting
I just gotta find a better way
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