

Young Black America (feat. The-Dream)

Meek Mill

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Young black America Yeah, I was on that corner, tryna get my coins up

Coppers run up on us and we turn to Jackie Joyner

White man kill a black man, they never report us

Black man kill a white man, they gon' start a war up

Mama she was sour, sippin' on the Absolut

Young niggas brainwashed, they just wanna rap and hoop

Could've been a lawyer until they came and shackled you

Felons on your records so them jobs ain't gettin' back at you

Them kids ain't eat yet, so you can't even sleep yet

That's the only thing we ever saw, we repeat that

They was playing ball, fouled him hard, said I'd be back

Broad day, threw his life away, soon as he clapped

Gave that boy a life sentence, made his momma relapse

Damn, they don't understand

Comin' from the bottom, it's so hard to make a plan

Know them kids beefin', they let it get out of hand

OGs never told us nothin' in advance

Young niggas killing young niggas, shit is like the Klan, I said

Told my young nigga, "You the man," I said

You don't wanna end up like my man Ahmed

Praying five times a day, prostration on his head

Screamin' isha Lord that he don't make it to the feds

Caught up in the system, visit from his sister

Talkin' 'bout all these niggas, how they ain't even with him

Said they would ride or die, but it ain't even in 'em

Always postin' on the 'Gram, but hey ain't sendin' pictures

Never answer when you call, but answer for them bitches

Got you thinking twice, damn I should've been a witness

Dismantle my business, just telling my story

All guns, no glory, been going on before me

We slaves in the '40s, still slaves in the present

No toys for Christmas, ain't get us no presents

Only made us evil, made us hungry, made us desperate

Youngin' in the 9th grade, he got a Smith and Wesson

Grew up with the goons, now he need protection

He dropped outta school, then he got arrested

Lord with a blessing, I just hope he learned his lesson

They told us, if we go to jail, we would be respected
They told us, if we make a sale, we would run a check in
Threw a rock out in that field, and got intercepted
He stumbled, he fumbled, y'all niggas just rumble
They told you to hustle, them niggas don't love you
Young black American, (na na)
Wanna live like the fairer skin, (na na)
Fall to the paradigm, (na na)
Occupied on that Marilyn, (na na)
The prophecies of the wild nigga, no church
My uncles said stop bitching nigga, no skirts
It's kinda crazy there's another world on the other side of town
Pastor rollin' up in that Rolls
Pullin' up in that Holy Ghost
Preaching, while niggas dying by the Bible code
The destruction, the hate
The obstruction of my faith
My prayers, my faith
Will never be the same
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