

# Mind-Trap (feat. Vince Staples & Casey Veggies)

## Audio Push

How it feel to be a black man  
With your fists in the air tryna fight for your rights  
How it feel to be a nigga  
With your finger on the trigger, put a price on his life  
How it feel to be a broke boy  
Ain't a thing in the bank and a stain on his Nikes  
And how it feel to be richer  
When every motherfucker tryna get a dime, open up your mind Fuckin' raw like a lover  
Shootin' out the car like a buster  
Same old G like my father and my mother  
Sherm sticks burn like perms, shit  
She used to swoop me in her Granny bucket  
We was fuckin', she was busting  
Asking why I'm busting?  
Niggas thugging "why you never go to class or nothin?"  
I ain't need it, why your daddy acting like you tweakin'  
Cause he feenin', why you asking all these fuckin' questions?  
Lie impressions during adolescence  
In the pen, crip and blood just a point of reference  
But I'm still saying cuh like we killing something  
Dreamed of killing something then I did it, can't forget it  
Calling women bitches got me treating mama different  
Intermissions, rhyming in my mama's kitchen  
I'm ain't trippin, hell is waiting, let the karma kick in  
But I'm just tryna kick it, baby slow it down  
How it feel to be a black man  
With your fists in the air tryna fight for your rights  
How it feel to be a nigga  
With your finger on the trigger, put a price on his life  
How it feel to be a broke boy  
Ain't a thing in the bank and a stain on his Nikes  
And how it feel to be richer  
When every motherfucker tryna get a dime, open up your mind Niggas slow down, you movin'  
too fast  
Just might crash, might burn  
Open up your mind, take your time  
Baby better wait your turn  
It go follow, the pretty girls follow  
Them down home women and them city girls follow  
That old lady thinkin', stealin' so she gon' follow

Photoshop it till they double-tap it, they gon' follow  
 Yeah that's all they're looking for  
 "Scroll up, can she roll up? Yeah", good to go  
 Hardly got it flowtin' but you're lookin' though  
 That's how it is, get it how you live  
 Gotta change it but nothing changes  
 Until you plan it and rearrange it  
 They call us niggers  
 What if I say I don't take offence to it  
 What if I told you I don't cringe to it  
 What if I looked whoever said it in his face and said  
 Your kids love my shit iPod's proof  
 I'm that nigga, check your kids music  
 Life lessons  
 I humble up and every time I stumble up  
 I'm just that lyin', that ain't cryin', while I bust the jungle up  
 Kelly taught me that some friends are only temporary  
 And belly told me that my little sister's looking at me  
 I tell you how it feel How it feel to be a black man  
 With your fists in the air tryna fight for your rights  
 How it feel to be a nigga  
 With your finger on the trigger, put a price on his life  
 How it feel to be a broke boy  
 Ain't a thing in the bank and a stain on his Nikes  
 And how it feel to be richer  
 When every motherfucker tryna get a dime, open up your mind Open up your mind  
 We from the west side, we born to ride  
 They set us up for demise, it's time to rise  
 Am I a black king cause I'm full of pride?  
 Or am I nigga cause I like my chicken fried  
 My girl would think [?] ride  
 Hide me while I'm getting high  
 My cousin died, that left me sick inside  
 '96, barely six banging "Hypnotize"  
 Singing "Biggie, Biggie", damn I miss my cousin Sid  
 Say that every time I rap, never gon' get tired of that  
 Counting racks with my pack  
 That's where you can find me at  
 In the cut cause it's too many niggas switchin' up  
 When you up they love you  
 But when you down they don't give a fuck  
 I tell you what, you think you turnt cause you got put on  
 But what is you doin' to put your hood on?  
 Was the young nigga with the hood on  
 Hands in my pockets clenching until I realized we was all dying for nothin'  
 So let me ask you somethin' How it feel to be a black man  
 With your fists in the air tryna fight for your rights  
 How it feel to be a nigga  
 With your finger on the trigger, put a price on his life

How it feel to be a broke boy  
Ain't a thing in the bank and a stain on his Nikes  
And how it feel to be richer  
When every motherfucker tryna get a dime, open up your mind  
Niggas slow down, you movin' too fast  
Just might crash, might burn  
Open up your mind, take your time  
Baby better wait your turn  
Niggas slow down, you movin' too fast  
Just might crash, might burn  
Open up your mind, take your time  
Baby better wait your turn I got my hoodie on like Trayvon  
They lettin' people get away with them hate crimes  
Police shot em, how was there no witness? It was day time  
Way this shit goin' it's like racism still alive  
Come as you are and represent with your life on  
Young black kings just shining with our ice on  
On stage telling you life stories, keep the lights on  
Y'all been eating but my people, we would like some  
The youth need hope, the inspiration, they could use it now  
I bump your music when in doubt or when I'm feeling down  
A lot on my mind, I still try to use a smile  
Just some young hot boys, they treat us like some juveniles

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>