

Get Out of Our Own Way

by FREEDOM SUN

I'm not trying to be an American Idol like Reuben Studdard,
Or glorify the streets to prove I'm gully.
I'm simply trying to cut into young brothers out there
thuggin' in the hustle,
And show'em there's something better for'em than them gutters.
The struggle turns like the dice roll
Ice cold: Cold nights, cold cells, cold cases by hot shells
from cold pipes.
Jail's revolving door is absurd bruh,
He'll parole out for a burner
Just to return in a month with a murder.
I'm not here to be a preacher nor a parent of grown men,
But it's apparent we need some teaching and some caring.
Dudes treating the joint like it's a retreat or resort,
Reservationed vacations from the streets through the courts.
Cats oblivious they're scratching the door of supermax status,
Too busy trying to reach some sort of superman stature.
Infatuated with the Flukey Stokes, Frank Lucas types,
But answer this, what happened to both of them dudes' life ?
Emulation from admiration to get that Big Meech dough,
Bent on simulating his ended fate, again,
Where did Big Meech go ?
We got greatness in our DNA, unimaginable and unfathomable,
But we would rather take a nose dive off a highrise without
a parachute...
Than to travel that avenue where potential is palpable,
We get locked up, now we want to walk around with an attitude.

I don't believe we plan to fail,
I believe we don't plan at all.
And what's sad is we get mad as hell,
Or don't care when our asses fall.
Mama said I could be great if I could simply get out of my own
way.
I realize it now, but shit, it's about a decade too late.
26 at 100 percent !
That's the fate of a true killa.
So you can listen to the rappers all you want,
There's plenty of room in here with us.
As kids we dreamed of being musicians and physicians,
Artists, singers, writers, airplane pilots, and politicians.
What happened to that position
That we treat today as fictitious ?
Our ambitions have become maliciously desisted,
Now we're persistent on just getting by.
Won't even try,
"Young boy get yo' head up out the sky,
All that dreaming and over thinking won't get you a piece of
this american pie."
I despise dumb fools who kick that crap to young dudes,
Kill their aspirations 'cause their asses ain't make it come
true...
The price to ball the hard-a-way ain't Pennies,
It don't crossover like Timmy, and it damn sure ain't timid,
See -
The answer ain't at the bottom of a bottle,
Or in the box of baggies,
You can't find it rolling off the molly,
Nor in the barrel of the automatic.

I tend to understand why we don't anticipate a true life,
We were a ghetto full of southpaws
who weren't trained how to do right.
But true light, will illuminate through this darkness and mirage,
All we have to do is be willing to give up this false and facade.
Excuse my language, but fuck being gangster and being hard,
They wind up under daisies pushed up,
Or doing pullups on the yard.
We're laggin' behind blind, bragging we're shining, confined,
Physically and in the mind,
Trying to get back lost time.
But that last stumble was a doozy,
The choice we made was the wrong play.
Now we're a ward of the state for a long stay,
'Cause we couldn't get out of our own way.