

Peace Prevail

Raury

Been by myself since the white tees
Been by myself since Dem Franchise Boyz
Did that dance on that holdin' my white tee
Trends came before fittin' in was a chore
In the end didn't nobody like me
Even though I had on this white tee chillin'
Grillin' with aluminum foil in my mouth
From the south, bitch, I'm so icy
And I was 9 back then, now I'm 19
Wonder how I'll look when I'm 90
Wonder if rap will be a white thing
Wonder what you're gonna call my things
Will it be hits? Will it be wack?
Will you not get me to the all black soiree
When they dance on my grave and then pop champagne
And remember my name and the lectures I bring
And the lectures I bring
And the lectures I bring May peace prevail, on this earth
May peace prevail, on Atlanta
May peace prevail, on your soul
May peace prevail, prevail, prevail
Been 'bout a check since the white tees
You come around, cigarettes in the chest of your pocket
Your hoodie had white sleeves
I couldn't judge, I've done shit before
With no one around to indict me
See me down with some insight we
Know that it snows in the south
Prolly all year 'round if you're talkin' in the right key
Everything was gonna be alright, my nigga
Tell me why you're so into your pride, my nigga?
Told you sellin' white, had a price, niggas juug
Now you wanna turn around and go and fight some niggas
Tryna be a trap god for life, my nigga?
Rather have kids and a wife, my nigga
And you go off to the night with your shoulder in the ice
Death got you by the scythe, my nigga
Sheist, my nigga, world's full of sheisty niggas
Icy niggas, black, white, hypebeast niggas
If I ever had a check for each and every single time
A nigga at the finish line, I own Nike, nigga
But then again, who am I?

Boy down south, head too high
Knowin' everything gon' be alright
It's gon' be alright
May peace prevail, on this earth
May peace prevail, on Atlanta
May peace prevail, on your soul
May peace prevail, prevail, prevail
Left him out to dry. Somebody found that shit funny . Like
you ain't ever have dry mouth. Shit, you smoke weed, you know you've had dry mouth.
Everybody had dry mouth, shit. This is DJ Smooth Jazz on the 1-2-2s. Clap your hands, baby.
Come here, you, clap your hands. This might be the last time you hear me on your radio. Our
final broadcast. Clap your hands, mothafucka. Clap your hands

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