

## FIRE IN LITTLE AFRICA LYRICS

### **ELEVATOR (feat. Steph Simon)**

Written by: Elijah Pigg & Stephon Simon

Produced by: Markell Storay

Mixing Engineer: Angelo Estes

Mastered by: Becker Master

#### Hakeem Eli'juwon

I'm on a Dicky Row wave / My daddy was workin for low wage / My city a haven for drug trade / Ima came up out da mud baby

I'm on a Dicky Row wave / My daddy was workin for low wage / My city a haven for drug trade / Ima came up out da mud baby

Elevator Elevator, Jungle fever in the elevator / She gave me top in the elevator / She ripped my pants in the elevator / She tryna fuck in the elevator / Freaky lil bitchz they love the flavor / Momma must know that she raised a player / Nympho alert all she do is layup / This bitch a hoe should took the stairs

Diamond / Drip when I walk call me diamond / Every where they know it's diamond / My niggas riding for Diamond / Reincarnated as Simon / I'm shining bright as you find em / And you know that I be styling / Real as it get in this climate / Ima need everything that you got up in ya wallet, I'm sayin tho bruh issa stickup / I'm out here scraping for quarters / They done came thru wit da soldiers / Half of my niggas in quarantine / Greenwood in ruins its over / They took away everything and the dream / It ain't no time to be sober

#### *Hook:*

I'm on a Dicky Row wave / My daddy was workin for low wage / My city a haven for drug trade / Ima came up out da mud baby

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Steph Simon:

They asked me why they call you Dicky Ro / Cuz if somebody fuck with me it's gone go up in smoke /  
Go get yo guns go get yo planes go get what all you want / Cuz if you try that shit again then we  
invading homes/

Elevator Diamond Dicky I'm the narrator / You know white women love that melanin it ain't no  
different for that Sarah Page / Bussin it open all in the basement / Bell hopper skirt by the ankles / 319  
and Main in the Drexel / Hakeem the dream I'm like Clyde Drexler

She told me I got what she need / That's why they call me Diamond D / She got the pipe of her dreams  
/ Then bought me a diamond ring / Girl you knowing this dick it ain't free /

If yo daddy knew he'd come for me / She want a real one that came from the north / Girl you know it's  
gone come wit a fee

Greenwood yeah I'm keeping it G / Got some top in the balcony suite / Paint her face like a no parking  
piece / Rip her up like some mail you don't need / Got her all on the wall make her scream / Ain't no  
cameras girl we got privacy / Pushing buttons all on accident now the lobby door yeah it's opening  
yeah it's opening on the ELEVATOR

### **CITY OF DREAMS (feat. St. Domonick)**

Written by: Carlte Fletcher

Produced by: Evan Roland

Mixing Engineer: David Puletz

Mastered by: Becker Master

St. Domonick:

Hey / I smell smoke/ hey ay hey ay hey ay hey / town

I had a dream / it was May 29th / I was sitting in a cell / devil playin with my life / now tensions getting  
high / I can feel it in the night / if I'm wrong if I'm right / I won't go without a fight

I had a dream / it was May 29th / I was sitting in a cell / devil playin with my life / now tensions getting  
high / I can feel it in the night / if I'm wrong if I'm right / We won't go without a fight/

Well I was born in the belly of the bottom of the map / moved up to the city of dreams / brand new  
ring on my pinky GAP / Greenwood Archer and Pine, where I spend my time on the nitty north side  
of the tracks / Or maybe downtown where I shine so bright that they callin me Diamond, Jack/ I'm

the JB Stratford of shining, I can be way more than that with some time in / Greenwood nigga, we paid our dues / we built ours after we created y'all's / I'll be damned if I ever be a slave to y'all / I feel like Wayman I came to ball / walk with pride no shame at all / Pinky blingin', chains and all / We winning now and it's strange to y'all

But no matter how many wins you get they still won't let you / take a sip from one of their fountains / take a shit in one of their restrooms / So I march my ass to 319 S Main Street; the Drexel / ever since I walked thru those two doors that day it's been regretful /

Cuz that's the same spot that I met you / it was right there that we formed a bond forbidden based on complexion / But you would top me off on the top floor everyday apart of my schedule

Now I wish that I'd never let you / cuz you flipped the script like a bitch, and now my life twisted just like a pretzel / Thought that it was love thought that I was special / I can feel the blood boiling thru my vessels / label me a thug, say I tried to rape, throw me in a cage now I gotta case / Diamond Dick Rowland on the front page / say he tried to kill lil Sarah Page / don't believe the hype they put your face / Ain't about me, this about race / This about rage, this about hate / Niggas wanna take control of our space / but we ain't goin this our place / all my niggas soldiers like about face / Black Wall Street, we ain't tryna hear it / we ain't even tryna let you crackas near us / even if we dying we ain't never fearing muthafuckas never killin our spirit / town town town

I had a dream / it was May 29th / I was sitting in a cell / devil playin with my life / now tensions getting high / I can feel it in the night / if I'm wrong if I'm right / I won't go without a fight

I had a dream / it was May 29th / I was sitting in a cell / devil playin with my life / now tensions getting high / I can feel it in the night / if I'm wrong if I'm right / We won't go without a fight/

I had a dream / it was May 29th / I was chillin back with Sarah / everything was still alright / then they burnt my city down / and they did it outta spite / but we ain't go without a fight / nah we ain't go without a fight.

### **SOUL GLOW (feat. Ray June & Tony Foster Jr.)**

Written by: Ray Smith & Tony Foster Jr.

Produced by: Evan Roland

Mixing Engineer: David Puletz

Mastered by: Becker Master

***Ray June & Tony Foster Jr.:***

Is it cuz I get dough, is that the reason why you mad at me?  
Is it cuz I get more than you, is that the reason why you mad at me yeah?  
Hate the way my soul glow, mo than Afro sheen / is that why you mad at me?  
Is it cuz I get dough, is that the reason why you mad at me?  
Is it cuz I get more than you, is that the reason why you mad at me yeah?  
Hate the way my soul glow, mo than Afro sheen / is that why you mad at me?

**SHINING (Feat. Steph Simon, Dialtone, Tea Rush, Jerica)**

Written by: Stephon Simon, Antonio Andrews, Sarah Short, Jerica Wortham  
Produced by: Dr. View  
Mixing Engineer: Angelo Estes  
Mastered by: Becker Master

*Steph Simon:*

Like a fresh pair of penny loafers with the polish on it / Tell 'em keep on shining  
Like a diamond on yo pinky when you sippin pinot grigi (pinot grigio) / Tell 'em keep on shining /  
yeah yeah  
Always knew you had that glow but now they see it from the coast / Tell 'em keep on shining  
They gon' keep on sleeping on you till they see the Roley on you / Tell 'em keep on shining

Crazy / I'm off in Tate Brady kitchen / Writing up a million-dollar mission / Bout to turn this whole  
house into a business / They asked me how you did it / I came up off reverse racism / If these walls  
could talk they would tell you that's a cold nigga / paint pictures over rhythms make ya soul shiver /  
I'm on my fifth summa / my stock risen my best clients invest in him it's gone be a long winter / Cuz  
I'm still winning / The jig is up the smoke clearing for those that's been pretending / When I walk in  
the building gimme my space like an indention / To put this city in position that was my intention  
We not the same and I put that on my search history / A little porn mixed with links on how to run a  
business / You know Steph gone keep it realistic / And how to profit off non profits we poppin' Jimmi  
keep on shining

Like a fresh pair of penny loafers with the polish on it / Tell 'em keep on shining

Like a diamond on yo pinky when you sippin pinot grigi (pinot grigio) / Tell 'em keep on shining /  
yeah yeah

Always knew you had that glow but now they see it from the coast / Tell 'em keep on shining

They gon' keep on sleeping on you till they see the Roley on you / Tell 'em keep on shining

Dialtone:

Ice cold / Trillions tied to my soul / I won't fold / They can try to poke holes / But the story is  
authentic / Into my purpose I jumped and dove in it

City filled up with gems / So we shine on / I closed that chapter my nigga I had to move on / 300  
deaths I guess that's how the story go / I guess they didn't mention that / Jane Doe Jane Doe Jane Doe

We pull up Jay Z 2003 / Then we change clothes / Shining like I'm fresh off parole / This like fresh  
veggies for the soul / They want desserts I tell them take that shit to go / And I keep on shining

Tea Rush:

Killing us off

Killing us softly

They could never really tell us what the cost mean

Meanwhile they distract us by the false screens

Tell me what it all means

Tell me what it all means

Jerica:

Picture this / Greenwood Ave / Red man's land see the brilliance built by a black man's hand / It was /

For us / By us / False Prop[aganda] plot us / Hold up! / Try us! / Peg leg got us / We radiate / These  
jewels cost / This shine ain't free / And for a buck they twist the rubric of our history

But... / We're what it looks like when we got our own backs / And / We're what it looks like when we  
build it back Black / We're what it looks like in a hundred years time / Got the audacity to walk up out  
these ashes and shine / We shinin'!

**DESCENDENTS (Thomas Who? & Written Quincey)**

Written by: Johntae Carter, Rodrick Thomas, Greg Robinson

Produced by: Nolan Ellis

Mixing Engineer: Angelo Estes

Mastered by: Becker Master

Written Quincey

Underneath the full moon light, are you gone choose life/ we gone make sure that da history won't repeat twice/ from beginning to end, you'll remember my skin/ since the massacre happened my people seekin revenge/

Under full moon light, are you gone choose life/ we gone make sure that da history won't repeat twice/ from beginning to end, you'll remember my skin/ since the massacre happened my people seekin revenge/ we are descendants!

Thomas Who?

Word around town is the crackers arrested Dickie, bet / 12 gauge smoke before weapons can form against me yet/ they praying on the prosperous / I'm head hunting every single hooded crooked officer / in route to offing ya / nigga it ain't a game they trying to bring me trouble / you rolling up to die as I'm aiming at your bubble / got a rifle in my lap couple revolvers on the dash / moonshine in a mason and explosive in a duffle/ its go time, like ready set I want mine, that a pound of flesh / we both dying if I found him stretched / I ain't for idol threats / a nigga get it done, burn baby burn till only ashes and tittle left / the Jake's can try and break us down but we all right, headed to Greenwood prepared for a dog fight / could care less about Bradys on Black Wall Street so long as the outline of the chalk white / this is what uppity niggas talk like, my mother was a slave but her baby is the boss type / you better leave the crosses soaked in gasoline when I put fire to the sheets baby it's gone be a long night / you can get it when I'm clicking listen on sight / grand wizard left dead from a strong right/ they thought the revolution all hype / reciting all that crooked history, you know they tale the tall kind

Written Quincey

Underneath the full moon light, are you gone choose life/ we gone make sure that da history won't repeat twice/ from beginning to end, you'll remember my skin/ since the massacre happened my people seekin revenge/

Under full moon light, are you gone choose life/ we gone make sure that da history won't repeat twice/ from beginning to end, you'll remember my skin/ since the massacre happened my people seekin revenge/ we are descendants!

## **REGARDLESS (feat. Jacobi Ryan, Lawrence Leon & Young DV)**

Written by: Jacobi Isham, Victor Collins, Devin Vann

Produced by: Nolan Ellis

Mixing Engineer: Angelo Estes

Mastered by: Becker Master

### Jacobi Ryan

Look, hey / I don't pander to shit / Make a plan when I wish / I expand what I risk / Seen you callin' /  
Hell nah / I ain't answer that shit / In my stance with my clique / My music jam in my whip / Ain't  
nun standard in this

Niggas got hella family I miss / Stick to the plan and don't slip / They gon understand when I'm rich /  
Give a hunnid grand to my kids / Vacation plans with my miss / All that patience got us this, ay / All  
that hating don't exist, ay / Light a candle it's lit, huh

I be off by myself / I define myself / I defied myself / Finna get beside of myself / All them whoopins  
now a nigga good, I'm reminded tightening my belt, look / I'll be minding my business / The demand  
supplied on my shelf, look / Shit was bad, bounced back then...

I took that walk & got my mind right / yea  
Looked at the clock it say the time right / yea  
Fuck all that talkin got my grind right / Why?  
Cuz we gon do this shit regardless / yea  
Fuck that designer we wear targets / targets  
another win I know they nauseous / nauseous  
We risk it all fuck being cautious / More risks  
Yea / yea

### Lawrence Leon

This is the passion of lineage / This is that kale cause I'm over the spinach bitch / Bigger than elk, fuck  
the venison / This is the Alpha, Omega, the Genesis / Revelation ima finish it / This the thesis for your  
sentences, yea / This your stains and all your blemishes, yea / This the pain of all my kin and them, yea  
This is that front of the backseat / This responsibility like I'm a fuckin latch-key / Floatin on whatever  
when I drag weed / Rollin through the homa like I'm muhfuckin Bass Reeves / Fuck yo permits and yo

boundaries / I'll have whatever I shall need / You gone recoup on yo foul deeds / I'ma pick up where I was when you found me, woah

Young DV

Pressing da line on game / I done came up, niggas say dat I changed / Either switch up my ways or pick me a grave / Fuck what dey say, I just stay in my lane / Man I was raised on da Pine and dat Main / Niggas on water and snorting cocaine / Had to be different and get me some cake / Put on my team like LeBron with da Lakers / Or young P. Miller goin hard wit da tank / Niggas don't work but wan eat off da plate / Fuck all dat talkin, I ball in yo face / Cuz niggas was hatin and saying I can't / Jump in da whip, now I'm blowing on dank / Big motor Chevys with trunk fulla bass / I asked God to make me da greatest / He told me, I gotcha just meet halfway / Ima lil dude but I carry my weight / Black and I'm proud baby watch how they hate / Black and I'm strong and I'm blacking out on all dese haters, protecting my people that made me / Ride for my niggas and circulate paper / Bustin dat choppa til choppas erase me / Fuck what they talkin dem crackers be racist / Don't give us Heaven then hell we gon raise it

**DROWNING (feat. Sterling Matthews & Am're Ford)**

Written by: Parris Hoskins, Matthew Crocket, Sterling Matthews, Evan Rowland, Am're Ford,

Quraysh Ali Lansana

Produced by: Evan Rowland

Mixing Engineer: David Puletz

Mastered by: Becker Master

Sterling Matthews

When at last the fight was over / Might not right had won the day / Blocks of homes and business places / Now in ruins and ashes lay

Through the streets we all were driven / At the points of swords and gun / To detention camps provided / 'Ere the massacre begun

Marched at gunpoint down Archer / Past my own smolderin home. My life / my girl and boy sobbin mama's hips wet / In stiflin June hot, heavy as redneck hate

Marched at gunpoint down Archer / Past my own smolderin home. My life / my wife's missus gonna come claim us / caged coons like stray mutts at the pound

Marched at gunpoint down Archer / Past my own smolderin home. My life / My police protection  
ribbon marks me credit / Against the good Christian word from Maple Ridge  
Marched at gunpoint down Archer / Past my own smolderin home. My life / my spirit walks  
Greenwood to Pine and back / like the grit of Black love then and now

**OUR WORLD** (feat. Tony Foster Jr. & Ausha LaCole)

Written by: Tony Foster Jr., Ausha Edwards

Produced by: Nolan Ellis

Mixing Engineer: Angelo Estes

Mastered by: Becker Master

Tony Foster Jr.

Ain't nobody got what we got poppin babe  
It's our world  
It's our world  
They can't stop it if we don't stop it babe (if we don't stop it babe)  
It's our world. (it's our world)

We lookin at a space all ours, your eyes, it's so right / We waited for a long, long time, long time, long  
time / I feel like I'm open, and there's no way I can pass up this vibe so let's ride / I know a couple spots  
on northside / We can make a stop if it's alright. / We ain't gotta worry about nobody / I'll be all yours  
you'll be all mine / We the ones in charge, and can't nobody tell me nothin / Imagine us on top and we  
ain't gon stop for nothin, nothin, nothin...

Ain't nobody got what we got poppin babe  
It's our world (it's our world)  
It's our world (it's our world)  
They can't stop it if we don't stop it babe  
It's our world.

Ausha LaCole

Gotta rise up and be strong / Gotta stand tall

Trynna build our way out of the ashes / They don't know, no they don't know / What's it like, no /  
Trynna find the silver lining / A little positive / A little hope / Through all the hate you give / Through  
all the hate you give (give, give) / Hate you give / Hate you give / Hate you give

Tony Foster Jr.

Ain't nobody got what we got poppin babe  
It's our world  
It's our world  
They can't stop it, if we don't stop it babe  
It's our world.

**TOP DOWN** (feat. K.O., Shyheim Nwadiie, Thomas Who?, Jacobi Ryan & Tony Foster Jr.)

Written by: Jamie S. Ingram, Shyheim Nwadiie, Rodrick Thomas, Jacobi Isham, Tony Foster Jr.

Produced by: Nolan Ellis

Mixing Engineer: Angelo Estes

Mastered by: Becker Master

Thomas Who?, Jacobi Ryan & Tony Foster Jr.:

Top down chopping on blades (on blades, on blades, on blades)/ fuck nigga stay off my wave (my wave,  
my wave bitch ass nigga)/ real niggas say what they wanna say (wanna say, say, fuck they gon say)/ and  
I'm the realest nigga at the end of the day (let them niggas know)

K.O.

I used to want they love now I don't need it / that admiration turn to hate I know I seen it / anything  
you had to say to me just keep it wanna talk to me bout rap but ain't support cuz they ain't see it / I  
gave this plan I had I to GOD he superceed it / I told 'em I'm the illest bitch alive and I believe it / you  
know I'm out here on it like I'm on it dedicating my whole life to everything I ever wanted cuz it ain't  
too much that come with them degrees and them diplomas / shit I ain't have a way I had to make a way  
/ now all I do is work and pray for better days / I'll never fade cuz I put my heart in the art of it / been  
as real as I am since like the start of it / holy matrimony I vow to never depart from it / I really do I'm  
busy working my move why move in telling you lies when I could bless you with truth I know

Thomas Who?, Jacobi Ryan & Tony Foster Jr.:

Top down chopping on blades (on blades, on blades, on blades)/ fuck nigga stay off my wave (my wave, bitch ass niggas)/ real niggas say what they wanna say (wanna say, say, fuck they gon say)/ and I'm the realest nigga at the end of the day (let them niggas know)

Shyheim Nwadieli:

Lil mama, take a seat / Lemme piece off, a piece of me / Blacks in the backseat, ash  
on the trash heap / Lacking economic freedom, so the cash blown on gas and some freaks / In  
Comanche like a Banshee / screaming for my mammy / running after school,  
looking for a snack to eat / All I saw was liquor bottles blocking sun rays / Took a tiny sip, and then  
chugged it / My mind went astray, It's coming back tho / So drop it low, Jokers with the dominos / I  
can give the universe and more / Ain't never been a joke, ho / Chilling with the jiggas, see pedestrians  
fade in the smoke / Got a long way...home

Thomas Who?, Jacobi Ryan & Tony Foster Jr.:

Top down chopping on blades (on blades, on blades, on blades)/ fuck nigga stay off my wave (my wave, bitch ass niggas)/ real niggas say what they wanna say (wanna say, say, fuck they gon say)/ and I'm the realest nigga at the end of the day (let them niggas know)

Bitch ass nigga

**BEEN THROUGH IT ALL** (feat. Steph Simon, Omalely B, Parris Chariz, Sterling Matthews, Krisheena Suarez)

Written by: Bertrick Bailey, Stephon Simon, Parris Hoskins, Krisheena Suarez, Sterling Matthews

Produced by: Joe Bruner

Mixing Engineer: Angelo Estes

Mastered by: Becker Master

Steph Simon:

She always went for the thug type / she called me big bro I felt like Mr. Right / I played along wit it just so I can spend time / Even listened to her on the phone while she complained about her love life / I

through hints like a pitch and she bunted, uh / We never got to first base I still want it, yea / Scared to speak on how it feel so it lingered like a spill shit got worse like every year / Cuz rejection what I feared / in grey areas I found a place to live / Then I had to remember who I is / Yet and still might call her sis just to cover it up / Ain't seen her in a few but still ain't getting over enough / Because potential I lust I seen the world against us / I felt like we wouldn't lose sometime reality sucks / A Band-Aid over cuts we still fam tho / But damn tho we was so compatible we could have it all / yeah yeah, yeah yeah

*Omaley B:*

Girl, we been through it all  
If we let go of our fears and our thoughts  
We could have it all  
I'll go through the pain for you baby  
Whatever it cost  
Whatever it cost  
We could have it all

*Sterling Matthews:*

Let them whisper of the day I twisted my tongue into the shape of your name to relearn the word love / The day I put down my wallet and picked you up to pay the price of my pain / I have never known an equal until my soul intertwined with yours / Even the sun dims itself to state upon is in awe / And I know with you / We could have it all

*Parris Chariz*

Loved you in spite of all that you bout / hated to miss you when I was out / waited to kiss you cause of respect / I could go another route / thought she joking when I would smoke her out / been single cause she been holding out / I feel like we lacking trust / you say it don't back it up / lets back it up / as long you do the dishes I pay you no mind / as long as my pockets thicker she stay by my side / I gave her my ego dat was just part of the pride / you make it hard to decide / I made it harder to fly / I tried to give you blame, but I hardly was trying / I was giving all the game but I hardly was playing / I never thought that my God could teach me love myself / I never bought into hype until I was myself / how could I really love if I'm above myself / I could hug myself / I came from thinking I knew it all / to thinking before I talk / yeah

Omaley B

Girl, we been through it all  
If we let go of our fears and our thoughts  
We could have it all  
I'll go through the pain for you baby  
Whatever it cost... ost..... ost.  
Whatever it cost... ost..... ost  
We could have it all.

**CREME OF THE CROP (feat. Tea Rush, Sneak the Poet & Written Quincey)**

Written by: TaNesha Rushing, Teandre Dyer, Keith Daniels & Jayson Robertson  
Produced by: Sherman Johnson Jr.  
Mixing Engineer: David Puletz  
Mastered by: Becker Master

Tea Rush:

Brotha I know your love is for real  
We can't stop (We can't stop)  
We the cream of the crop (We the cream of the crop)

Tea Rush:

Man it feels good to be on top / sky is the limit who gone stop me / Everything is us, we the rock /  
holding up the city we call wall street / Black is the color of the pot / of wealth circulating here on our  
skreet / Love is the knowledge that we drop / the hatred in the bombs set our souls free / Releasing  
stories untold / they tried to block us out but the powers wouldn't fold, / yeah believe or not  
melanation ruled this spot business thriving more then the average Apple stock, / this spot was hot,  
this spot was hot, / them people had to ask us for a loan to cop them lots / man they had to plot they  
wouldn't stop / til they found a way to murder us and leave our souls to rot but they ain't stop a thing!

Tea Rush:

Brotha I know ya love is for real  
We can't stop (We can't stop)

We the cream of the crop (We the cream of the crop)  
[Written Quincey: welcome welcome welcome welcome welcome welcome]  
Brotha I know ya love is for real  
We can't stop (We can't stop)  
We the cream of the crop (We the cream of the crop)

Sneak the Poet:

“Blessed from the divine you can feel it in my spirit / Just to raise a child you need the warmth from a village. / Love of a queen cooking dinner in the kitchen / Mhmm / Taste like heaven with a side of reminiscing / It's in me not on me / I feel it / It's a feeling / Just follow my intuition / This Bodhisattva / Smoking the finest ganja / Finding my higher self / Landed me right beside her / I skrrt left in the Yana / She speaking my language now / Can't even explain it man / Keep it in layman's term / I'll lay you ma'am it's my turn / Live and you better learn / So pass me that camera babe / Pose for the real God / This picture uh' never fade / Put that on everything

Tea Rush:

Brotha I know ya love is for real  
We can't stop (We can't stop)  
We the cream of the crop (We the cream of the crop)  
[Written Quincey: welcome welcome welcome welcome welcome welcome]  
I want to welcome y'all to the experience. Yeah  
We been doing this for a few years now  
Brotha I know ya love is for real  
We can't stop (We can't stop)  
We the cream of the crop (We the cream of the crop)

Written Quincey:

Yo / I got some covenants I need y'all to follow, man. To come into this space and to come this experience, you're not allowed to use your mind, you can only use your heart. Don't think, just feel. (that's right) You gotta introduce yourself to three people, give three hugs, know what I mean? That's extremely important.  
And everything is already when you come here. A W E - R E A D Y. Awe ready.

So listen, we'll count it down all collectively. We'll work together. We're counting down like 1, 2, 1 2 3 and... shhhh

### **P.O.D. (Product of Desecration) [feat. Hakeem Eli'juwon]**

Written by: Elijah Pigg

Produced by: Evan Rowland.

Mixing Engineer: David Puletz

Mastered by: Becker Master

#### Hakeem Eli'juwon

Look / I'm gangbanger / I never was no stranger / Interlock wit the most danger / And the cane slangers / I'm bringing the most flavor / I'm the product of desecration / Total annihilation / from under the fire blazing / and the shell casings / misery loves company / I'm wit the thugs buddy said love bumpin me / came from the same struggle / somehow rose grew up out the mud puddle / out off dark tunnel / the place we was all funneled / when it all crumbled

I ain't yo nigga naw I'ma gorilla crazy how it all made me / and I'm war waging / shoot without hesitation / I need some reparations / fuck yo apologizing / Murals ain't symbolizing what you minimizing / now that we enterprising / they wanna join forces / cuz the city rising praise for the foundation / built on the backs of the rappers / they wanna make us a ark / to carry us farther and faster / but I feel enlightened to tell you / we ain't gone be owning these masters / it's all just a part of the game / I'm playing my part in this chapter / but this ain't the route I'm embarking / I'd rather invest in no parking / My only concern is my portion / they say I'm the future the fortune / I was supposed to be born rich / but that shit just wasn't important / I can see crosses on standpipe / ash burning in the north wind / I hear the mob is approaching / calling demonic emotions / I'm finna nab me a cracker / never let em catch me loafing YNG

### **REPARATIONS (feat. St. Domonick & M.C.)**

Written by: Carlte Fletcher, Matthew Crockett, Elijah Pigg)

Produced by: Joshua Ryan Davis

Mixing Engineer: David Puletz

Mastered by: Becker Master

St. Domonick

Hey yo, it's something in the air / I feel like it's the last days / adamant on my journey I walk over mass graves / generational trauma I'm stuck on the last page / tryna rewrite the story I look at the gas gauge / it's empty just like the north / shit, we barely got gas stations / rollin on up the porch I think back to the past days / as soon as we tried to ball they came and they castrate us / burnin down niggas cities, put kids in gas chambers / funny how it was missing from history class papers  
If you gon write us out we needa see a check / they eating greedy got me feelin like I'm DMX / excuse but we ask for reparations fuck a BMX / My generation never got to really see success / my niggas see a judge before they see a jet / they lit the match now they keep asking us why we upset / it's all good just sit back until it see what's next / now we a threat cuz they don't like the way we mentioning the fact these niggas dirtier than ice in Flint, Michigan / but everything is us and FILA came to get it lit again / walking thru my city like I'm AJ Smitherman / dammed if I let you niggas take over our shit again / I need vans, I'm talking grants and Benjamins / new gameplans to pass down to apprentices / black owned brands, schools, banks and businesses / hey, I'm from the city full of broken hearts / the nights cold all we know is dark / so many tears through the years might need Noah's Ark / we had it lit than they stole the spark / To all my niggas in the town who just wanna rebuild but don't know where to start / the times coming nigga keep ya heart / hey

St. Domonick:

Hey, yo/ hey, yo / hey, yo / hey, yo

Downtown with the pack / we put the town town on the map / My niggas tired hearing all the cap you wanna play then pull up to the Max / I hit up Chasing Ryan for the slaps / I was like Charlie Wilson, he was Zapp / ain't no confusion bitch I'm from the GAP / we turned the Brady Mansion to the trap/ They tried to like the nitty like a dump / our circumstances left us in a slump / so pop used to ride around with the pump / with that bread to yo head I ain't talking Trump / takin yo lunch so we can have some lunch / that was my daddy and I am his son I might pull up on GT in a GT throw his smiling ass in the trunk / like fuck it I gotta do it then it's done / open the safe we takin what we want / that nigga play then make him strip naked / drop him off at nafiehs this ain't what you want/ better hope Steph don't beat me to the punch / how you gon steal then try to stunt / my city was burnin they was eating brunch / I'm plottin revenge smoking on this runtz / I ain't gon tell you niggas more than once

M.C.

Hey, rebuilding the things they were stealin' / Nobody want it more than us / We ain't tell these niggas more than once / Ain't asking for a handout / We just taking what belong to us / But if it's war we put em in the dust

Hakeem Eli'juwon

Black bar from America / White rose petals gold melanin / The true form of the specimen / You ain't buying you ain't selling them / Kunta Kinte's relatives / Pay in blood, Mr. President / Black Wall Street residents / Finna put a dent off in your deficit / I'm raising an argument we the one started this we from the town town town...

[fades out]

## **RAW COCAINE (feat. 1st Verse, Thomas Who?, & Bezel 365)**

Written by: Ron Isaac Bailey, Renauld Porter & Rodrick Thomas

Produced by: Markell Stora and Dr. Stevie Johnson

Mixing Engineer: David Puletz

Mastered by: Becker Master

1st Verse

Raw / Been sleep long enough, wake up get off / that bullshit, that cooked shit, that good shit / raw / believe nothing you hear / believe half what you saw / that's law  
I keep that raw / Been sleep long enough wake up get off / that bullshit, that cooked shit, this good shit / raw / believe nothing you hear / believe half what you saw / that's law

Bezel 365

Cokaine, Cokaine, Dopemane Dopemane  
Cokaine, Cokaine, Dopemane Dopemane  
Cokaine, Cokaine, Dopemane Dopemane

1st Verse

Raw / Been sleep long enough wake up get off / your bitchass whiplash snatching niggas up what the fuck you thought / this was / grams in the church like a strip club, she gon make it rain in a tip cup, I can see the pain in the midst of all/ the bullshit/ Cops on street nigga hood shit/ Glock on wish a nigga would shit/ Drop to your knees hit the pulpit/ yeah, praying for a change/ damn might never be the same/ peddling cane/ tryna get a Chevy and a chain/ picture the devil in the frame/levee when it rain/ Two shots steady with the aim/ or lil Betty taking metal to the brain/ Said he with the gang/ really you gatdamn shame/ you'll never be heavy in the game/ better know the name/ Big Surron nigga don't play/ bro send a beat it's an entree/ Stayed down been real since one day/ Thats day one A1 one way/ I'm a raise my son like sun rays/ thats rise and shine like front page/ from a boy to man like Wanya/ After that give a fuck what you gon' say/ Cadillac strut on a runway/ Holding my nuts like sundae/ Wanna talk bucks we can rendezvous/ Niggas talk shit till the shit come through/ Then throw a fit when the shit hit news/ Lights go dim when you can't see through/ can't feed them and you can't feed you/ that's food for thought I ain't talking bout food/ when I say I'm fucking raw

Been sleep long enough wake up get off / that bullshit, that cooked shit, this good shit / raw / believe nothing you hear / believe half what you saw / that's law

I give you that raw / been sleep long enough wake up get off / that bullshit, that cooked shit, this good shit / raw

### Bezel 365

Cokaine, Cokaine, Dopemane Dopemane

Cokaine, Cokaine, Dopemane Dopemane

### Thomas Who?

I'm as raw as they come, quotes from the goat have begun, I was caught in the web that I spun, misunderstood all the purchases niggas was hurtin shit we wasnt pitching for fun/ my band of brothers where touching the keys and the base while a nigga was loading a drum, ironic how we never stood wit a strap on the gram but we always were posted wit one/ big flash cheese, draco sweep, this is a cleaning crew, hand to ya face nigga this isnt peek a boo/ who, what, and where listen that is unspeakable/ my mama told me that freedom would come at the moment that I had decided to speak the truth/ but her giving birth to an animal always had seemed inconceivable/ I was on corners in Tulsa wit product that spoke for itself why they order from me/ grateful that I had avoided the lock cause I knew where to get it a quarter a key/ papi was giving me game on the ways that my migos manipulate border police/ homey got popped with a brick in the trunk but came home to a bag when they ordered release/

loyalty ain't a nigga around who had told on me/ if you know then you know if you dont then you don't, you can check every product for potency/ Thommy proficient at flipping a half to a whole but prolific wit poetry/ I could flatten a friend with the dope on me and I'm doing it wrong if you notice me

1st Verse:

Raw / Been sleep long enough, wake up get off / that bullshit, that cooked shit, that good shit / raw / believe nothing you hear / believe half what you saw / that's law  
I keep that raw / Been sleep long enough wake up get off / that bullshit, that cooked shit, this good shit / raw

Bezel 365

Cokaine, Cokaine, Dopemane Dopemane  
Cokaine, Cokaine, Dopemane Dopemane

**NORTH TULSA GOT SOMETHING TO SAY** (feat. Jerica, 1st Verse, Doc Free, Pade, Ausha LaCole & Tony Foster Jr.)

Written by: Derek Clark, Ausha Edwards, Ron Isaac Bailey, Scott Phillips, Brandon Wade and Jerica Wortham

Produced by: Malachi Burgess

Mixing Engineer: Angelo Estes

Mastered by: Becker Master

Jerica Wortham [spoken]

Our excellence, they tried to hide it. Thug town, I survived it. Everything is us, we revived it. Now, we got something to say.

AUSHA LaCole & Tony Foster Jr.

Hey hey hey

North Tulsa got something to say

Don't feel no type of way

I said hey hey hey

North Tulsa got something to say  
Don't feel no type of way (type of way)

### 1st VERSE

Light one up for my associates / As the anniversary approaches I feel something explosive blowing in the Tulsa wind / Tryna find a way appropriate to express it and focus the lens / Talk to you like we the closest of friends / We was in this together, we gon roll to the end / We gon empty the clips / we gon load em again / We gon hold it right until it's time without the folding in / Global with the spins, feeling like a mogul with the Jims / Manifest it like I told you what it is / Showed you like a photo without the post or a send / Got em out the paint or I made a poster of them / Felt the weight of the moment and owned it with the pen / With my brothers that been around since the story begin / Like once upon a time, north of Pine / I found myself a purpose that I went forth to define like...

### 1st VERSE

Mission accomplished / no it's nothing like this / On the planet my plan is to do damage and vanish and reappear and something outlandish and land on a cliff / 9-1-alien shit / you wanted slaves on a ship / Instead I say what I meant / Word to the blade in my lip / Come to my radius hating I'll throw a face at your brick / Lighting sage in your grave / I know Brady is sick / I sent the matrix a glitch / Then came twice in your... house

### DOC FREE

"Lost in a minimal space / In an oblivinal crate / The ignorant, they make my skin irritate / I'm gettin older but they fearing my pace / Pump the finesse; / and you can fuck off with the frill and the lace / Gotta sedate / But don't find it necessary when I go to create / And breaking down the metaphysical / Just one of our traits / Been feeling kinda assed out and left to this fate / But Oilhouse still persevere and find a key to the gate.

### AUSHA & Tony Foster Jr.

Hey hey hey  
North Tulsa got something to say  
Don't feel no type of way  
I said hey hey hey  
North Tulsa got something to say  
Don't feel no type of way (type of way)

### PADE

AJ Smitherman / Quiet storm going on and I am the only one to make sense to get a glimpse of it /  
Grandma home remedy turned into a business I can pass on when I pass on this soliloquy / At times it  
get to me / story that I thrive on have my mind on when white flesh couldn't sit with me / Remind me  
of a story that my mom's wants told me / could only Denver diner at the back if she wanted to eat /  
TNT parked the same street where the klan meet / Smoking in the house knowin they ain't even fuck  
with me / Lights flickering we make it look like a video / Camera on I pour the PadeTea to make the  
feel go / Where it go if it ever wanted if it ever did / Dream to do something so big they would call the  
shit / What it was when it was how it is like it is / Document it myself so they ain't gotta tell my kids

AUSHA LaCole & Tony Foster Jr.

Hey hey hey  
North Tulsa got something to say  
Don't feel no type of way  
I said hey hey hey  
North Tulsa got something to say  
Don't feel no type of way (type of way)

**YOUNG AND FREE (feat. iamDES, Krisheena Suarez, Chris the God MC Cain & Written  
Quincey)**

Written by: DaVonte Suarez, Krisheena Suarez, Chris McCain, Jayson Robertson, Dr. Tiffany  
Crutcher

Produced by: Sherman Johnson Jr.

Mixing Engineer: Angelo Estes

Mastered by: Becker Master

iamDES

We say a prayer for a better tomorrow, / We cherish time / 'Cause we know that it's borrowed. / Black  
Wall Street. / Black Heaven, / Now this is hollow ground. / We may not see our ancestors, / But their  
spirits still around. / Take these slave chains / And give us back our crown / 'Cause freedom isn't free /  
When you look like me. / Young, gifted, and Black. / From the color of our skin, / To the texture of  
your hair / We birthed with purpose. / It's reason that you're here. / The world is yours to conquer. /  
Believe in yourself / I wish you nothing but the best. / Love, peace, and grace / And an overflow of

life's wealth. / Yeah. / I said an overflow of... / Tell a Black Girl that she's worth it, / Tell a Black Boy he got purpose. / Destined since your mother's womb, / Pray your passion consume. / Fire in your bones / A vision for a better world. / The world is yours to conquer. / You are God's design, / It's your time.

Krisbeena Suarez

To be young and free,  
with life ahead of me.  
Justice was fought so we,  
So we could live our dreams.

Chris the God MC Cain

Kindergarten taught us pledge allegiance / But they concealed them terrorist secrets / Me and the homies did our own research / A hundred years later, yea this the rebirth / They think Reparations a record advance? / I'm God's mirror image / Don't insult me I need a God-like percentage / It's more than rhymes in a sentence / Feed my kids when I'm finished / My daughter know she pretty she don't need no extensions like a fake Cleopatra / Tie a ribbon in her natural / Black Baby Alive Dolls / She gettin all her practice / For my future grand babies / Gotta carry on tradition / For my ancestors God sent me on a mission / GOD MC all caps when you type it / These rappers all cap and I don't like it / But we still gettin capital / Protest at the Capitol / Can't stop nothing magical / So tell them nationalist / We on some Africa shit

Krisbeena Suarez

To be young and free,  
with life ahead of me.  
Justice was fought so we,  
So we could live our dreams.

Written Quincey

Benediction, / redemption, / Life, death, and love, forgive me for dis contradiction. / I made mistake in my past living / so forgive my sake of present livin' / I may do this shit again, / I may cry for life again / cry again for death / cry again for pain / cry again for every brick dat has ever been laid, / stayed, for hunnid years / stayed for hunnid tears, / built a hunnid bricks / Built a hunnid sticks, / hunnid spirits

is marchin, / hunnid babies is printed in black and white a hunnid years later / a hunnid MCs is at the peephole, / a hunnid dreadheads confronting a hunnid white sheets at the intersection / a hunnid poets, / a hunnids sons and daughters, / a hunnid from da Norf / a hunnid from Gilcrease, / 36th & 46th / BC Franklin / a hunnid nappy heads from Cheyenne / Berry Park / and Chamberlain / and North Mabee / and Ben Hill / Amos T Hall / and O' Brian / in front of Mt. Vernon / front of Mt. Zion / been done crying / the new fire is burnin'

**PARTY PLANE (feat. Steph Simon, Dialtone, Tony Foster Jr., Ray June & Krisheena Suarez)**

Written by: Stephon Simon, Antonio Andrews, Charlie Wilson, Nanci Fletcher, William McMullen

Produced by: Joe Bruner, Edward McBride

Mixing Engineer: David Puletz

Mastered by: Becker Master

*Steph Simon*

It's a whole lot of money going round the room  
Now we got options, Making better moves  
Everything is us tell me who is you  
The only reason they gone hate cuz they out the loop  
30 thousand feet up that's a better view  
When you want that real love who you running to  
Bout to hit the runway this a party plane  
FILA be the airlines anything is possible, huh  
Everything is us now we up, yeah yeah  
Everything is us now we up, yeah yeah  
Everything is us now we up

I ain't slipped up yet / Skyline to 36th I ain't switched up yet / Remember waiting on a deal like I ain't picked up yet / Til I went and signed myself / Baby this my jet / It's Steph Simon / The local bus rider turned frequent flyer / Yeah, and now we party in the clouds now / Yeah, and everybody love that town sound / Still will hit that 105 headed northbound / Ain't really too much changed still I remain a Jim / Except the goals got better it ain't no double rims / A designated hitter when I'm on that driller brim / You ain't gone make it where I'm from if you don't like to build / A hundred thousand was the goal

now I want a mil / 100 different ways to get it sticking to the script / Shaba Dabba tweet tweet like I'm  
Charlie will / I wrote it down on some paper then I made it real

It's a whole lot of money going round the room  
Now we got options, Making better moves  
Everything is us tell me who is you  
The only reason they gone hate cuz they out the loop  
30 thousand feet up that's a better view  
When you want that real love who you running to  
Bout to hit the runway this a party plane  
FILA be the airlines anything is possible, huh  
Everything is us now we up, yeah yeah  
Everything is us now we up, yeah yeah  
Everything is us now we up, yeah yeah  
Everything is us now we up, yeah yeah

Dialtone:

Crack a No Parking Brew / It's looking like Juneteenth / Baked up a cake for my city I just want my  
piece / GAP baby / Feel like the state been on lease / Now it's going up for auction hope you got yo  
piece  
Stashing cash / Breaking half for my youngins / OG since 03 been onto something / Nothing fancy,  
just flava over percussion / This for 637 for the section / A lot of friends turn to haters when you  
hustling / I just learn to remain patient when you buzzing / Now I just want this cash and my city on /  
Just wanna slide up Peoria pushing a foreign / I made artifacts put my art in these raps / No Parking  
Skyscraper now we on the map  
Now they can see it's Fire in Little Africa / Right off Hartford it was my purpose to come after

Steph Simon:

It's a whole lot of money going round the room  
Now we got options, making better moves  
Everything is us tell me who is you  
The only reason they gone hate cuz they out the loop  
30 thousand feet up that's a better view  
When you want that real love who you running to

Bout to hit the runway this a party plane  
FILA be the airlines anything is possible, huh  
Everything is us now we up, yeah yeah  
Everything is us now we up, yeah yeah  
Everything is us now we up, yeah yeah  
Everything is us now we up, yeah yeah

Ray June, Tony Foster Jr. & Krisheena Suarez:

Please don't get left behind  
Just sit back and take a ride  
Everybody, all aboard  
Everybody, all aboard (Are you ready? All aboard!)  
All aboard this jet, make sure that you clear the runway  
So just stand in line while we make you feel alright  
Tickets in your hand, you don't want to miss this plane  
Enjoy the ride as we take flight

Steph Simon:

It's a whole lot of money going round the room  
Now we got options, Making better moves  
Everything is us tell me who is you  
The only reason they gone hate cuz they out the loop  
30 thousand feet up that's a better view  
When you want that real love who you running to  
Bout to hit the runway this a party plane  
FILA be the airlines anything is possible, huh  
Everything is us now we up, yeah yeah  
Everything is us now we up, yeah yeah  
Everything is us now we up, yeah yeah  
Everything is us now we up