

# Young Black America (feat. The-Dream)

Meek Mill

Young black America  
Young black America  
Young black America  
Young black America  
Young black America  
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  
Young black America  
Young black America  
Young black America  
Young black America  
Young black America  
Young black America  
Young black America  
Young black America  
Young black America  
Young black America  
Young black America  
Young black America  
Young black America  
Young black America

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>