

# Farrakhan (feat. Vince Staples)

## Joey Fatts

Now, now, you, you  
Preachers and leaders  
You, you, administrators  
You teachers  
You leaders, you, are the worst Bitch I'm Farrakhan with a blue rag  
I want all beef, get toe-tagged  
Don't do pigs, motherfuck CRASH  
Young warrior like Conan, Conan, Conan, Conan...  
(You generation of young black men and women...)  
Bitch I'm Farrakhan with a blue rag  
I want all beef, get toe-tagged  
Don't do pigs, motherfuck crash  
Young warrior like Conan, Conan, Conan  
Conan, Conan, Conan, Conan  
(You can't feel it?)  
Read up on ISIS the other day  
Bred up on violence, my phone on silent  
Can't call my bluff or anybody, k?  
Anybody get touched any kind of way  
Anyway, read up on ISIS they trippin'  
I ain't worried about it I'm cripplin'  
All my automatics extended  
Don't be coming around with that come around  
Kill everybody, no witness  
Bandana brown like my pigment  
Yeah my alma mater like Bunchy Carter  
I gun 'em down, I gun 'em down  
I'm black, proud, and my mac loud  
Five powers to the people  
Walk up get down through the peephole  
Coke game, cold case, nigga eat chrome  
(Coldchain)  
Bitch I'm Farrakhan with a blue rag  
I want all beef, get toe-tagged  
Don't do pigs, motherfuck CRASH  
Young warrior like Conan, Conan, Conan, Conan...  
(When you talk to young people, you can't feel that you're missing them?)  
Bitch I'm Farrakhan with a blue rag  
I want all beef, get toe-tagged  
Don't do pigs, motherfuck CRASH  
Young warrior like Conan, Conan, Conan  
Conan, Conan, Conan, Conan

(And we don't want to hear your compromising...)Feeling god body  
When I'm walking around here with that shotty  
I don't need a chronic, you gonna get that business if you try me  
Bitch I'm radical, yeah, I'm radical, the automatics blow  
Since the Regan era niggas serve and front that Texico  
(They hate what they can't control  
We don't fuck with no patrol  
Take it back to fifty-four  
Boy I'm sticking to them codes)  
My fist high, my clique ready  
Hood look like Katrina when they broke the levees  
My gun cocked, my hand steady  
Arm out the window in a black ChevyBitch I'm Farrakhan with a blue rag  
I want all beef, get toe-tagged  
Don't do pigs, motherfuck CRASH  
Young warrior like Conan, Conan, Conan, Conan...  
(Your day of using our people is over and it will never come back)  
Bitch I'm Farrakhan with a blue rag  
I want all beef, get toe-tagged  
Don't do pigs, motherfuck CRASH  
Young warrior like Conan, Conan, Conan  
Conan, Conan, Conan, Conan  
(You have bought into the enemy and you want to lead your people, not to God, not to Jesus,  
but you want to lead them into the path of their open enemy that God has come to separate  
them from)

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

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