

Prez Harris - Chains

{skit: will smith}

{hook: prez harris & steven layne}

Chains finna clang til we going out with a bang

Til we going out with a bang x 4

I'm talkin' bout chains

Chains, chains

We talkin' bout, we talkin' bout chains

Shackled inside of our brains

Telling you stay in yo lane

Why they think we all the same

{verse 1: prez harris}

I remember back in 06, the oldest

I wanted to be potus, i wrote this

Down just to show this

To my teacher who just told me it was hopeless, bogus

So i start rapping joking

They said that i was tight when i spoke it

The fam told me i should be a lawyer

It's funny bars kept my mind open

But the chains of the strongest couldn't hold this

Some people are the wrongest don't know it

I told em for the longest i'd show it

And i bet before the song end they notice, they know

They didn't know that i was chosen

To lead my people like moses

Split cs like a dope man

Now i got 'em jumping like derozan, lets get it

No they can't me hold down i never quit it

Said they didn't like my sound i kept spittin

Had to snapback cause they said i wasn't fitted

**Might cry two tears in a bucket dj clinton
New era of rap check the newsprint
The takeover this the blueprint
My team winning y'all losing
No sneak diss don't get mad if the shoe fit
But really though like don't get mad if the shoe fit just lace that boy up
and wear it, ight**

{hook}

{verse 2: steven layne}

**Chains, tryna stop my reign, never felt my pain
Maimed, i'm going insane, i'm stuck in their game
Eyes look back wanna challenge us
Never thought i could make them bite the dust
Every eye stares sullen it's an exodus
Does the hate sprawl cus they envy us
Brothers lost trynna fair through the plight
Quick with horse play like mike and ikes
Pull the race card say you chasing fights
Caught soul searchin in the wake of the lights
Great, how do i deal with this weight
Break, the soul is pressed between plates
Straight, what acts as my saving grace
Fate, if we just pigment with no face, blank
Just give me the reasons
For these hell bent seasons
Black families in treason cause our nations not grieving
Chains gripping our necks, voices shooting like a tech
The wilsons are all reprieved
While the emotions shackle our sleeves
Civil war is abreast, people don't rest
Trying to make the best, through the tribulations tests**

{skit: will smith}