

Nothing to Something

Derek Minor

She knows
We ain't never had nothing (whoa)
We ain't never had nothing (whoa)
Tryna' turn it into something
We ain't never had nothing
But we try and turn this love into something, yeah, yeah
Into something yeah yeah, into something
Into into something yeah, yeah
We ain't never had nothing
But we try and turn this love into something, yeah, yeah

Oh don't you judge me
Please don't you judge me
You supposed to learn me
You looking down like you standing above me but I'm so used to that yeah
America acting like they send us they don't play their part
They just play me though
Land of the free was built for free offering it back they just take it from
us
This life is a typical culture till now I left
Beat us and broke us with noose around our neck
Sold our families and raped our mothers with no respect
And told us if we learned to read it would be certain death
And that's the hand that we was dealt played it for Jim Crow
White hoods and shotguns intimidate our vote
But still we persisted tried to believe
Even if assassins kill our kings with dreams
And I ain't asking for no sympathy
But the difference in our history often affects who we intend to be
And don't you dare talk about a broken home
Cause for 250 years all our families was buzzed whole
Still trying to put it together I feel like it's taking forever
It ain't for a lack of trying we trying to do better
Gotta rise above it
Trying to turn this nothing into something

We ain't never had nothing (whoa)
We ain't never had nothing (whoa)
Trying to turn it into something
We ain't never had nothing
But we try and turn this nothing into something, yeah, yeah
Into something yeah, yeah, into something
Into, into something yeah, yeah
We ain't never had nothing (no)
But we try and turn this nothing in to something yeah, yeah
Yeah

Little homie about to do the trick (uh)
Homie let me learn you a trick (woo)
Black people teach you how to breathe it though
Ex me hello, something out of nothing you should see it though
It's black boy George, black boy fly
Black girl rock hit the rock make it cry
Hold the staff for Moses can't call it its magic from 10,000 hours
And uninhabited, couple, couple of noodles and hot links
A gourmet feast a miracle nothing short a tree
Spotting out concrete yeah white out the concrete

Yeah y'all at it all week
System kill our prophets and mock our mournful
Give us balls and mikes and demand we perform for them
It's crazy 300 years been trying to say to you
Why I gotta explain it, ain't plain to you? (huh)
We never had nothing but nothing was selfish
Kept my belly full of the stuff the rich was missing
Y'all could grow a little, your little minds could listen
Privilege you protect us made y'all a victim
You think you blameless, I know you shamed it
Y'all can't even see the pain in our faces
You ain't got the frame for the affects and displacement
You marvel at the joy that comes from our spaces
Even though

Even though
We ain't never had nothing (whoa)
Even though, even though
We ain't never had nothing (whoa)
Trying to turn it into something
We ain't never had nothing (whoa)
But we try and turn this nothing into something yeah, yeah
Into something yeah, yeah, into something
Into, into something yeah, yeah
We ain't never had nothing
But we try and turn this nothing into something yeah, yeah