

# Fighting

Goodie Mob

Put me in a serious situation hope I get another chance  
To live life as I know  
4:30 was the time, I'm feelin' a pain in my chest  
I guess I smoke too much sess  
Makin' a nigga mo' slow off the doe in Olympian bubblin' under who  
Where's the crew thick mist in the trail  
I'm feelin' pressure off the tess  
Spine advertising swine on Channel 2 when in the same breath  
You tellin' me don't eat from that plate increasin' my blood  
Outbreaks on my skin don't blend with the way I want this thang to flow  
If I can help the cause don't have to treat it with no tricks  
You settin' me cancer on a stick, visualize destruction soon to come  
Throwin' within this city we call Atlantis  
Prayin' like a mantis everyday ain't good in the woods of Southwest  
I stress in my rhymes...fighting for yo' spirit and you mind!

So what it be like my brother be catching gangrene  
The water be brown in the morning in my sink  
Who that in my eyes some Clampett eaten away by fungi  
Another virus disease, at ease, quick to lead a strike against Haiti  
When half your army in the bed with pains in their back  
And behind their head  
Witch doctors giving more Medicaid but ain't no aid  
But these ain't tha same from 'Nam, didn't give a damn  
Who only wanted Saddam now your hands numb  
Can't run old age before thirty  
This what you wanted when you signed your (hand) 'cock on tha line  
Fightin' for your spirit and your mind, service to my kind...

Seems like we're fighting for our spirit and mind  
They got us fighting for our spirit and mind  
Still fighting for our spirit and mind  
We can't stop fighting for our spirit and mind

Multiple stab wounds sticin' thru in the ol' school Cutlass Supreme  
Thirty-five cents to my name and that's fo' a blunt man  
The way thangs goin' today I might as well be dead, so dread  
The voices on the radio got me seamed  
Can't put a smile on my face cuz my pockets ain't straight  
At least not the way I want 'em to be  
Early as phuckk, eight fifty-one  
Last night I barely got some Z's ... sleep...uh  
I can't ol' Burd in the next room havin' nightmares  
It sound like wind blowin' when she weep, speak  
I can't I'm tired on the way to the slave camp...  
I utter very little words, I'm thinkin' about a ciggy I snatched  
From the jaws of death, a sack of crumbled herb ...  
Rollin' down Main Street  
East Point, I swerve, Campbelton Rd, Southside  
Eight fifty-five, jacket at bus top standin', sweatin' but, I ain't smilin  
Outside it's twenty below fool I'm ridin' to the liquor store  
Closed that's right I go hotta at this beesoo I know  
Who work at the Texaco Gas station, pacin' back down memory lane  
Feelin' strange can't Explain, so bare wit me please  
Thru this green light I sees  
That tramp that gave me herpes wreck, wham, crash, stumblin' jumps out  
The ride empty the glock fo', five, D.E.A.D.

Woke up handcuffed inside Grady  
Tagged with an I-U-D (intoxicated una dank)  
I took two swiggs outts my deuce-deuce, old E  
Now Stephen K-I-N-G had the story all wrong  
Blood last five points, I'm gone

[Cee-Lo]

As individuals and as a people we are at war  
But the majority of my side got they eyes open wide  
But still don't recognize what we fighting fo  
I guess that's what I'm writing for to try to shed some light  
But we been in the darkness for so long, don't know right from wrong  
Y'all scared to come near it, you ignore the voice  
In your head when you hear it  
The enemy is after yo' spirit but you think it's all in yo' mind  
You'll find a lot of the reason we behind  
Is because the system is designed to keep our third eyes blind  
But not blind in the sense that our other two eyes can't see  
You just end investing quality time in places you don't even need to be  
We don't even know who we are, but the answer ain't far  
Matter of fact its right up under our nose  
But the system taught us to keep that book closed  
See the reason why he gotta lie and deceive is so  
That we won't act accordingly  
To get the blessings we suppose to receive  
Yeah it's true, Uncle Sam wants you to be a devil too  
See, he's jealous because his skin is a curse but what's worse  
is if I put it in a verse y'all listen to some bullshit first  
We ain't natural born killas, we are a spiritual people  
God's chosen few  
Think about the slave trade when they had boats with  
Thousands of us on board  
And we still was praising the Lord now you ready to die  
Over a coat, a necklace round your throat, that's bullshit  
Black people ya'll better realize, we losin, you better fight and die  
If you got to get yo' spirit and mind back and we got to do it together  
Goodie Mob means, "The Good Die Mostly Over Bullshit"  
You take away one "O" and it will let you know  
"God is Every Man of Blackness"  
The Lord has spoken thru me and the G-Mo-B!