

Rebuilding

Goodie Mob

You'se a baffoon, caught up in your own cocoon
Leave your head rest maroon
Drunk heavy in the side street saloon
Til' I figured it out, to the 3rd degree
I'm the milli in the meter
I'm the gram up in the kilo
I'm the wave up in the ocean
The C up in the coast and
The B up in the Boston
So what you looking for or looking at now
You ain't got what you gotta shake
Caught it on the sidewalk fake
I gets down, further digging down
Hurt for the red dirt at the same time
Hit rewind if your ass didn't hear me clear
Hit rewind if your ass didn't hear me clear

My old hood could use a little rebuilding
A better place for these ghetto children
I ain't gonna let 'em take the O out my JOY
Before you can rebuild, you've got to destroy
And these walls gonna come tumbling down
These walls gonna come tumbling down

Well I remember when, I was slanging nothing but weed
I ain't round here that can't tell you about me
Fortunately I done changed the way I used to be
When so many didn't have an alternative to see
Music saved my life and now I'll never forget it
Thats why I try to glorify God with it
But it still remains, its in my veins
I know that I'ma sin, I just hope he'll forgive me again
Okay, I'm right and wrong in the same day
And it's always gonna be someone who'll see it the same way
And if I react, who was that guy to blame, hey
You fuck with me, I fuck with you thats how the game played
I had a choice to let it go, but if you don't let it go
Then I ain't got no choice no more
Two lives gone to waste, one dead and the other caught a case
With 50 years to face
I'm raising ghosts, I'm rebuilding

I'm so tired of my people not knowing what we doing to ourselves
And we blame it on them, but we stuck in the same frame
Trapped inside a mental instrumental bond
Hoping to run, but theres a gun, what could you really do
Everybody new kicking the old to the floor
But now its more shit, crooked, shady, talking 'bout the president
He's fucking other ladies, blowing up spots we supposed to hit
And casually they spreading billions to the little children overseas
Niggas moving G's, I'm on my knees praying god please
A nigga just wanna eat and sleep
With my gun in my own little world and raise my little kids
Doing the best I can nigga

Shit, look who talking now
You gots'ta crawl before you walk, Ohh don't follow to close

Where I think you might stop
We all can see that the grass is the same color on the other side of the fence
Give thanks, people thank alarm clocks, wake 'em up
Every morning brother I gotta stay prayed up
Cause the pistol ain't gonna save my life when it's time to go
Its just in case I get a chance to retaliate
I used ain't have nothing positive to say
Doing my little five minutes of fame
Who done forget from which they came
Acknowledge his name, Lord, you've been so good to me
Better than I've been to myself
Keep us in good health
The white mans food makes my stomach upchuck
But I gots'ta be strong, to defeat my enemies
For the kill, MAC's in your side
Judging buildings, they can't be no playgrounds for these childrens

[Hook]