

Catch 22

Raheem DeV Vaughn

Whats gangsta, in my humble opinion, whats gangsta is knowledge
, spilled out on the track

Tell me who are we really when we don't know our history, what
good is the church for when you cannot trust the priest,
guess the lies are easier to swallow than it is to face the truth
but the struggles of tomorrow are the same ones as the past.
Wishing I could prophecy, or perhaps just fade away for brand new
better day so until my dying day

Living life like a catch 22 (yea ... yea yea)
For every step I try to take yet they wanna push me back (yea .
.. yea yea)
I aint worried about it see, cause I can handle that (yea ... yea
yea yea)

If the sidewalk could speak it would tell you how (blood is thick)?
while little girls were playing double dutch and look outs were
guiding the police,
While they restored the projects (why) for the inside to remain
the same,
(why) cause if it looks brand new to me and you we won't feel the
need for change, its got me passing back and forth on concrete,
Wishing I could prophecy, or perhaps just fade away so until my
dying day

This one is for (my profess)? that don died way to soon in the
same block with the cracked rocks and another closed down school.
For all the precious babies with fathers locked down with fake
crime, for the sleep walking and blind chilling on (ice slain by
the mind)?
(wake up) I ain't gonna settle, no change is going to come, to
each one reaches one (teach one), my word ain't done, am gonna
keep on living