

People

Raphael Saadiq

The streets are paved with fallen souls (I don't know what I've been told)
Cause I ain't never been down that road
The ghetto got a dirty name (the media pursued their flame)
But tell me who are they to really say?
It's not about the residents (damn what people think of them)
Bush is sitting cozy on the hill
So don't look down, look up high (don't let these people steal your pride)
Use that ghetto bullshit as a shield

And people, people... somebody's got to tell the truth
(I don't think they heard you)
And people, people... somebody's got to tell the truth

Here we go another year (niggas juggling hate and fear)
Time is moving like the twelve-hand
It ain't all so political (black-on-black or physical)
But everybody's got to understand
See life ain't what it used to be (death is sowing many seeds)
Removing like we'll never see pain
I usually run through life but now (I act too quickly, slow it down)
But I never, ever compromised myself

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(I don't think they heard you)
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The government's the biggest pimp (they take their cut and leave you with)
Nothing at the end of the day
I'm searching for a solitude (but all I find is niggas who)
Smile and tell me lies to my face
The industry's no better cause (they only show you mad love)
When you're life and soul is living on the charts
But when you're luck is facing down (those ones, they are not a round)
Will take your heart and put it in the ground

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