

Can't Get Right

Scarface

These are the last days, settle in
Look at the turmoil our kids left the ghetto in
They bustin metal and, ain't got remorse for the innocent
It's just another nigga in the morgue
My momma's pregnant with a son she should abort
Cause she ain't knowin what I'm fin' to be facin is nothin short
of a, racially motivated killin cause them boys
see a nigga as only a third of a human, {?}
Every time I see a cracker with a badge, I'm in awe
Cause I'm knowin how he feel, and I'm just bein real
I don't hate and I don't preach it ain't no motherfuckin secret
We ain't first class citizens, and we ain't second either
Need to, get up and get out, and cut that bullshit out
Nigga get yo' own you strugglin at this bitch house
The lack of makin money make a motherfucker bend
If you'd rather me than you die in the end, again and again

I made it over to dry land
but still wound up sinkin in quicksand
I'm tryin Lord, I just can't get right
Paid the bills on Monday
Even went to church on Sunday
But I, but I, but I just can't get right

I lay in bed lookin up at the ceiling
as the fan turns in a circle, thinkin 'bout my evil
Seein end on my TV, bombs in the skies
over Baghdad they fight but they don't know why
What they said about Hussein, was a God damn lie
Raised a war against a religion for oil, don't lie
I seen, kids from the hood livin like they gon' die
with the mindset of be broke or let's go get high
With the people livin so crazy how we gon' get by
Gasoline five dolars, how the fuck we gon' drive?
Can't afford to fill our prescriptions so we all gon' die
CVS is slangin dope on every block worldwide
Since, spies up and had the dope game on fine
Then it's only right for one nigga to go get mine huh
If they injured how they gon' survive?
If they stuck at the bottom how the fuck they gon' ride?

Ain't life a muh'fucker, first you think you got it, then it
all falls apart in front your eyes, try to stop it, but it's
part of the plan that was written by the man
Got me down on my knees and my hands, prayin
Forgive me Lord, thank the Lord I'm alive
Cause I'm knowin deep down I coulda died
I shed so many tears lost so many peers
In the grave or the penitentiary facin 20 years
Pourin beers on the corner, cause Frankie told me {?} lonely
I was high livin blind to the fact that they sold us out
America the Beautiful, there's a funeral
on every day of the month, tryin to get our knees up
Huh, it's another chance under these circumstances
My people ain't advancin, but if we pray
Maybe we'll get to live our life in the sun
'stead of livin on the blocks dyin young, here I come