## The March

Aceyalone

I was born.. I was born.. I was born.. I was born in a concrete jungle and I learned to make my own way (learned to make my own way) I was raised by streets and the beats and the books and crooks of L.A. I was taken by the power of the word and I had a whole lot to say (had a whole lot to say) And I vowed, always to move the crowd and leave em in disarray Cause I live by the word AND I die by the sword These here are strange days AND we here are strong We live by the sword AND we die by the slug This here is war AND this here is love Soldiers are marching in And they're going to battle again Somebody's going to win and somebody will lose -- and that's the truth! Gotta learn to fight for yours Livin in this life of yours See they can't stifle yours if you refuse to abused, fools listen to this news I don't beg, steal or borrow I don't expect to see tomorrow I don't usually soak in sorrow cause I keep all eyes on the sparrow Cause we live by the word AND we die by the sword These here are strange days AND we here are strong We live by the sword AND we die by the slug This here is war AND this here is love Soldiers are marching in And they going to battle again Somebody's going to win and somebody will lose -- and that's the real! Gotta learn to fight for yours Livin in this life of yours See they can't stifle yours if you refuse to abused, fools listen to this news Uh-huh, fools listen to this news Whashup, crews listen to this news Oh yeah, you listen to this news Listen, listen, listen, to this news