

Caged Birdsong

Aloe Blacc

Yeah

S'a few things that I

I wanna get off my chest

So I'ma get 'em off

The drugs the streets the thugs that beat they women

The hate and the violence the guns the bullets that sent them

The ice the jewels the fools that's killing to get them

Or heist with tools strategically placed in their denim

The corner, the store, the spirits, the wine, the liquor

The sinning, it's venom, it's making society sicker

The henny, the 'tron, the dale, the goose, the crown

The pimps is up, the hoes is usually down

The kids in the hall that piss in the corner, the rats

The chicks be watching, the watchers be watching them back

The fatherless babies, the mothers that live in despair

The tenement builders with roaches just chilling in there

The silence is never the sirens be scraping the air

It kills to ignore it but it doesn't hurt you to care

It hurts to ignore it but it doesn't kill you to care

It kills to ignore it but do you

No

You have a soul

And it's worth more than gold

Worth more than gold

Hoping you're mine

Let it unfold

And you will find

Treasures untold

That are worth more than gold

If heaven is a place on earth

Then there ain't no way a dollar could replace your worth

I hope you know that you're priceless

This life gets the point that you feel like

You could point your steel right to the temple

It's so simple

The capitol hill is the capital killers

Bills passed to bill us back for stamps and keys

The system is so diseased

Ain't a vaccine to cure it

And if your skin like mine, we gonna have to endure it

Until we can birth a new nation

Mature it to the level of ancient African civilizations

Half of us up in this nation

Now I know about the hoops we share

Peace to my people who's already there

It's a family affair, sisters and brothers of one soul

Before we hit the heavens above, this world gold

Before we hit the heavens above, this world gold

Before we hit the heavens, do you

Know

You have a soul

And it's worth more than gold

Worth more than gold

Just let me help you

Carry your load
Open your heart
Share what it holds
'cause it's worth more than gold

The wait is up now
I'm throwing it around
The hate you handing out
I throw it to the ground
Too black, too strong for this
Never thought that I would sit and write a song to this
But what you expect when a hunger in your stomach so strong
That when you hear the radio you wanna vomit
And when you look at the TV your heart plummet
It shame me to see how they be showing us on it