

Vendetta

Andy Mineo

I told you so
I told you
We are the ones
'Cause 'Pac did a lot more for me than Barack
Salute
La, da-da, da, da, da, da, da
We're not afraid to lose everything we got
'Cause all we really got is our word, word, word
The pen is greater than the sword
La, da-da, da, da, da, da, da

By the people, for the people
Seems like you only look out for your sort of people
I look around, it's more evil
God I see it in me
You see, um
Everyday we closer to that funeral
Everyday a struggle, but the struggle still beautiful
And doctors don't got patience for their patients
So they just send them to that pharmaceutical
We tell 'em that they need drugs
But I know that they need love
I ain't scared of that war or the violence
The thing I'm more terrified of is
I wanna snatch my generation out this apathy
Gotta do that now 'fore this voice grow out of reach
And what we feedin' people that's a tragedy
So what you want, the chemicals or calories?
Nobody taught us how to eat
Momma gon' work the sixty hour weeks
What's for dinner?
Well, what's quicker and cheap
You got remote parents, you'll be raised by the TV
My momma worked the night shift
Still made it out to every single game
While my father sat at home
I promise when I have my own that we will never be the same
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Look, Mr., Mr. or Mrs
Government official, we just won't listen
You can't relate to how we livin' from where you're sittn'

That's why the artist got more influence than the politician
This my generation
We know the news never tell the truth so we go to Twitter for our informatio
n
It's so fast, ya'll seem slow to us
By the time you print it tomorrow it's old to us
We are the ones that you used to be, brave idealists with a dream

That went corrupted by the cream, yeah
This pen is not for sale
They nickel and dime'n
We still throwin' quarters in a wishing well
And I know you can't imagine losin' the lifestyle that you so used to havin'
And, yo, we still make decisions for the fact that they awesome
Not just for the profit margin
Hold up, how i'm talkin?
I got excess, others got need
I gotta answer to God for all of these sneaks
I got a hundred pairs, but only two feet
God forgive me, I've been thinkin' 'bout me
We point fingers at people who sin different, skin different
But the same color we bleed
You wanna know the real problem in America?
Always has been and it always will be, me
If you had any other answer you've been deceived
We've been lookin' for salvation in education, money, leaders, and policies
But we got a bigger need
We got a sin debt that we inherited
We divide ourself by class, skin color, and our heritage
Well our Creator bankrupt the heaven so that we could all be there with him
Brothers and sisters

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