

So Cold

Bishop Lamont

"But one hundred years later, the Negro still is not free
One hundred years later, the life of the Negro
Is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination
One hundred years later, the Negro lives
On a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity
One hundred years later... "

No, this ain't another street hustler tale
This is real life, real trife, real hell
Something almost all people know well
When some make it, most take it and you're supposed to fail
From a single cell
To a crack sale
To a jail cell
That's the black male
That's what the news tell
That's what these papers sell
That's what these government politicians all try and yell
But to no avail
Cause yet we still prevail
Oh yes there's progress but it moves like a snail
Will we ever win, or will we only fail?
I know you up there God, cause down here this is Hell
Is Heaven really worth it or just another tale?
But death don't ever snitch, so only time will tell
So homie my advice
Don't wait around for Christ
Get up off your ass and live your fuckin' life
Try and do it right
And keep your family tight
Just stay committed to get it and you gon' be alright

It's so cold
Livin' in a cruel ass world you can't control
Doin' what it takes to maintain and keep your soul
If a nigga didn't have his dreams he might loose hope
So cold

Yeah
Uh, they call us gangstas
We claim we gangstas
But what about them slave ships that came to take us?
Ain't been no criminal act greater than that
Not since Christ's crucified worldwide, believe that
Huh, shit
I'm talkin' 400 years
I know the ocean's overflowed from my blood and our tears
While shackled on them ships and brought on to this bitch
They, kept us in them chains and beat us with them whips and
Shit ain't really changed so niggas don't forget
Cause niggas still with chains it's just now we push the whips
So close, yet so far away
I guess the sayin' ain't true that every dog has his day
Cause we've been dogged and treated like dogs
And really even worse

Shit is like we cursed
As soon as we're birthed and placed on this Earth
They hung us on the trees and burned down the church and
Just to think about it
The shit really hurts
And if they Klan wanna race, well you know I'm bombin' first

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Niggas know cash rules
Look at these inner schools
Where youngsters kill for shoes
Stick Goodie Two Shoes
They ain't got shit to loose
Ain't that some house rules?
Cause fuck makin' the bed, they'd rather make the news
Or make the red, make a grand of that block go 'blam'
Do anything but make the right decisions man
And God damn they ain't even hit puberty
Talkin' 'bout jewelry and stickin' up security
Lost all they purity
And think cause they fuckin' now it gives them maturity
Naw motherfuckers
That ain't what it be
That ain't what you gon' see
It's either a new mouth to feed or H.I.V.
(Message)
What done happened to The Dream?
They don't read about King but they know what Usher sing
And fuck a text book, they read the T.V. screen
For sneaker logos and Evisu Jeans
The platinum or the gold they see dangle and gleam
But everything ain't always what it seem

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