

Die Trying

CeeLo Green

See there's no way and there's no how
I'd ever stop now, Imma die tryin', I'mma die trying
And sometimes I get weak from walking the road I'm on
But I'mma keep on. I'mma die tryin', I'mma die tryin' (MMMMMM)

Before we came being southern wasn't something to claim
In fact wasn't something too fly it was something to blame
Smilin and juckin and jivin I was so ashamed
They gave the dirty an apparently appropriate name
I wrote about a revolution and sung from the soul
Spoke with my spirit and mind my ambition was blind
Answering the call of god like a child obeying
Preaching the very same power they killed martin for saying
But you can't break the hold and not holding your breath
Thought if I died for ya, that would be an honourable death
So sincere my eyes begin to swell up in tear
And it's clear my music may not do well up in here
Oh my god being a nigger must be a good payin job
With all the fringe benefits, ignorance is bliss
There is a time and a place for everybody's taste
But I know too much and I owe too much

So here it is, an invitation to an open book
A painful past my heart is still broken look
I know you don't hate me it's not assured they anyone appreciate me
See i've been having a hard time selling my album's lately
In recent news the source couldnt find any microphones to rate me
Using words I could scream an alternative to equate me
Which is true I'm in a box with a view would you still wanna date me?
I could be a pretty good thug but it wouldnt compare to a great me
The final cross to bear is mine it's not a cross to share
But isn't it ironic I still woulda bought a cross to wear
That obviously cost to wear but considerably less than the price that it costs to care
Now I have another loss to spare I doubt em say that I can't win
Even though I know talking intelligent just ain't in
You most likely to go broke when you just can't bend
So me and JJ both gon' have to pay bills

Listen
People still standin in line at the +World Party+ for some +Soul Food+
To get put back in that old mood
They say we like the new 'Lo
and we respect everything that you trying to do 'Lo
Do what you do but just do more that you know
It's a catch 22 and I couldn't cry
Now I'm under oath with them both and I couldn't lie
Cussed 'em said that I'm too dope and I couldn't fly
But you getting rich talkin shit so why shouldn't I
I'm just playing but I guess that couldn't go without saying
I'm just gon ride this revolution until they stop me where I'm stayin
But I ain't gotta lie to ya to make it sound fly to ya
I keep my feet on the ground and bring the sky to ya