

# The Believer

Common

I believe in the light that shines and will never die  
Oh I believe the fire burns, we stay alive  
They will talk about us  
Like they talked about the kings before us  
They will talk about us

These are the words of a believer, achiever, leader of the globe  
Feeding souls of those in need  
I bleed the blood of the struggle  
Walking over troubled puddles  
Hustles in my chest, no hustle no progress  
Extremities of life and it's process  
Birth of a son, death of another  
With love I can rest both mothers  
And told 'em, who's in control is the one thats above us  
I walk where money talks and love stutters  
Body language of a nation going through changes  
The young become dangerous, pain gets spent into anger  
Anger gets sent through the chamber  
It's tough when your own look like strangers  
We are the sons of gangsters and stone rangers  
If he could how would Ernie Barnes paint us  
Look at the picture, hard not to blame us  
But time forgives and the Chi where the young die often  
Do they end up in a coffin because we haven't taught them?  
Is it what we talking we really ain't walking  
Dudes, hustlers pay, how much did it cost 'em?  
Find myself on the same corner that we lost 'em  
Real talking, in they ear like a walkman  
Thoughts spin around the corner to the World  
When I see them, I see my baby girl  
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The lord lives among us  
The young guns hunger become a means to get it  
By any means necessary, under pressure  
Children feeling lesser, with the steel up on the dresser  
Killin' will aggressors, destiny's children  
Survivors, soldiers, in front of buildings they eyes look older  
Hard to see blessings in the violent culture  
Face against weapons, sirens, holsters  
That aint the way that Langston Hughes wrote us  
Soul controllers on the shoulders of Moses and Noah  
We go from being oppressors to Oprah  
Cultivated to overcome ever since we came overseas  
Today and the way that you can see we determined  
Solar keeps burning, shawty's know to keep learning  
Lesson's in our life, but life stripes that we earning  
Took raps advice that Christ is returning  
Like a thief in the night, I write the beacons of light  
For those of us in dark alleys and parched valleys

Street kids spark rallies of the conscience conquerors of a contest  
That seems beyond us, even through the unseen, I know that God watches  
From one King's dream he was able to Barack us  
The prophets, nothing can stop us  
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I know I know I know our dreams won't turn to dust  
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