

I had to hand-  
wash my clothes, didn't have a washing machine or a dryer  
Momma used to have to hang her period panties out on a clothes  
line wire  
'The vacuum broke' - 'Use the broom  
We got company coming over this afternoon  
You know our family like to gossip  
Clean up your room, throw everything in the closet'  
I like to talk to the old schoolers, O.G. playas  
cause they was my age - I ain't never been theirs  
I count on em for guidance, leadership and advice  
cause everything I'm goin' through they done been through twice  
or three or four times, five, six, seven, eight  
We can learn from they mistakes before it's too late

Communication is everything, conversation's abandoned  
People die every day because of misunderstandings

The ins and outs, whys and won'ts  
History repeats itself, opportunities don't  
Sad true story, unintentionally, not on purpose  
Only time I see my family's at a funeral service  
Her stomach keep hurting, but she didn't bother  
cause you and I both know that black folk don't like to go to t  
he doctor  
One thing about us, mane, we creators  
And at the end of the day we all related  
through the slaves and the Indians and natives  
They brought us here on a boat, whipped us and raped us  
Scraps from a pig they gave us  
So we grub pork chops, chitlins, ribs and bacon