

Feed The Hungry

Guru

Feed the hungry, and house the poor
We gotta save these babies and stop the wars. (2x)

What is success if we can't reach back
And drop a jewel, in today's schools, they don't teach that
Our ancestors were kings and queens, peep that
So called educators need to learn to teach facts
From the slum alleyways and the burned-down apartments
TO the drug infested buildings where the gun rounds be barking
I see promise in the eyes of the babies
Still the death toll and trauma, drive me crazy
I watch how they're making us, I spot where they're taking us
In every neighborhood, the block is hot and dangerous
And what's the point of a fist in the air
If the children are starving, and the men don't care
BUt niggaz dont care, and they don't realize
For us to have the chances we got, many have died
And hear the cries of the innocent ones, the victims of guns
And see how shits wickedly run

Though they might hate my kind, they cant incarcerate my mind
I control my own fate, watch me break these vines
Who else can enlighten the people and fight against evil
Comes against me, and your plight will be legal
You know they gonna start another war again
We got a few good men, but there's much more of them
And I doubt we'll see another Martin or Malcolm
'Cause the rims and the blimps, have distored the outcome
And how come, we'd rather floss than get our souls right
Still some stay up hustlin the whole night
I Guess that's why we got war in our own hoods
'Cause we can't even save ourselves, for our own good
And what don't kill you can make you stronger
Keep procrastinating, it'll take you longer
But in these trouble times, so many troubled minds
I see them rocking us to sleep like a lullaby

It's easier for one, to give advice
Than it is for a person to run one's own life
That's why I can't get caught up in all the hype
I keep my soul tight and let these lines takes flight
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WE gotta stop the war. Save the children. Yea
Feed the hundry, house the poor. We gotta save
the babies and stop the war.