

Divine Design

Jeru the Damaja

You know, sometimes in life
We try our best
But no matter how hard we try
Things still go wrong
But don't be discouraged
If it's meant to happen, it's gonna happen
It's of a higher order, a higher design
A divine design

Divine design, design's the rhyme
My brother standin' on the corner, straight stranded in time
'Cause favorite MC's makin' records that perpetuate crime
Babies, is havin' babies, stick-up kids is goin' crazy
Stray dogs is in the street, watch that one he got the rabies
Had to knock this nigga out because he tried to play me
No phone in my home, dog, what the fuck you lookin' at?
Sha came home from prison, and quickly relapsed
Black-on-black's got that nigga for his chain on the train
The shots, wasn't fatal but they damaged his brain
Cocaine, numb the pain like Nova
I'ma do him for his ID and now it's all over
Champagne wishes, on a four-leaf clover
Livin' up, in the hood and pushin' a Range Rover
Shorty bootylicious but you pay for her affection
Pimpin' told her this would get her up out of the 8 Section
Nana in church, celebratin' Christ's resurrection
Poogie shot too much dope, he got that HIV infection
Cops serve and protect them, for us there's no protection
Guns and drugs and unnatural selection
brothers think it's still all good
I guess they just caught up in the hood...

Where you at?
Has crossed my mind
Where you at?
Has crossed my mind

Divine design protects the blind
The Twin Towers fallin' down, another sign of the times
The masses embracin' ideas that confine the mind
Little girls think they grown ladies, what have you done for me lately?
Alcoholics in the street, watch that one I think he crazy
Had to bust off my gun 'cause shorty tried to blaze me
Little kids on my block whylin' out, because they lack the fact
Rae got 5 to 10 for sellin' DT crack
The dopeman stacks, don't hate the player, hate the game
Feds harass drug dealers while terrorists hijack planes
Maintain, hard times is almost over
The summer heat make the streets explode like supernovas
Battle scars, tattoo street soldiers
The pen make, heathen men seek Allah or Jehovah
Son's mad thugged out, prime candidate for correction
Leave MC's with no dad, he rocks no hats when he's sexin'
When he get that life term, somebody test him
Solitary, confinement - it's too late for reflection
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Divine design ensures that I'll shine
The truth - a double-edged sword that can sever your spine
My mental spray like a Mac before I clap like a nine
The young black man's angry, ain't no if, ands, or maybes
85's in the street, runnin' round in mental slavery
Got beef wit the beast, he always tryna lace me
Po-po all up in the hood like a gang, what the fuck is that?
So-called crooks, get shot in they back
Fake niggas react, but make they moves just for fame
From activist, to poli-tic-ian
Hu-mane, the tongue they speak when sober
Power-drunk, they wicked like the last day in October
Snakes in the grass, here comes the lawn mower
Pork chops, crack and piss, what a terrible odor
John Taliban got the complexion for the connection
Where I come from youth grow up day to day with no direction
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