

## Same Cry

Jin

We May Look Different  
But We See The Same Sky  
We may see different  
But we cry the same cry

To wake up daily,  
And sleep better nights,  
Thats what we all wish for to seek a better life, right?  
It's unfortunate, when tragedys strike,  
But the truth is reality bites,  
June 4th 89, a day residents fear  
Now known as The Massacre At Tiananmen Square  
The day I turned seven they were mourning and grieving  
Thousands of innocents die for what they believed in  
Come with nothing but heart and a point to prove  
Stood infront of tanks and refused to move  
What Would You Do?  
Run or stand still whens your lifes on the line  
To test a mans will  
Seeking change and they found but in death  
Strangers yet they were my blood and flesh  
This happened in China,  
But you ain't gotta be asian to relate  
To the struggle, pain and hard aches

You'll never know,  
You'll never get it,  
There is no choice,  
We can't forget it  
We look up  
We see the same sky  
We look up  
We cry the very same cry

See, I'm a grown man  
It hurts when I turn on the news  
And see thats going on in my homeland  
This SARS epidemic, could've been lives  
Could've stand for Should Asians Really Survive  
They'll try anything to break your family apart  
Politics could break down the manliest heart  
Can the child within my heart rise above  
If theres a billion of us I shouldn't have to look for love  
Overpopulation, but damn just to meet the needs  
Its illegal to have more than one seed  
How can you dictate birth regardless the women  
And the parents they make the hardest decisions  
Sons keep their family names so thats not an option  
Imagine having to put your daughter up for adoption  
And even though its beyond your control  
Keep your head up heres a sond for your soul

If you don't know where you came from  
You can't get the way your trying to go  
Theres ain't denying so, its true

I got some big shoes to fill  
But If I don't lead the movement, then who will  
Stuck between a rock and a hard place  
Thinking about the refugees that went to see god's place  
16,000 miles across the ocean tides  
Some died, some got lucky and survived  
I wouldn't call it luck, they reached their destination  
Modern day slavery without the plantation  
Them sneakers on your feet cost \$100 a pop  
My peoples making 15 cents a day in sweatshops  
To make them kicks, so you can look good.  
Think we open restaurants cause we cook good?  
Hell No, we ain't got no choice  
I gotta speak up, without me my people have no voice