

Changes

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I see no changes, wake up in the morning and I ask myself
Is life worth livin'? Should I blast myself?
I'm tired of bein' poor and, even worse, I'm black
My stomach hurts so I'm lookin' for a purse to snatch
Cops give a damn about a negro
Pull the trigger, kill a-, he's a hero
"Give the crack to the kids, who the hell cares?
One less hungry mouth on the welfare!"
First ship 'em dope and let 'em deal to brothers
Give 'em guns, step back, watch 'em kill each other
"It's time to fight back," that's what Huey said
Two shots in the dark, now Huey's dead
I got love for my brother
But we can never go nowhere unless we share with each other
We gotta start makin' changes
Learn to see me as a brother instead of two distant strangers
And that's how it's supposed to be
How can the Devil take a brother if he's close to me? (Uh)
I'd love to go back to when we played as kids
But things change... and that's the way it is

Things will never be the same

I see no changes, all I see is racist faces
Misplaced hate makes disgrace to races
We under, I wonder what it takes to make this
One better place, let's erase the wasted (Yeah)
Take the evil out the people, they'll be actin' right
'Cause both black and white are smokin' crack tonight
And the only time we chill is when we kill each other (Yeah)
It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other
And although it seems heaven-sent
We ain't ready to see a black president
Uh, it ain't a secret, don't conceal the fact
The penitentiary's packed and it's filled with blacks
But some things will never change
Try to show another way but you stayin' in the dope game
Now tell me, what's a mother to do?
Bein' real don't appeal to the brother in you
You gotta operate the easy way
"I made a G today," but you made it in a sleazy way
Sellin' crack to the kids
"I gotta get paid!" - well hey, but that's the way it is

Things will never be the same, oh
Oh, yeah

And still I see no changes; can't a brother get a little peace?
It's war on the streets and a war in the Middle East
Instead of war on poverty
They got a war on drugs so the police can bother me
And I ain't never did a crime I ain't have to do
But now I'm back with the blacks, givin' it back to you
Don't let 'em jack you up, back you up
Crack you up and pimp-smack you up
You gotta learn to hold your own
They get jealous when they see you with your mobile phone

But tell the cops, "Don't touch this"
I don't trust this, when they try to rush I bust this
That's the sound of my tool
You say it ain't cool, but mama ain't raise no fool
And as long as I stay black, I gotta stay strapped
And I never get to lay back
'Cause I always got to worry 'bout the paybacks
Some buck that I roughed up way back
Comin' back after all these years
"Rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat," that's the way it is

Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh