

I Was Stabbed By Satan

K'naan

1.2.1.2

I was stabbed by satan, on the day that I was born,
I was promised loving, but instead I was torn,
La la la, la la la, my heart bled fear,
La la la, la la la, I shed tears.

A poor black ghetto child,
He can't shoot and he can't go run them out,
There's no school and the kids go runnin wild,
The police and the court wanna run them out,
He's so cold, and the po po hate em all,
He ain't seen his daddy since back in '84,
But oh well so it be, now hes in jail,
His mothers stressin just to get him out on bail,
Now sing it out.

And so the story goes on, There's no glory in the war he takes
a tote on
His own body, but his buddies wouldn't of rolled on,
So bloody when the car comes to a stop,
The police with the big glocks, will em out
They say freeze but there's only one comin out,
There's 2 dead with a legal gun to his head,
It's stupid, should of played ball instead,
Let's sing it out.

So one day, when it's all said and done,
My life will be the bluest rap song ever sung,
My verses will be curses to the rich and all sorts of authority
will cease to exist,
My daughters will be free of wars in my honor your fist,
Will raise in the air, in the silence of revolution, my face wi
ll appear,
Like the vision of a prisoner with his last beer,
This song is a poem and the whole poem is a tear,
Dropped in your ear.

So why do kids cry when there born,
Ever ask yourself that, I mean there's no scientific reason exp
lanin that
Well it is said satan stabs a child at birth, as an introductio
n to pain,
Y'know, welcome to the world right.