

## New Man Theme

Mr. Lif

Now this is my escape from many things on many levels  
I couldn't settle the pedal these are words of a rebel  
Come and dance with the devil in the bloody meadow  
The ground is metal from the armor of a soldier's medal  
I used to revel in the ways that were before me  
Go to school get a job c'mon you know the usual story  
I was 18 and just about to hit the college scene  
On to Colgate, considered it prestigious and pristine  
What I mean I was told that in life there's a goal  
And this goal, those without it die unhappy and cold  
Another unwritten code, a savage story that's told  
By the media, the medium by which were controlled  
It doesn't benefit the spirit or the soul so when I enrolled I went bold  
Here's the list of things I wanted to know: MYSELF  
And a list yet the jest professors are pissed tally up the classes I missed  
But I did read books, opened up my mind, took a look within  
Noticed hip hop was oozing through my skin  
Cut my demo at the end of '94  
After hustling to get loot, troopin' far and sleepin' on floors  
Went to college as an athlete, was feedin' a fade  
And came home as a dread who used his pen as a blade  
Did I make the right decision; well my folks don't think so  
I let them down I'm in my room I'm locking my door

New man  
I'm black, strong, intelligent man you ain't steering me wrong  
New man  
I got heart, skill; follow my collar drop knowledge and build  
New man  
They can't hold me back, they can't hold me back  
My once beloved room became hell; burning flesh is the smell  
The temperature rose, my self esteem fell  
In the morning I would rise to get some cereal  
Then return to my torture quarters for my slaughtering burial  
Paralyzed by the tears from my fathers eyes  
Couldn't even raise my head to know the somber skies  
Mom and I would sit and chat about me getting "back on track"  
She'd leave, then I'd crawl into my lack of confidence trap  
What a vicious format  
The system sets parameters for livin'  
By using tunnel vision funneled to the money system  
Ads are dads, sitcoms are moms  
Dollars are our legs and arms, and our heart is a bomb  
Detonate if you hesitate to slave or matriculate  
You'd better participate, survivals your interest rate  
Financin' is Manson, hopes are held for ransom  
Powers dance and sorrows the anthem  
Well, let's return to this point in time where I'm  
Standing next to my ex job's "Help wanted" sign, you'll find  
My mind overflowin' with adrenalin and energy  
I infuriated my enemy with my integrity  
Essentially, if you want to work there, don't mention me  
They'll cut in half your pay and punch your face as a penalty  
I'm self empowered hit the showers, I'm on the road  
I'm goin' to the club, I'm out my crib, I'm lockin' my door