

# You Don't Have To Cry

Ms. Dynamite

Ay, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
My name is Weezy F baby, Hey  
Yeah, Her name is Ms Dynamite, Yeah  
But you tell me...

You don't have to cry  
You don't have to cry no more  
As long as you keep holding on  
You can damn sure take it  
We gon' make it baby  
You don't have to cry  
You don't have to cry no more  
As long as you keep holding on  
You can damn sure take it  
We gon' make it baby  
You don't have to cry

Cause the snitches running to the feds  
Hoes bouncing from bed to bed  
No places from trust in your head  
Can't trust it...  
Where so many tears are shed  
Keep friends? he keep a 9 instead  
He know tonight he could be dead  
No justice...  
So many troubled, souls, so many broken homes  
So many kids out of control  
Cause they hopeless...  
Too many on parole, too many lies told  
Too many had they freedom stole

Tryin' to make it out the hood  
Like trying to make it out a man hole without a rope to pull  
Hope the bullshit don't take me out for good  
I know I gotta make the right example for my folk  
I don't joke, though the smoke is hellas' hard to pull  
I just take it to the chest like a vet  
Getting still, what I feel on the inside is genocide  
Trying to live on the outside, but will I die  
But you tell me

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My niggas posted on the block  
Like they soldiers in Iraq  
Everyday them bodies drop  
Keep droppin...

Pain and violence round the clock  
Need help but we cant trust the cops  
So how the f\*\*k we make it stop?  
No stoppin...  
We tired of these bloody streets  
All they breed is tragedy  
This poverty so sad to see  
So sad...  
Long as them sirens ring  
I pray to see the day ya smile

Get up in my state, I'm tryin' to find fate  
Gotta get it for grind sake, I gotta find Kate  
Aint to fire escape, I gotta climb gates  
And knock down walls, and get up when I fall  
You see, given a time ill face, I cant slow the pace  
Gotta move a little faster, aint nobody on my side  
I pray every night, feel like I aint prayin' to god  
Every time I tell mom, she reply

Aint a whole lot of love where we living  
The self-hate replace the optimism  
Aint a whole lot of chances we're given  
It's bullshit these streets is devil riddin'  
Everyday you hear another mother scream  
Ever night another victim another murder scene  
Every second another nigga turn fiend  
But my ghetto children hold onto your dreams

Though its looking kinda rough you gotta hold on,  
Though its looking kinda rough you gotta hold on,  
I know it looking kinda rough you gotta hold on,  
Though its looking kinda rough you gotta hold on,  
Ay, ay, call me when its, and call me when its  
Ay, ay, and call me when its, call me when its, call me when its  
Ay, all my people call me when its gangsta,  
My name is Weezy F baby, hey  
Her name is Ms Dynamite, hey, yo yo  
I know its lookin' kinda rough you gotta hold on

You don't have to cry  
You don't have to cry  
You don't have to cry