

# Still Slaves

Prodigy

Yeah, yeah

Uh huh

It's just another war story from a thirsty young hustler

Yo, you could spend your whole lifetime hating on P  
You can't stop my flow just watch how I eat  
All the bacon, all the bread, all the cheese  
Observe as I drop me another one of these  
While you running your lips, I'm gunning the transmission  
In some shit that's real expensive  
While you're telling the world you point of view  
The facts still remain, it's time for my crew  
Yeah time for the dunn shine  
Just look at how blind the over the truth  
To set for your mind  
Yeah the truth hurt don't it  
Your origin is diseased, my origin is Godly  
The Gods must be crazy, for leaving me to deal with this mess  
All this pain and stress, fuck it they're paying me  
These crackers, calling me on kinds of niggas for years  
They wiped the Indians out, they're crying crocodile tears  
Because...

We still slaves, we still slaves

I'm a slave for the dough, I'm a slave for the pay  
They took the chain off our neck and put it on our brain  
They took the chain off our wrists and put it on our brain  
We still slaves, nigga we still slaves  
I'm a slave for the dough, I'm a slave for the pay  
They took the chain off our feet and put it on our brain  
They took the chain off our wrists, put it on our brain

They've spent over a thousand years hating on P  
But they couldn't stop me, I manifest destiny  
Of the young black youth, and blacked out coupe  
Niggas on their grind to buy a little food  
We the kings of the Earth, God is a black woman  
That nigga on that cross, I don't know him  
But I know this, the size of our nose and our lips  
Our ass, the titties, the dicks, our pretty black skin  
Proves we superior  
Really hate to brag but look what you did to us  
That's why I'm iced out, the lifestyle  
Of a million dollar menace, until they put my lights out  
Nigga I put the kite out, fuck a war in Iraq  
There's a war right here for soul power  
And you don't even see it all in front of your face  
Until them bodies tally, now you want to pray  
We say, don't let Armageddon hit  
We gotta get rich first, then you can blow this bitch  
But when you really think on this shit  
I'd rather have my soul than have all these riches...

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