

Black Man 4x

Rob Stone

What do you see when you look in the mirror?
Is it a criminal?
Are you aware of the subliminal messages, [?] your senses, shaking you senseless
Beating you over the head with sexy, drugs, money, guns
Wake up young black man
Don't sleep through the school of life
You could achieve more, if you believe more
You are capable of great things
Don't let your circumstances hinder your advances
Be aware they will doubt you at first glances
Stand in the face of adversity and make that motherfucker rethink
Break the cycle, break the chains, work your brain
You were made in the image of greatness
Fight like Ali, march like Martin, speak like Malcolm
Move like Gregory Hines and let the rhythmic sounds of life guide you
Let your blackness inspire you and not divide you
Black man, black man, black man

You a legend before you are born
Motherfucking superhero in plain clothes
Ashy elbows and little toes
White teeth and a wide nose
You could smell the bullshit in the air
But you smile, because you don't care
Nappy hair and long legs
You seen that nigga run?
Took off like a bullet shot down by a bullet [?] it
Didn't know they sold guns in Chicago
Wonder where they got those from?
Ain't a coca filed in Flatbush?
Ask Reagan and ask Bush
Institutions is taught to revolve and not resolve
LeRoy got 25 years for a dime bag
Billy had twice as much as I had
And got two spanks on his willy white ass
Justice? Just us niggas minding his own business
Harassed for saggy pants and our cold demeanor
I sound like this cause my wiener
Envy of a long dick must make you sick
Ground or the bullet nigga, take your pick
Black man, black man, black man, black man