

## 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