

Manchild

Shyheim

I'm a manchild born in the promised land
Captain of my destiny, guidin my faith through the turbulence of life
See, in order to be who you are, you've got to know who you are
In order to get to where you want to go,
you've got to know from where you came
Say, it was Malcolm X who said,
"A man who doesn't have nothin to stand up for
will fall for any god damn thing!"

I walk with a gat...

Damn, my face drop tears, it's like nobody cares
I swear, life ain't fair, sometimes I wanna disappear
Only Blahzay Blah' got mad gray hairs, I'm a young old man
What part of Shit Iz Real don't you understand?
Twin got murdered, caught one to the temple *gunshot*
You ain't been what I been through, Can It Be All So Simple?
I got bad nerves, it's absurd, I'm disturbed
So, I suggest you watch the words that you blurb
out your mouth, or it'll be a shoot out
I leave you stretched out, I'm thugged, inside and out
And it ain't by choice
I'm screamin out loud for love (AHHHH!), do anybody hear my voice?
Pardon the noise, I'm just a black ghetto boy
Went through the rain and pain, where's the sunshine and joy?
I can't seem to find it, trapped in the black cloud
Watchin my life go down, to hide the suffer when I smile

Running these streets can be so... trying these trying times...
Manchild in the promised land, who of you will understand?
Running these streets can be so... trying these trying times...
Manchild in the promised land, hey-ay...

My aunt died from AIDS, I watched here deteriorate
She told me f**kin wit drugs, was her biggest mistake
Put my moms on to it, stickin needles in her veins
Bein sons of addicts, yo, me and Cane the same
We packed bags at BathMart, we both humped Tamika
We used to go to the pool, just to steal kid's sneakers
Rocked cut-off beepers, wore old clothes for Easter
Shit was so real, we had to split a slice of pizza
I was born at six months, damn, premature
My moms birthed a thug like, Afeni Shakur
I'm surprised I ain't crazy, from the bug shit I saw
I caught my mother buyin crack on the first floor
I never thought I'd be in a cell, smokin the NewPort
with all sorts of thoughts, runnin through my mind
Know I ain't leavin, caught, D.A. took it, jail time
I glanced at my mom's eyes, she lookin like she wanna cry

They say I'm an accident waitin to happen, G
Miss Sand from the first floor said she gon' pray for me
She had a bad dream, that they, murdered me
I said, "Miss, truthfully, I don't believe in dreams"
Hope is miles away, from where I stay
Who knows the way? Psshhh... should I pay
for the directions? My whole family's in correction

Fake friends half-steppin, I'm stressin, and some question
Can I trust you? Uh-huh, then I love you
Yea, if not, straight up and down, f**k you
Bottomline, real people do real things
Play your position... (running these streets can be so...)

You see, its like this
You've got to plan your work and work your plan
Cuz seein who fails the plan, plans the fail
Execute your strategy and seize your goal
Cuz see, persistance overcomes resistance
Peace