

Listen

Styles P

I gotta few things I wanna ask the Lord
Why my people gotta be so poor, feel me
And why's it so rough when you're young and black
They say you go to jail or get strung on crack
Why the girl have a baby she was twelve years old
Ask the state why the cell's gotta be so cold
And why these niggas here with so many years
Whole family in court crying so many tears
Can you picture us living with hope When the same ones hanging us is giving us dope
Shit, it's hard to get by
I pray to God it's still hard to get by
Just wanna hold my son But I can't leave my house until I load my gun
I gotta grab my sword
And when I die I got some things I wanna ask the Lord
Like, why we dying from AIDS
And why on TV it's aight to be gay
Aint that sorta like my gun got the right to be waved
If I could sit back and watch a whole cipher of slaves
Ask my man where the blacks at
Ask myself where the next Malcolm X at Is he makin Salat, or upstate like a ape in a box
Am I a human or a fallen angel
Got to pray by myself 'cause I'm out of angle
I aint facin the east, tell the brothers I was shakin the beast
Had the nine and the eight in the streets
Open your eyes, stay wise, 'cause even Satan is deep
I pray for a better living
Even though I think I'm better dying
Why, 'cause I'd rather hear the angels singing
Why, and I don't wanna hear my people crying, feel me black

We aint gotta die no more, I said we aint gotta die no more
Black woman Listen
You aint gotta cry no more, I said you aint gotta cry no more
Black child Listen
We gotta provide for y'all, I said we gotta provide for y'all
Devil man Listen
We got a surprise for y'all, I said we got a surprise for y'all
Black man Listen

'Bout to be on some clever shit I gotta think if the president is prejudice
And that's another eight years down
The 500 year warn, that's a eight year round
I don't really mean to sweat it
But the war been on before they came on your TV and settle
They don't need lead to shoot ya
Why would a man make a computer to head the future
I think about it in a weed session
They said better technology, all I see is regressin
Blew up our buildings in fact But if they live under the sun then them child ren is black
'fore the devil get more time I'd rather see the world cease
Hit the afterlife of world peace
Where black men don't die, the women don't cry
And the little kids get provided for and play in the sky, what