

## Paris 1798430

Tevin Campbell

Yeah, yeah, yeah, Paris 1798430, Paris 1798430

Ebony American heart torn in two  
Watching his soul disappear with no trace or clue  
A brother got lost livin' for the city, takin dope from the man  
Ain't nowhere to run when it's from Uncle Sam

Paris 1798430, my soul's in hiding  
That's where a brotha be hidin' 'til he get his due  
Paris 1798430, my soul's in hiding  
Gimme a call when we can live as large as you do

Tears spill out in anger, our black is now blue  
Our blood can be spilled as well but it will not make the news  
Unless we're taken out one by one for the wrongs we have done  
What else can you live by if you die by the gun? Bang

Paris 1798430, my soul's in hiding  
That's where a brotha be hidin' 'til he get his due  
Paris 1798430, my soul's in hiding  
Gimme a call when we can live as large as you do

So, you know his mother will raise him  
You know like the best she can  
And uh, you know it could have been much easier  
You know if she had like another man

And uh, it's kinda hard being happy  
You know livin' on hopes and good luck  
And uh, it's kinda hard having pride  
When you ain't got bucks

Paris 1798430, my soul's in hiding  
My soul's in hiding, oh my soul's in hiding

When a baby cries, you know I envy his tears  
So little does he know of the ignorance and fear  
That will divide us until we are willing to change  
Until the cup that we drink from is the very same

My soul will be hiding, my soul will be hiding  
Hiding, hiding, hiding, Paris 1798430  
That's where a brotha be hidin' 'til he get his due  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Paris 1798430, give me a call  
Gimme a call when we can live as large as you do  
I will listen, Paris 1798430, I will listen