We Will Survive

The Game

We will survive, we've been through this too many times
my people are getting stronger they know that we on the rise
we will not live and let die
my niggas on the front line and we all here
hold your head high
so many years, too many tears living this life
this a battle we gotta fight so put your war paint on
a lot of black men died over slavery, civil rights and apartheid
these are the hard times but we will survive

It all started 400 years ago, my people in chains
400 years later same bullshit y'all aint changed
you got a jump shot or you rap or play ball
then you can eat in Beverly hills and shop in they mall
who really making calls like my people ain't determined enough
and in the hood they trying to terminate us
and turn us against each other
got us fighting over colours, brothers
I thought the object was to love one another
we can't see past the 20 inch rims, bitches and hoes
40 bottles and frequent trips to the liquor store
so how do we raise our children
there's a new born soul every hour in America
this is not only there's but our America
the white man made it this way, we never asked for the slavery days
but we still paying for cotton t-shirts our ancestors picked that we hurt
but this is the rebirth

They say the black man will struggle as long as he continues to hustle
and pitch crack from a bucket, these muthafuckers have no idea
they lock us in prison for years
and send us county checks to compensate us for our mothers tears
too many taxes, every 12 checks another w2
President Bush's way to say fuck you
our day is coming we taking over
how you give us guns when 70% of all Kuwaiti soldiers
you gotta be stupid
don't ever forget we were African rulers before NBA players and furniture mo
vers
you burnt this I prove it
we don't want 40 acres no more, college funds and real estate,
keep the Grammy awards, your H2's, new watches we don't hate you watch us
me and Marshall's like Hank Aaron and Babe Ruth
opposite races still chasing the same dream
but when it boils down to everyday life who do I trust? ME!

I will not surrender this is not the ending
turn my back in the dirt this is uncle Sam's curse
you got a hot verse you on MTV
you can dunk in the 8th grade you on NBC
kids struggling to make grades in school
you run the rock like Barry Sanders in the tenth grade you getting paid at s
chool
and all the old heads that paid their dues we don't respect that
too worried about where the next Nike air checks at

(?) news rims put on your lexus,
he ain’t registered to vote Al Gore loses the next election
one strike, two strikes, three strikes your gone
25 to life but still life moves on
a wise man told when I was younger Im God’s chosen
he don’t understand so the AK soak him
Black wall street got them open
I try to tell them I’m where hope floats man
the ghetto spokesman

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!