

Next Generation

Wyclef Jean

Hold on now, don't die now, be strong now
He said, I was born a crack baby
In a plastic bag in the alley
Raised in a foster home
With no mother to love and I never knew my papi
Back in the days of Bobby McFerrin
Used to sing don't worry, be happy
Lord how can I be happy
When I don't even know my own family tree Lord

We are the next generation, we ain't scared to die
The only thing I fear is the after life
'Cause I don't know what's there on the other side
But I pray the Lord forgives me, gives me one more try

Gang poppin' things, doing drive-by's and angers
Kids going to school putting fears in their teacher
The teacher let them know that it ain't all good
'Cause the gang was created to protect the neighborhood, now
All you red now, all you blue now
All you yellow now, follow me now
To that place of righteousness
Where the only thing that matters is your consciousness, he said

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In my father's kingdom there are many mansions
All the rooms are free, there is no tax collection
I can see Biggie, Tupac, Moses and Abraham
Jason, the one and two's, jamming with the sun of man

I've been kicked, I've been stabbed
I've been shot, I've been ? by a
Person that I thought I trusted, where I live
It's a war at the cribs, walk with a strap
Myself 'cause I don't want nobody's son on my back
My mind playing tricks ?, to really ?
Me out in five unless I take another hit
I done seen the sun set on the other side of town
Now I'm drifting in the darkness, Heaven hold me down
? but I know I'm born dying
Feel the tears of the angels looking down on me crying
For a lying ass but yo forgive us in a while
And I'm sorry, never let me forget that I'm your child
While I'm locked up in this basement staring eye to eye with Satan
In this cold dark world with no patience
We get plotted on by agents with talks of replacing
The Africans, Jamaicans and the Haitians in this next generation

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Whoa, we the next generation, look at what we facing
The kids raise themselves, all kind of temptation
Flowers and candles decorating all the pavements
No, the perpetrator ain't seeing no arrangements
Nobody cares about the feelings of the poor
Man they suffer while we spending eighty billion on a war, uh
Cutting school budgets, US stockmarket plummets
Condition's only worse and I wonder what become it
Metal detectors replace music classes
Angry little kids want to beat their teacher's asses
The red and blue's, somebody gotta lose
Reality TV be reality for who
I don't question what the Lord found in me
I just pass it on to folks with no boundaries
Got a long road ahead of us, AIDS already gettin' us
Now we got stars, how many will there be left of us

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