

The Believer

Common

I believe in the light that shines and will never die
Oh I believe the fire burns, we stay alive
They will talk about us
Like they talked about the kings before us
They will talk about us

These are the words of a believer, achiever, leader of the globe
Feeding souls of those in need
I bleed the blood of the struggle
Walking over troubled puddles
Hustles in my chest, no hustle no progress
Extremities of life and it's process
Birth of a son, death of another
With love I can rest both mothers
And told 'em, who's in control is the one thats above us
I walk where money talks and love stutters
Body language of a nation going through changes
The young become dangerous, pain gets spent into anger
Anger gets sent through the chamber
It's tough when your own look like strangers
We are the sons of gangsters and stone rangers
If he could how would Ernie Barnes paint us
Look at the picture, hard not to blame us
But time forgives and the Chi where the young die often
Do they end up in a coffin because we haven't taught them?
Is it what we talking we really ain't walking
Dudes, hustlers pay, how much did it cost 'em?
Find myself on the same corner that we lost 'em
Real talking, in they ear like a walkman
Thoughts spin around the corner to the World
When I see them, I see my baby girl
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The lord lives among us
The young guns hunger become a means to get it
By any means necessary, under pressure
Children feeling lesser, with the steel up on the dresser
Killin' will aggressors, destiny's children
Survivors, soldiers, in front of buildings they eyes look older
Hard to see blessings in the violent culture
Face against weapons, sirens, holsters
That aint the way that Langston Hughes wrote us
Soul controllers on the shoulders of Moses and Noah
We go from being oppressors to Oprah
Cultivated to overcome ever since we came overseas
Today and the way that you can see we determined
Solar keeps burning, shawty's know to keep learning
Lesson's in our life, but life stripes that we earning
Took raps advice that Christ is returning
Like a thief in the night, I write the beacons of light
For those of us in dark alleys and parched valleys

Street kids spark rallies of the conscience conquerors of a contest
That seems beyond us, even through the unseen, I know that God watches
From one King's dream he was able to Barack us
The prophets, nothing can stop us
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I know I know I know our dreams won't turn to dust
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