

What Kinda World

KRS-One

There's no such thing as a government
There's only people rulin over people
People jerkin around people
People lendin a hand to people..
What part of the system do you play?
Who do you oppress? .. Uhh!

What kinda world are we livin in? Yo
What kinda world are we livin innnnnnn?
Can I get with my people? Can I sit with my people?
Break bread with my people? Move ahead with my people?

When every day, seven thousand kids are gettin locked up
When every day the justice system seems to stay stocked up
When every day they cuttin 'em down 'fore they even pop up
When every day you gotta duck 'fore you get shot up
What kinda world are we livin in, spinnin in
Winnin in, sinnin in, let us begin again
Churches are ran like corporations makin me holla
Corporations are ran like churches praisin the dollar
There's no way out, or is it? Release your doubt and live it
Teachin metaphysics don't listen to these critics hear it
What kinda world are we livin in?
Believe in yourself, achieve for yourself, see for yourself
Speak for yourself, never weaken yourself, by deceivin yourself
Believe in your wealth, c'mon!

Yo, yo, yeah
What kinda world are we livin out, we move about
in fear and doubt, tryin to get more clout
Just check it check it out, we took the wrong route
to a morality drought, basically I'm callin 'em out
What kinda world are we livin in, when a song
will not get on, unless it talks 'bout thongs
Now where did we go wrong? We don't have long
Preference all torn all worn not norm and all gone
What kinda world do we live around, when we lay around
Let me break it down, they shuttin us down
while we play around, we fallin, stallin
while God's callin, all in to fall in

When every day another unwanted pregnancy ends
When every day another person is betrayed by a friend
When every day it never ends, and the people pretend
like the President is there cause of them, let me ask
What kinda world can we really trust
when the cops they can shoot at us? Bo bo!
What kinda world can we really grow (ohh)
when our daughters wanna be hoes (ohh)
and a father that nobody knows (ohh)
and a mother wearin them sexy clothes (ho)
What kinda world are we livin in, yo
What kinda world are we livin in, uhh

Can I get with my people? Can I sit with my people?
Break bread with my people? Move ahead with my people?
Can I sit with my people? Can I get with my people?

Break bread with my people? Move ahead with my people?
Can I sit with my people? Can I get with my people?
Break bread with my people? Move ahead with my people?

Fresh.. for two-thousand-one.. you SU-CKAZZZZZZ!