

Black Cotton

2pac

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Black Cotton- A symbol for unrewarded struggle

Time for a little gospel tail

Ghetto gospel that is- listen

Robbin' Black Cotton in God's eyes

Speak

Black Cotton

Steady stressin' Smith and Wessons count my blessin's

Class is in session the worst question is the first question

Why do we work like slaves sweatin' blades to an early grave

Never got paid but still we slave (In the nine tre')

Answer that then answer this too-

Loves gonna get ya you know it's true life's a bitch true

You best to backtrack and try to act black and live

Not to be phony and positive but why be negative?

What's the matter G? Black cat got your tongue

Fat track gotcha sprung now your hung (Do ya feel me?)

Dum dum diddy is it me?

Attempt to reach each and every brother on the streets

If not peace then at least let's get a piece

I'm tired of seeing bodies on the streets- deceased

Lookin' through my highschool yearbook

Reminisclin' of the tears as the years took

One homie, two homie, three homies - POOF

We used to have troops but now there's no more youth to shoot

God come save the misbegotten

Lost ghetto souls of Black Cotton (In God's eyes)

Nobody don't care

(No matter how hard I try/Look to the sky/--?)

Nobody don't care

(Seems like my dreams/Drowned in by screams/No answer to my questions)

Nobody don't care

(Feels like I'm pressed/Why do I stress?/It's like I'm being tested)

Nobody don't care

(Seems like my prayers/Vanish to thin air/Please answer my questions)

Nobody don't care

In the belly of the beast I'm bubbling up

Running out of luck, about to self destruct

Old heads say live your life like such

Your sure to catch her witcha one day boy

I wouldn't listen to 'em

Your power movement was cool

But it ain't fix nothin'

So I just go with what i know

I dont trust none

Look what the 80's did

To what's Bebe's kids

And now we grown up

Nobody ain't own us yet

Black cotton, I'm plottin' ---?

I'm workin' without a profit

They shacklin' all my homies

I'm hurtin' but keep the mind
certainly we survive with Outlaw Ridas
What's the reward for a strugala
If the lord lovin' us then why they hate to see us comin' up
Runnin up, Gun cocked like nasty gloves
If you aint got a penny, mind the glove
No love
Waitin' for my 40 acas and a blunt to blaze
Biblicle times good hearts with milita minds
Black Cotton - I'm hoppin' over enemy lines
Black Cotton - I ain't stoppin' till they givin me mine
Black Cotton

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