

# Black Cotton

2pac

Black Cotton  
Black Cotton  
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 witch a 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

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