

The March

Aceyalone

I was born..
I was born..
I was born..
I was born in a concrete jungle
and I learned to make my own way (learned to make my own way)
I was raised by streets and the beats
and the books and crooks of L.A.
I was taken by the power of the word
and I had a whole lot to say (had a whole lot to say)
And I vowed, always to move the crowd
and leave em in disarray
Cause I live by the word AND I die by the sword
These here are strange days AND we here are strong
We live by the sword AND we die by the slug
This here is war AND this here is love
Soldiers are marching in
And they're going to battle again
Somebody's going to win
and somebody will lose -- and that's the truth!
Gotta learn to fight for yours
Livin in this life of yours
See they can't stifle yours
if you refuse to abused, fools listen to this news
I don't beg, steal or borrow
I don't expect to see tomorrow
I don't usually soak in sorrow
cause I keep all eyes on the sparrow
Cause we live by the word AND we die by the sword
These here are strange days AND we here are strong
We live by the sword AND we die by the slug
This here is war AND this here is love
Soldiers are marching in
And they going to battle again
Somebody's going to win
and somebody will lose -- and that's the real!
Gotta learn to fight for yours
Livin in this life of yours
See they can't stifle yours
if you refuse to abused, fools listen to this news
Uh-huh, fools listen to this news
Whashup, crews listen to this news
Oh yeah, you listen to this news
Listen, listen, listen, to this news