Papa, he was gone tryna make a dime
Mama kept us warm when there was no sunshine
I was busy building up a reputation
Did a lot of things out of desperation
Back up on my feet, got the motivation
Now I found my faith and a good vibration

Search for you, lover, creation
When you're feeling down in this place, just replace them
Keep a vision on the one you've been chasing
When the time comes we'll run to the station
We've been laced with the powers of creation
So when the Sun sets, you bet you must face them
Remember when we were running 'cross the nation
We were living for the here and now

You can't catch me
I'll be gone by the time they come
You can't catch me
The war is already won
Even though the children have sold their guns
We must remember the fallen ones
Remember the fallen ones

Raised in the capital of Port-au-Prince Born with them pillars in them tenements Papa used to run from the immigration When we got to the United Station A teen under pressure, had to blend in Before the guitar I had a MAC 10

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