

I want to be as free as the spirits of those who left  
I'm talking Malcom, Coltrane, my man Yusef  
Through death through conception  
New breath and resurrection  
For moms, new steps in her direction  
In the right way  
Told inside is where the fight lay  
And everything a nigga do may not be what he might say  
Chicago nights stay, stay on the mind  
But I write many lives and lay on these lines  
Wave the signs of the times  
Many say the grind's on the mind  
Shorties blunted-eyed and everyone wonderin' where I'm  
Bush pushing lies, killers immortalized  
We got arms but won't reach for the skies  
Waiting for the Lord to rise  
I look into my daughter's eyes  
And realize that I'ma learn through her  
The Messiah, might even return through her  
If I'ma do it, I gotta change the world through her  
Furs and a Benz, gramps wantin 'em  
Demons and old friends, pops they hauntin' him  
The chosen one from the land of the frozen sun  
When drunk nights get remembered more than sober ones  
Walk like warriors, we were never told to run  
Explored the world to return to where my soul begun  
Never looking back or too far in front of me  
The present is a gift