

I had to hand-
wash my clothes, didn't have a washing machine or a dryer
Momma used to have to hang her period panties out on a clothes
line wire
'The vacuum broke' - 'Use the broom
We got company coming over this afternoon
You know our family like to gossip
Clean up your room, throw everything in the closet'
I like to talk to the old schoolers, O.G. playas
cause they was my age - I ain't never been theirs
I count on em for guidance, leadership and advice
cause everything I'm goin' through they done been through twice
or three or four times, five, six, seven, eight
We can learn from they mistakes before it's too late

Communication is everything, conversation's abandoned
People die every day because of misunderstandings

The ins and outs, whys and won'ts
History repeats itself, opportunities don't
Sad true story, unintentionally, not on purpose
Only time I see my family's at a funeral service
Her stomach keep hurting, but she didn't bother
cause you and I both know that black folk don't like to go to t
he doctor
One thing about us, mane, we creators
And at the end of the day we all related
through the slaves and the Indians and natives
They brought us here on a boat, whipped us and raped us
Scraps from a pig they gave us
So we grub pork chops, chitlins, ribs and bacon